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THE
POLITE MISCELLANY:
CONTAINING
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BEING AN
ELEGANT COLLECTION

OF
Moral, Humourous, and Improving Essays, &c.
BOTH IN PROSE AND VERSE.

AMONG WHICH ARE,

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With many other curious Articles, by the best Authors.

*Above the rest that Author hits the White,
Who strives to mingle Profit with Delight.*

MANCHESTER:

Printed by R. WHITWORTH, MDCCLXII.

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THE
POLITE MISCELLANY:

OR, A
COLLECTION of ESSAYS,
MORAL, HUMOUROUS, and POLITICAL,
IN PROSE AND VERSE.

The Hopes and Wishes of an honest Englishman.

MAY our past offences, our usuries, our briberies, our Sunday card-playings, or our prostitutions, our stock-jobbings, or our gambings, be remembered no more. May the Derry, who hath blessed us with victory, not be angry at our peace-offerings.

From being ill used by excisemen, from the crafts and assaults of informers, from the terror of messengers, and fear of arbitrary power, I hope we shall be delivered.

From falseness of heart, and the want of compassion, may our great gentlemen and ladies be preserved. And likewise from folly and flattery, from contempt of merit and hatred of integrity, from buffoons, pimps, and insincerity.

May men of estates be inspired with true taste and understanding, may humility be bestowed upon ladies of fortune, and may *all* our ministers be endued with righteousness.

More particularly I wish that the hands of the justices may be strengthened; that they may have it more in their power to administer mercy; and that they may have the due sense which they may want. May the soft dew of humanity be shed upon parish officers, that they may have sympathy to feel for others, and that distress may not so often die under their hands.

May it please heaven to preserve all the English people in their liberties, and to grant them hearts to love one another more, and themselves less; and to give them also grace, but not that *grace* which embellisheth dukedoms, nor the *grace* of canting hypocrites, but that real grace, that benignity of mind, that portion of understanding, capable to preserve them just and free; and that they may have power to overcome all their enemies.

May truth be introduced among us.

May all those who are imposed upon be succoured; and the widows and orphans befriended, and the legislature inspired to examine the trustees accounts.

That gluttony may be extinguished from parish-meetings, simony from the church, gaming from among men of honour, adultery weeded from matrimony; pettifogging from the courts of justice; and may all those who are in power have good hearts.

May decency not be drove out of the land, nor honesty permitted any more to be made a laughing-stock; and may integrity be preserved from all assassinations.

From all the temptations of pimps, from all assaults of self-selling, may heaven deliver us.

Extracts from the King of Prussia's Campaigns, a new and authentic book, lately published at Berlin.

1. **T**HERE is an anecdote concerning the King (of Prussia) while at Glatz (in the year 1742,) which I cannot pass over in silence. Having certain information, that the Countess of Grunn, who was married to a Lieutenant-Colonel of the garrison, had vowed a fine suit of cloaths to the Madonna of the Jesuits, in case the blockade of the town was soon raised, he bought as many yards of the finest stuff that could be found, as were necessary to make a large robe for the Virgin, and sent a message to the Gentlemen of the Society, acquainting them, That being informed of the fruitless vow the Countess had made, and knowing his men better than she, he did not intend that our Lady should be a loser, and therefore offered her in reality what Madam de Grunn had promised her in vain. The Jesuits were charmed, and came, in great formality, to return his Majesty thanks; flattering themselves, perhaps, that this was a step towards his becoming their proselyte....

2. The

2. The Hainacks, or Vallachians, are peasants, who inhabit the mountainous border between Hungary and Moravia; they are very resolute, and live by plunder, even in time of the profoundest peace. They come down at times to ravage the flat country, where they take a particular pleasure in ransacking the country Clergymen, and, after having extorted from them sums in proportion to their abilities, they make them say mass *gratis*, and then recommend to these poor Priests good œconomy, that they may be in a condition to pay the same contribution next year. In their rejoicings and dances, which are very much of the grotesque kind, they sing a ballad, the burthen of which imports, That if they knew their children would not be as great robbers as their fathers, they would wring their necks about as soon as they were born.

3. As we are to stay to-day at Pohrlitz, I have time to insert in my letter a very diverting adventure, which I doubt not will give you some amusement. Colonel Fouquet, having entered Cremnitz with six companies of grenadiers, had placed a sentry on the wall, near the house of a Priest, or Curate. The good man, finding himself much disturbed by the frequent repetition of, *Qui va là?* that is, *Who goes there?* which the sentry pronounced with a loud voice, every quarter of an hour, resolved to make the soldiers weary of this post, and to this view contrived to mask himself like a devil; accordingly horns, claws, the serpent's tail, cloven feet, and the fork, were got ready, and our Priest, having equipped himself to his own satisfaction and like a real devil, began to act his part, by advancing towards the sentinel, and, at every step, scratching the wall with the fork. The grenadier began to feel some tremors, but did not leave his post. He stopped short, till the devil coming too near, and presenting the three points of his fork, cried out with a hoarse voice, Thou shalt die by my hand; then the soldier got the better of his fears, and boldly cocked his musket. The spectre heard the click of this fatal instrument, and of a sudden losing all confidence in his fork and the whole of his apparatus, recoiled, and wanted to save his honour by a slow retreat. The grenadier, on the contrary, having once made free with this imaginary devil, followed him close, and saw him enter the house of the Curate, by a little back-door. Upon this he called to his assistance some of his companions, who were not a great way off; and they coming readily to his relief, the door was quickly forced open, and Belzebub seized with all his infernal habiliments, before

he had time to put them off. As soon as he was taken, he was conducted to the nearest post, whence he was next day conveyed to the main-guard, and flogged like a poor devil, in the sight of the whole town. The Clergy made a great noise about this affair; but the Colonel giving them to understand, that the worthless Levite had, by this impudent masquerade, insulted the garrison, and consequently all the King's troops, matters were made up in such a manner, that the poor Curate was shut up in a Convent to do penance, and the Clergy paid a fine of ninety ducats, of which each company had fifteen, to purchase them black spatterdashes. Every body thought this adventure very diverting, and the soldiers said to one another, That the devil had taken pains to provide them with spatterdashes. . . .

4. Chroudim, the capital of the circle of the same name, is a village of a moderate size, ill built and not well situated, though it stands on a spot of ground very beautiful and fruitful. The little river of Chroudimka washes the foot of it's walls; and there is nothing else remarkable about it, but a very handsome church, where they worship a miraculous image of our LORD. This image is a head admirably well painted by Lucas Kranach. It's miracles began in the time of the thirty years war. Some Swedish soldiers having carried it away from Chroudim, and not agreeing among themselves who should have it, resolved to play at dice for it; fortune was so irresolute, that after playing several hours none of them could win it; therefore, in a great rage, they resolved to cut it in pieces; but at the first cut given it with the knife the picture bled. This inspired them with such terror that they ran away and left it, and it was afterwards restored to its own church, where it is to be seen with its bloody wounds in the face, and a multitude of offerings, which those who have been benefited by its miracles have brought from all quarters. . . .

5. The Convent of Sedeletz, belonging to the Cistercian Order, which stands a short quarter of a mile from Kouttenberg, is worth seeing. There is in it a chapel of moderate size, the inside and ornaments whereof are made wholly of the heads and bones of the dead; but with admirable order and dexterity. The Monks tell you, That all those whose melancholy remains compose the inside of this chapel were Saints; that the earth on which the Convent stands is holy ground, which never destroys entirely the bodies of the blessed, but only consumes the flesh, and whitens the bones; whilst the bodies of the profane and damned

damned rot, and are entirely reduced to dust in less than twenty-four hours. To this purpose they tell you, That a Breacher of a different Order, having, in a sermon he delivered there, expressed some doubts, though very modestly, concerning the happiness of such a number of people, the whole chapel began to shake, and the bones to leave their places, apparently in order to knock the unbelieving Preacher on the head; who, seeing himself in imminent danger, quickly made a solemn recantation of his irreligious opinions, and by that means prevented the outrage of those vindictive bones. I give you this story for a fable, as it is; the only truth in it is, that the work is very curious, and put together with great ingenuity.

TO THE PRINTER, *On Fashions.*

SIR,

OUR taste is depraved: we are no longer a nation of philosophers. Fashions are as variable as the sun. In the years 1754 and 1755, our coats were to reach no farther than the middle of the thigh; our hats were not above three inches in the brim; shoes that buckled to the toe; and, *oh! sweet fashion*, behold a wig, that was a preponderous rook's nest, combed and coaxed behind up to the top of these Petit Chapeaus. In the year 1756 and 1757, *make way for a sweet young gentleman*, only six feet high, with his coat down to the ankle, his hat a superlative Keyhenhuller, and his shoes that were *parfaitement, pantoufles à Paris*. But (1763) *now, now*, Mr. Printer, here comes pretty Master Tape-and-Thread, from Cheap-side; his coat sleeve very neatly dragooned—shoes are laid aside—*twig his half boots* in their stead, Mr. Printer; his hair is greased and floured, till it becomes, with the help of a little brackish perspiration, a perfect pudding: O la, and when my little *Tetsy Band-box* gives him her company to the White Conduit on Sunday, to drink tea and eat hot-loaves, then they are (*entre nous*) *Phanomina's*.

What leads me to the above reflections is the absurdity of the present fashions: we have gone from *this taste* to *that taste*; and from *that taste* to *this taste* again. I would propose the fashions to be made use of in turn, then we should never be at a loss. About a month ago I bought me a new Keyhenhuller; but forsooth, I am no longer in taste, for since the last importation of French Shavers, hats are now in the other extreme. I tell you how it comes about. They, the French, at first get large hats; they wear them for a space, then take them a deck lower; and so, from deck to

deck.

deck, they are at last reduced, when Monsieur comes to England, to a jockey cap.----- And must I make a monkey of myself? No: ----- I glory in being born a Briton; I love my King, &c. but I hate French Fashions, French Cooks, French Hair Dressers, &c. &c. and so I hope, (in the language of Mr. Heber) my great, great, great grandchildren will,-----The ladies must excuse me, but I intend to take them in turn. I am, Mr. Printer,

Your very humble servant,

FUNNIBUS.

To the PRINTER. *On a Party of Pleasure.*

SIR,

I WILL venture to affirm, that there cannot be a greater misnomer, than in what is commonly called, *A Party of Pleasure*: So many disappointments happen, so many untoward circumstances frequently occur, that a *party of pleasure*, is in fact, a *party of misery and vexation*. Have you not often known a most agreeable party, that proposed to themselves vast satisfaction in going to Vauxhall, entirely disconcerted by an unexpected shower, or a cold night? Another party has been out of humour the whole time at a play, because they could get no other than the back seats in the gallery. Nay, it often happens, that one of the party shall damp the joy, and disturb the comfort of the rest, by an ill-timed sore throat, or head-ach, or not being able to walk, or not able to ride. In short, according to Dryden,

Some bitter bubbles up, and poisons all the draught.

I am just returned from a tour in the country upon one of these parties of pleasure; but I confess, that I never spent three weeks together more miserably. There were four of us in all---two ladies in a post-chaise, with a gentleman and myself, who rode on horseback. There were great disputes among us, before our setting out, concerning what route it were best to make. The ladies, who are accustomed to call any thing *Pleasure*, provided they have a jaunt, were indifferent to what point of the compass we turned our noses; but they wished us to go to some of the public watering places, which have lately come into so much vogue. Bristol, Tunbridge, Scarborough, Brightelmstone, Harrowgate, &c. were all cried up in their turns: My friend wanted us to go westward, for no other reason, than because (he said) the inns were very good upon the western road. However, I unfortunately happened to mention the wonders of the Peak, and it was presently agreed, that we should make the tour of Derbyshire, on purpose to see them.

We

We accordingly set out, the chaise loaded with hat-cases, and bundles innumerable, belonging to the ladies. I shall not trouble you with every incident that befel us in our journey; as how we were wet through and through; as how I got a fall from my horse; as how the chaise was in continual danger, as the ladies apprehended, of being overturned; as how we went from the Bear to the Red Lion, from the Red Lion to the Black Swan, and so on; as how, in short, we breakfasted, dined, supped, went to bed, and got up again.

We had not been out four days, but it plainly appeared that the company were tired of each other. The ladies were under terrible apprehensions about damp sheets and unaired beds; we cursed the provision, and damned the liquor; all of us yawned in our turns, sat silent, complained of fatigue, or of the weather; and our horses themselves could not be more unwilling to proceed on the journey than we were.

One principal object of these jaunts of pleasure is to see sights, with no other intention than that the travellers might be able to say, That they have seen them. How many Londoners have made a party to go to Oxford or Cambridge, and come away with no greater idea of the colleges and public buildings, than they have of the Charter-house or the companies' halls! How many sober tradesmen have left their shops and counting-houses in the summer, while business was slack, and dragged their wives and eldest daughters with them, to see the house and gardens at Stowe, tho' they can have no higher relish for their beauties than they have for their villa's about Clapham and Camberwell, or the White Conduit House! You may be sure, Sir, that we did not neglect the material part of our scheme: We went to all the remarkable seats in our way, not because we wanted to see them, but because we had heard them talked of. This was more fatiguing to us than any other part of our journey. Sometimes we were hurried from apartment to apartment, without having leisure or inclination to examine either the building or the furniture. We stared at fine pictures, though we did not know the difference between a Rubens and a sign-painter. We admired the architecture, tho' we could not tell but it might be as heavy and disproportioned as the Mansion-house. At other times we were sweltered in the sun, or blown through with a north-east wind, while we traversed shrubberies and serpentine walks, and temples, and canals, with as much speed as if we were walking for a wager. Yet the ladies, Sir, never failed of saying indiscriminately of every thing they saw, or rather should have seen, — That indeed it was vastly pretty.

We

We at last came to the famous Wilds of Derbyshire, which is called the Peak. Not to dwell upon too many particulars -----You may have read, Sir;-----perhaps you may have printed an account of that part of it, which is distinguished by too coarse an appellation for me to mention. If so, you know full as much, or more of it, I assure you, than we do -----who, after having travelled above four hundred miles to and fro on purpose to see it, came back just as wise as we went. The Ladies were too *nervous* to venture any further than the entrance of the cavern; and the Gentlemen, you know, were in good manners bound not to leave them. They were seized with the same horrors at Poole's-hole, which is a cave of the same nature: But I must do them the justice to acknowledge, that they were charmed with the grand cascade at the Duke of Devonshire's house at Chatsworth, and declared it to be infinitely superior to those tin ones at Vauxhall, or either of the Play-houses.

Thus have I squandered my time and my money, without reaping the least satisfaction in return. And now I have mentioned the expence, give me leave to observe to you, that I do not mean only what it cost me in ducks, chickens, &c. at the inn, in turnpikes, in fees to the chambermaid, ostler, and boots, or in fees for free ingress and egress at gentlemen's houses, parks, and gardens; which latter, no traveller ought to grudge, as it is frequently the case, that the servants have no other allowance, and sometimes the owner himself has a share in the perquisites; as some ladies, who keep routs, go snacks in the card-money. In my late tour, it cost me no inconsiderable sum, because we happened to go thro' Buckinghamshire, when the ladies fell in love with some very fine lace, for which that country is famous: This we men understood as an hint for us to make each of them a present of ruffles, handkerchief, and lappets. At Derby they were put in mind, that no such silk stockings could be had any where as here; consequently we could do no less than desire their acceptance of half a dozen pair each. They wanted sadly to make Manchester in their way; but I objected to it as a place not worth seeing, because I secretly knew that all ladies of taste are prodigiously fond of the *Ginghams*, manufactured there, which make the prettiest negligees for the summer imaginable.

I shall conclude, Sir, with telling you, that if I ever travel again upon a party of pleasure, it shall be alone, like an out-rider, with no other incumbrance than my bags swung across the horse's back, and my great coat strapt upon the saddle before me. I am, your humble Servant,

HUMPHRY GADABOUT.

TO the PRINTER, &c.

The following Extract from a Petition of the Protestants of Languedoc to the King of France, lately published, is so replete with genuine, undissembled piety, heroic Christian fortitude, and unshaken loyalty, that it will, I dare say, be acceptable to your readers. Would to GOD we were as zealous in the practice of a pure religion here in England, as these poor oppressed Protestants are in France.

SIRE,

THE Protestants of your Province of Languedoc throw themselves at your Majesty's feet, imploring your clemency. Their confidence in the paternal heart of their *beloved* King, is what alone can support them amidst the terrors which surround them, and the painful emotions under which they labour.

These unfortunate people, SIRE, lived in the most easy security under the 'umbrage of a Toleration, which the prudence of the age, the interest of the state, and chiefly the equity and humanity of their Sovereign, seemed to cement and strengthen for a lasting duration. In the sweet hope that henceforth every one might safely rest *under his vine and his fig-tree*, they all, with one voice, blessed your august reign; with joyful alacrity they indulged that propensity which ties them to their native land; a propensity natural to all, but particularly inviting to your subjects; in their hands, trade and agriculture flourished; they peopled, they cultivated, they enriched the parts which they inhabit.

By an unexpected stroke, this happy tranquillity is disturbed; terror and desolation overspread the Province. The husband terrified, holds in his arms his trembling spouse, fearing that he may be forced himself to dissolve those ties which nature, love, and religion, had consecrated. The agonizing mother hides in her bosom her sucking infant; every moment she shudders with dread, lest that dear part of herself should be torn from her. Our dwellings are filled with the sobs of affliction, and the cries of despair.

Such, SIRE, have been the immediate effects of the orders signified to many of the principal inhabitants of your city of Nismes. It is enjoined, that their marriages and the baptism of their children be performed in the Roman church; that is, they must renounce that religion which they hold alone to be true; the priests refusing to do their office, unless they who apply to them, after having for some time frequented

quented the offices of the catholic religion, abjure that which they profess.

This, SIRE, is not an affair of a few private persons: Above twelve thousand families only within the diocese of Nîmes; above fourteen thousand of the Province of Languedoc; it is a whole people which claims your justice, and the right it has to your Majesty's compassionate heart.

If attachment to a religion, in which we are born, which we have sucked in with our first food, for which, at the first use of reason, we conceived a love, to which after examining it in our riper years, we have devoted ourselves; if such an attachment be a crime, all the Protestants of your Majesty's kingdom are guilty of it. But, SIRE, what soul is so void of humanity, to pronounce a sentence, against which equity, nature, and reason, would with one voice revolt? Even were our faith grounded only on prejudices, would it be consistent with charity, to call in violence for the removal of them? No, SIRE, violence instead of enlightening, hardens and irritates; and this method, so foreign from the end proposed, is still more contrary to your Majesty's benevolent disposition.

The laws of the kingdom are appealed to against the marriage of the Protestants; but SIRE, these laws were made in unhappy times, when it was laid down as a principle, that there were no Protestants in France; can an assertion so illusory, and so loudly contradicted in the face of the whole universe, be maintained in our times; SIRE, there are Protestants in your kingdom; there are numbers; by them agriculture is improved, manufactures are supported, and trade extended; they make a considerable body at the bar, they man your shipping, and in your armies they swarm. That wretched generation, known in the Ordinances by the name of *new Converts*, is passed away; another fills its place, and which, execrating the dissimulation of the former, makes an open profession of faith, under a government the Characteristic of which is equity and moderation. Can laws, with any justice be applied to this generation, which were not made for it? And laws, which long disuse seems to have antiquated.

And could these laws be of any force against the Protestants, to revive them, we dare aver it, would ill become the Roman Clergy. In reality, SIRE, how can the Ministers of the Sanctuary, form or countenance such a project, as to drag to the Altars, and compulsively initiate in their sacred mysteries, a people openly professing a faith irreconcilably opposite to those mysteries? Should they not rather be the first to address the Sovereign for a new law to prevent such profa-

profanations? This were a just and necessary law; such a law, good order, decency, and the safety of your subjects require; and such a law we confidently expect from your Majesty's paternal goodness.

What is insisted on relatively to the baptism of our children, gives us no less pain than what is imposed on us in our marriages: how can we bring ourselves to see our children termed bastards in the public registers? And the parish Priests will not allow them legitimacy, unless by a criminal dissimulation we have purchased the nuptial benediction of some Ecclesiastick. This is the method which they have taken in the government of Guyene, with regard to those unhappy children, whom, very recently, military execution has put into their hands: It is that which they strictly act up to in all the provinces.

Though the law, SIRE, does not give up to the caprice of the Priests the condition of the children presented to them for baptism; though the fate of your people does not depend on the appellations given them in this religious ceremony, and the Priests can neither confer nor take away legitimacy; yet, SIRE, the father's silence at such a juncture would seem to imply odious consent, and this silence the Protestants could not break without occasioning clamours, by which the publick tranquillity might be affected.

But did human considerations allow us to apply to the Priests for the baptism of our children, religion, and conscience, which should preponderate against all temporal regards, would prescribe to us a law directly opposite.

In effect, SIRE, not to mention the ceremonies of the Roman ritual, which clash with our belief, a father sending his child to the parish Priest, devotes him to a church from which he has believed himself bound in conscience to separate; the godfather and godmother of the child formally engage to bring him up in that church; they promise in the name of the child himself, that he shall live and die in a religion contrary to that which they profess, and which, at the same time, it is their intention carefully to instil into him. Would not this, SIRE, be adding perjury to profaneness? Would it not be filling up the measure of guilt with fraud, impiety, and the abuse of every thing sacred among mankind? Permit us, SIRE, to lay before your Majesty's eyes a striking contradiction, and which strongly shews the tempers and dispositions of those who persecute us. They call on your Royal Authority to compel us to Sacraments against our conscience, and at the same time the Courts of Justice ring with the complaints of

another part of your subjects, to whom, on the slightest suspicions, the same Ministers, though earnestly intreated, refuse the Sacraments. Can Christianity suggest such a contradiction? Is not the source of it rather sinister and malignant policy? And are not the Protestants excusable, if, in the bitterness of their heart, they discover in it only a design of driving them into a lawless despair, that your Majesty may be obliged to punish them with justice. If this, SIRE, is their sanguinary scheme, be it known to them that all their devices and efforts will ever fail. Obedience, submission, loyalty to our august Sovereign, are duties to which we are continually prompted by nature, gratitude, and affection, and by our religion; rather will we remove from our dear native country, rather will we forsake these happy climates, our lands, our manufactures, our commerce; we will rather embrace a voluntary exile, and add to the numbers of our dispersed brethren; or if there remain any desert lands at the extremity of Europe, thither will we go, and seek a refuge both against the violences of our persecutors, and against the temptations of that despair into which they are endeavouring to throw us.

The SQUIRRELS of Hagley (a feat of Lord Littleton's) to Miss Warbutton's SQUIRREL.

CAPTIVE brother break thy chain,
 Thy native liberty regain:
 Come and join with us to rove
 O'er every branch of every grove;
 O'er the deep embow'ring vales,
 Fann'd by zephyr's wanton gales;
 O'er the hills and o'er the plains
 Of Hagley-Park, where nature reigns.
 No tyrant here our right invades,
 Free tenants of these happy shades;
 Careless we leap from spray to spray,
 And sport in all the bloom of May.
 Captive brother, break thy chain,
 Thy native liberty regain.

THE ANSWER.

MY savage friends, ye little know
 What bliss ye tempt me to forego!
 No force I need, no galling chain,
 Fair Sukey's captive to remain;

Her

Her breath is sweeter than the gales
 That waft perfumes o'er Hagley's vales;
 The straitest plant that rises there,
 Cannot with her shape compare;
 Nor ever did the hand of May,
 O'er leaf or flow'r such colours lay.
 As paint, with nature's loveliest grace,
 The blooming beauties of her face.
 Fed by her gifts I scorn to taste
 The Sylvan nut-tree's coarse repast.
 With eager joy, at her command,
 I run to sit upon her hand;
 Or wander o'er the valley sweet,
 That just prevents her breasts to meet.
 Nor think that I alone am broke
 To bend beneath her gentle yoke.
 Behold proud Hagley's youthful heir,
 Who lov'd to range from fair to fair;
 And wild as squirrel in the wood,
 Thought liberty the highest good;
 Now tame, like me at Sukey's side,
 A willing slave for ever ty'd

TO MR. WHITWORTH.

I am glad to hear you are for printing a Magazine, as I doubt not your endeavouring to make it subservient to the promoting the virtue and happiness of your readers. There is no subject more necessary to be well understood than matrimony, in order that it should be had in due estimation, which, I am sorry to say, it is not. The many old batchelors, and old maids are too evident proofs of the truth of this. I would therefore recommend to you a little book, which is calculated to be as useful as it is elegant, called, Reflections on Courtship and Matrimony. Many, who if I can judge, are remarkable for good sense, and their love of mankind, wish you would now and then print a part of it till you have gone thro' the whole.

I am, &c.

A. B.

The following extract from an advertisement prefixed to the abovementioned book will, I hope, please your sensible readers.

WHOEVER has observed the declining days of old batchelors in general, may see their unconnected, unrelative state in society; tottering to their graves in a gloomy solitude,

solitude, or at best only attended by a few rapacious vultures, who impatiently wait for their prey. No tender affectionate companion, of familiar mind and manners, whose constant sunshine of love warmed the spring and summer of his days, and now, with an unalterable friendship and fellow-feeling, accompanies him arm in arm through the dreary wilds of his winter, with the guard of a son or sons, whose filial pity and manly vigour is ever ready to protect him from the insolence of others, or to defend him from those calamities to which our feeble age exposes us; surrounded with a prattling offspring, fondly caressing their hoary grandfire, and blooming a prospect of future honour and virtue. What exquisite sensations this patriarchal breast must feel? What heavenly raptures his soul must glow with? Matrimony may, upon our Author's plan, acquaint us with them.----- But these divine supports are as little to be expected by an old batchelor, as in our power to describe.

Our Author's Reflections may likewise convince the fair sex, that though fortune may buy them a mercenary tyrant; though beauty may tempt the seducer, or attract some fop or coxcomb; yet good sense and real merit only will touch the heart of, and maintain their influence over, men of true worth and knowledge: That charms of judgment, discretion, and good temper, are the only lasting foundations upon which matrimonial felicity can be built: That the cultivation of their minds is absolutely necessary to the promoting of their happiness: That love will soon starve without friendship: And finally, That as the standard of human felicity in general is the Practice of Wisdom and Virtue, so it is also of the conjugal union in particular.

REFLECTIONS *on* COURTSHIP *and* MARRIAGE.

YOU tell me, the dispute which was carried on in our company the other day, has rather made you a sceptic to both, than a convert to either side of the question; and you desire my deliberate sentiments on the subject of that afternoon's argument.

You have an unquestionable right to ask me: I wish my answer may prove satisfactory.

Marriage, you know, was the topic of our conversation, and the subject of our dispute. We were all batchelors: And each declared he had no schemes of that kind on his hands, and was therefore so far unbiassed.

You

You may remember many sprightly things were said against that scene of life; some very plausible ones.

It was alledged, on the one hand, That the education of women, in general, must naturally give them a strong bias to dissembling and affectation; the turn of thinking which for the most part they early imbibe; the too much attention and artifice they are taught to bestow on their persons; the trifling, and often ill-judged accomplishments, by which their ambition is excited, and in which, for the most part, they so studiously endeavour to excel.

By this method of management they are polished to a superficial lustre, dazzle our sight, and work up our passions. But, for that end, the substantial culture of their minds is grossly neglected; true good sense, and sound judgment, the inestimable perfections of a generous, an open, and a noble mind, are but little considered in their educations.

Hereby are they quite unfitted for the delicate pleasures of a rational esteem, and the Godlike joys of a manly friendship.

Not having therefore the requisite fund of substantial worth to raise the thought, and touch the heart; to be an agreeable companion, and a steady friend; and only striking the springs of passion and appetite; when these are deadened, as they naturally will be by possession, the joys of wedlock grow dull and insipid, sicken, and die away; leaving us in their room a vain and capricious, an empty and insignificant companion, with perhaps a helpless infant or two, to increase our cares and vexation.

Is there, was it asked, any thing so engaging, so eligible in this social scheme of life, as to induce a man of sense and judgment to embrace it; to quit for it, the free, the easy, and independent pleasures of a single life; where, cool and unmolested, he exalts and improves his understanding in the treasures of antient and modern learning; unshackled from the cares of a family; unclogged by that perplexing chain, a petulant, or a weak, or a fantastic wife, relaxes himself with the agreeable conversation of polite, chearful, and witty companions!

Is there, was it added, any comparison between the two scenes of life?

It was observed by the advocates on this side of the question, that a debauched, dissolute life, was not pleaded for; but that there was a justifiable mean betwixt both extremes, more choice-worthy than either, and which a man of prudence and discretion might hit upon.

And

And here, you may remember, a gentleman in company spoke to the following purpose.

“The description which has been given of the education of our modern young ladies, and its malignant influence, is, I must confess, but too just, and too general. And though many pictures of this kind, often discover too much coarseness in their colouring; yet I think this has been touched as becomes the hand of a gentleman, and one that desires to reason, not inveigh.

The inferences which throw themselves on us by the questions asked, have great plausibility; and generally considered, carry with them a weight, near, and almost equal to conviction.

But gentlemen, I would beg leave to observe, that though the common education of young ladies is chiefly extended no farther than to superficial and exterior accomplishments; and that their behaviour is rather owing to a sort of mechanical influence, than to sentiments from reason and judgment; that reading and reflection are too much neglected by them, or ill regulated; that their taste of real worth and merit in men, and things is thereby rendered very defective, and shows itself to be mighty ridiculous; that their passions are rather kept under restraint by the common rules of decorum, than by any rational conviction of a real beautiful and deformed in characters, independent on who sees, or who knows; that they aim more to catch the eyes, than penetrate the heart; to blow up the passions, than to secure the understandings of their admirers; that esteem and friendship are more remote from their attention, than frothy compliments and foppish rant:

Notwithstanding all this, I conceive, gentlemen, where the dispositions of a young lady are not of a bad turn by nature; whatever little weeds may be sprung or springing up from the unhappy influence of her education, are to be cleared; her mind and temper are still capable of such cultivation by a skilful address, as to render her very worthy of esteem and friendship, to a man of sense, worthy his choice, as a companion for life.

I am persuaded no one in this company will assert, women are by nature constituted incapable of friendship, or, any social charms which our sex possess. Every person here is better versed in history and human nature.

What then should obstruct their shining in so exalted a light? — Why, education, the trifling and narrow extent of thinking which that accustoms them to, and other things.

[To be continued.]

VERSES written in WINDSOR PARK,

By C. CHURCHILL.

WHEN POPE to Satire gave its lawful way,
 And made the Nimrods of mankind his prey;
 When haughty WINDSOR heard thro' ev'ry wood
 Their shame, who durst be great, yet not be good;
 Who drunk with pow'r, and with Ambition blind,
 Slaves to themselves, and monsters to mankind,
 Sinking the Man to magnify the Prince;
 Were heretofore what STUARTS have been since;
 Could he have look'd into the womb of time,
 How might his spirit in prophetic rhyme,
 Inspir'd by Virtue, and for Freedom bold,
 Matters of different import have foretold!
 How might his Muse, if any Muse's tongue
 Could equal such an argument, have sung
 One WILLIAM who makes all Mankind his care,
 And shines the Saviour of his country there;
 One WILLIAM who to every heart gives law;
 The Son of GEORGE, the Image of Nassau.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

If the underwritten Inscription (by the ingenious dr. Akinfide)
 for a Column at Runnymede, Windsor, be thought deserving
 a place in your Paper, the inserting it will oblige many
 of your readers, who coincide with the Doctor's sentiments,
 and particularly

Your humble servant,

AMICUS.

THOU, who the verdant plain dost traverse here,
 While Thames among his willows from thy view
 Retires; O stranger, stay thee, and the scene
 Around contemplate well. This is the place
 Where England's ancient Barons, clad in arms,
 And stern with conquest, from their Tyrant King
 (Then render'd tame) did challenge and secure
 The Charter of thy Freedom. Pass not on
 Till thou hast blest'd their memory, and paid
 Those thanks which God appointed the reward
 Of Public Virtue; and if chance thy home
 Salute thee with a father's honour'd name,
 Go call thy sons; instruct them what a debt
 They owe their ancestors; and make 'em swear
 To pay it, by transmitting down intire
 Those sacred rights to which themselves were born.

VOL. I.

D

A PASTORAL SONG.

To the tune of, *What shepherd or nymph of the grove, &c.*

YE shepherds, who pitied my pain
 When late my fond sorrows I told,
 Who saw, with concern, on the plain
 My flocks straggling far from their fold;
 Attend the reverse of my care,
 And learn from the echo-taught grove,
 That Laura, grown kind, has been there,
 And Damon is blest'd in her love.

The willow-twin'd token of woe,
 The sorrow-sought ribbon of green,
 (Prepar'd as a wreath for my brow)
 Behold at my feet they are seen:
 Those emblems of dying despair
 No longer (thank pity) are mine;---
 Ah! Collin, young shepherd, take care,
 I hope they will never be thine!

Last eve, when my fair I o'ertook,
 How gay was the blush-improv'd smile!
 How kind was her words by the brook!
 How soft was her hand at the stile!
 O why was old time in such haste?
 O why did I let her depart?---
 Her presence yields rapture a feast,
 Her absence draws grief from my heart!

Haste, Phoebus, haste down to the west,
 Nor loiter with Thetis, I pray;
 But quickly roll round to the east,
 And rise with thy pleasantest ray:
 Impatient I wait thy return
 To smile on kind Hymen's design;
 His blessing I claim in the morn,
 For Laura is then to be mine.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

AS I find your paper is open to the descriptions of characters in private as well as public life, give me leave to present you with a portraiture of myself, which (contrary to my usual practice) I shall draw faithfully, and in it's true colours.

I must

I must confess, that I ever possessed a very mischievous disposition; that my great pleasure has ever been to mislead people; and that I have done more mischief in the world than can possibly be described; yet am I universally caressed by persons of all ranks, conditions, and persuasions.

Were I inclined to boast of my ancestry, I trace up my genealogy even higher than the sons of Adam; for I could bring Scripture to prove, that my grand progenitor was no less a person than the tempter of Eve himself.

At my very first entrance into life, I gave a proof of my natural disposition. I squalled Disapprobation at my existing, though I could not but be glad at my coming into the world. I cried, whensoever my nurse offered me a pap, at the same time that I longed for it; and while I pretended great fondness, I indulged a secret satisfaction in mumbling the nipple with my gums. When at school I got many a flogging on account of my shuffling, as the master used to call it; and I was reckoned a most arrant tell-tale by all my play-fellows.

It would be an endless work for me to enumerate all the particulars, in which I have employed those little arts, which have never failed to recommend me every where. Suffice it to say in general, that I have been caressed from the king down to the beggar; and that I have always been esteemed among the ladies in particular, and constantly made one of their company in all their routs and assemblies.

I have concerned myself greatly in religious matters; and not only the Roman Catholic Religion, but the various sects among Protestants have been wonderfully supported and encouraged by my influence. You will think it strange, but I assure you, that the infidel also, and even the Atheist, boast of me as their strongest advocate.

But the Bar, and Courts of Justice, are more immediately my province. Here I am to be found in my true glory; I am sure to be retained on both sides in every cause; and if it were not for me, a Lawyer would have very little to say.

I have been of great service to the practitioners of physick, as well regular as irregular. The first of these I have frequently assisted in drawing up cases fitted to the writings in theory, though contrary to the observations in practice. The latter, who go under the ignominious denomination of quacks, are obliged to me for furnishing the contents of their advertisements; and many persons have been perjured in swearing to affidavits in behalf of these doctors, which have been dictated entirely by me.

I have had a great hand in many works relating to almost every branch. I have made up the far greater part of most books of voyages and travels, the authors of which are known to be very intimate with me even to a proverb: I have compiled many volumes of impartial histories; I have furnished many new systems in philosophy, and have carried on many a warm controversy in polemical divinity. As for poetry, my talent has lain chiefly in panegyric, though I have not frequently dabbled in satire. I will not pretend that I ever assisted the Laureat in his sublime odes; but I declare that I never dictated a single expression in any of Mr. -----'s compositions.

In Politics, Mr. Printer,---in Politics--- aye, there indeed, I shine. During the present political squabbles, I have been of infinite service to both parties; and in every thing that has been published, it has plainly appeared, that I have had no small concern. Nor have I thought it beneath me to supply materials even for common News-papers. Maubert could not have eked out his Brussels Gazette without me; and you yourself, Mr. Printer, have received from me many wonderful paragraphs. To conclude quite in character---I am,

Dear Mr. Printer,

Your most obliged, and affectionate humble servant,

L.Y.E.

IT is often remarked that there is scarce any Art more capable of improvement than that of Husbandry; therefore the Editor, in order to assist in an affair so very advantageous to the Public, has inserted the following hints.

AS the harvest approaches, and the weather is catching, it may not be amiss to acquaint all such as are concerned in wheat lands with the following remarks.

On the banks of the Rhine, almost all over Flanders, and of late in France, they mow their Wheat with a *scythe*, instead of reaping it with a *sickle*, because it is better and more easily performed, and at much less expence. A good reaper in France will cut six tenths of an English acre in a day; a good mower will cut an English acre and a half in a day.

The reaper leaves stubble six or eight inches high; the mower leaves his stubble but two inches high, by which he gains more straw.

In France, to reap 112 acres of wheat, English measure, with

with a sickle, they commonly allow to 10 men 20 days, that is, 200 days to one man. To cut the same quantity of acres of wheat with a scythe, they allow seven mowers and seven binders ten days, equal to 140 days of one man, by which they save 60 days work.

Besides that, the binders have less wages than the mowers and reapers; for the binders are children of twelve or fifteen years of age, old women, and men not able to stand hard work; the mower therefore does three fifths more than the reaper. The different postures of the mower and reaper are to be attended to. That of the former is much the easier, and his hands are not so much exposed to thistles, nettles, &c. And when Wheat is mowed the corn sheds less. And as the mower can dispatch his business in so much less time, that method is more peculiarly serviceable in an *uncertain* and *catching* season.

It is to be observed the mower of oats has always the standing corn on his right hand, and the corn cut on his left; on the contrary, the mower of Wheat has the standing corn always on his left, and the corn cut on his right.

The mowing Wheat is more particularly useful where the ground does not lie flat, but is raised in ridges or lands, as is generally the custom in Northamptonshire, and also in *rainy* seasons, for the ear will not be so apt to shoot. The straw indeed, as being in a greater quantity, is more difficult to thresh, but then the additional straw sufficiently pays for that labour. And after the Wheat is mowed the grass sooner grows up again, and the stubble does not prick the nostrils of the cattle as it does when it is reaped.

It is true, the scythes used are of a different form from those commonly used in England. The blade of every one of them is six inches shorter than that of the English scythe. The Brabant scythe rests on the inside of the shoulder; the Hainault on the lower joint of the arm, and sometimes on the thigh, 'tis the most like the sickle of any. The French is a direct cradle scythe, only the handle is quite straight.

Now when the crop is cut, it may not be amiss to shew how it is stacked to preserve it from the wet, in which situation it may remain in the field six weeks or two months, without any danger from the inclemency of the weather. They set one sheaf upright with the ears uppermost, and round that they place a circle of many other sheaves with the

the ears uppermost, inclining on the first sheaf; and when so placed they look like the figure of an extinguisher.

Then they lay an horizontal circle of sheaves, with all the ears in the center, and they cover those ears in the middle with a loose sheaf or two.

Thus placed, they are protected from all wet, and may remain in the field six weeks or two months as safe as they would be in a barn; and this method of stacking has been adopted in Sussex, Surry, Kent, and many other southern counties, to the great benefit of the Farmers and the Public.

N. B. The French *arpent*, or acre, according to Mr. Greaves's calculation, consists of 100 perches of 22 feet each, making in all 48,400 square French feet, and is equal to 51,691 English square feet, or one acre, 29 poles, nine paces one yard two feet and one half square, that is to say, to very near an acre and three quarters of a rood English measure. The French measure is according to this proportion, reduced in the account above to the English measure.

CONTINUATION OF

REFLECTIONS on COURTSHIP and MARRIAGE.

But in young minds, for of such only I speak, where there are commonly docile and pliable dispositions, is it an insuperable task to raise in them an ambition for good sense, and a judicious taste? There are many passions to work upon, which a nice and gentle hand may manage to his purpose. There are the seeds of reflexion; and though they may lie under rubbish, it is to be cleared away: They may be sown in good ground; and, by minding times and seasons, and dealing tenderly with them, they will bring forth a crop of happy and useful reflections.

But suffer me, gentlemen, to go yet farther. Allowing what we have said on the education of young ladies to be all true; does not our sex too often compleat what that has begun? Do we not in general flatter them with a heap of bombast stuff, and then laugh at them for seeming pleased with it? Do we not blow up their vanity and conceit, with notions of that merit to which they have no just title? And gloss over their silly airs and follies with false applause, and epithets of approbation? Do we not generally converse with them in a language of rhodomontade and nonsense?

How

How then is it possible for them to improve, how to discern real from false excellence, who seldom hear a word of sense, and less of truth? 'Tis this sort of treatment young ladies meet with in common life; and too much of this kind we carry with us when we make our matrimonial addresses; to which, and our subsequent imprudences after marriage, I cannot but ascribe the many just satyrs that are thrown out against it.

But would we" ----- Here the discourse was interrupted by a circumstance which I doubt not you well remember.

Had the gentleman proceeded, your opinion might possibly have been determined, and prevented me an attempt, for which I fear I am not sufficiently qualified. ----- However, I will not add to the trouble of your perusal any further apologies, which are in general the effects more of vanity than modesty.

I am then of that gentleman's opinion, whose discourse was broke in upon:

That unhappy matches are often occasioned by mere mercenary views in one or both of the parties, or by the headstrong motives of ill-conducted passion.

That by a prudent and judicious proceeding, in our addresses to a young lady of a good natural temper, a probable foundation may be laid for making her an agreeable companion, a steady friend, and a good wife

And that after marriage, by continuing in the road of prudence and judgment, we may erect a superstructure of as much real felicity, and as refined an enjoyment of life, to its latest period, as any other scheme can justly lay claim to.

I shall give you my deliberate thoughts on these four particulars; the first, second and third, will be the subject of this, the fourth that of another letter; and, to be the less confused, I shall put them under a sort of method.

SECT. I. *Many unhappy matches are occasioned by mercenary views in one or both of the parties.*

THAT luxury, and an expensive manner of life, is not less the attention than the ambition of most people in their several classes; and that such a turn of mind must naturally and necessarily carry with it a violent and insatiable thirst for riches; to any person of observation and reflection, is as obvious on the one hand, as it is consequential on the other.

It is as certain, that a passion so prevalent, will, of course, weigh down and stifle every noble, generous, and disinterested sentiment.

We see but too often, like a destructive torrent, it hurries away all the principles of humanity, friendship, and honour.

In

In short,-----whenever luxury, and an ambition for show and grandeur, becomes our ruling passion, the love of money, as being the necessary means for attaining the other, will be proportionably strong: And whatever is our ruling passion, it will swallow up all the rest, and be the governing principle of our actions.

A great philosopher, and a poet, that has, I think, no equal in our language, tells us:

The ruling passion, be it what it will,

The ruling passion conquers reason still*.

Every man of observation and thought does, I believe, find, that exterior shew, and the possession of wealth, is become the common standard of merit; that a slavish obsequiousness is paid to it, at the expence of all that is truly great and manly.

The same little, sneaking, and selfish spirit, is crept into our matrimonial pursuits; and not, I think, less with the fair than our own sex.

What abominable prostitutions of persons and minds are daily to be seen in many of our marriages! How little a share has real friendship and esteem in most of them! How many prostitute themselves for a good settlement, under the legal title of a wife! And how many sacrifice themselves to repair a broken fortune, or to gain one!

Are these muckworms to expect any social happiness with each other! Shall their wretched experience be quoted as instances to prove matrimony unworthy our choice!

So two rich mountains of Peru †

May rush to wealthy marriage too.

The real felicity of marriage does undoubtedly consist in an union of minds and a sympathy of affections; in a mutual esteem and friendship for each other in the highest degree possible. But in that alliance, where interest and fortune only is considered, those refined and tender sentiments are neither felt nor known. And what are they exchanged for? Why, to make a glare in the eyes of the little and great vulgar; to be hurried through scenes of ridiculous and treacherous ceremony; to raise envy in the weak and silly part of the world, pity and contempt in the wise and judicious.

And what are the consequences to the parties themselves? Why, at best, a cold, flat, and insipid intercourse; void of the exquisite relish of a sincere esteem, and the divine pleasures of a reasonable and honourable friendship.

But

* *Pope's Epistle to lord Batburs.*

† Watts.

[To be continued.]

The CHARACTERS of the PRESENT AGE;

Or, MODERN THEOPHRASTUS.

PORCUS.

I AM never in company with *Porcus*, that I am not reminded of famine and hunger. He makes no observation, nor introduces no topick, that has not some obvious relation to stuffing and eating.

Whenever he passes the hall of any company in the city, he recollects their days of feasting, and reckons up the intermediate time till the next holiday that company are to keep, which if it happens at an unlucky and unseasonable time of the year, *Porcus* laments his ill fate that he shall have neither fish nor venison for his next dinner there. Here, says he, passing by a large hall, we have little company and poor dinners, the foals are never fry'd enough, and are cold and greasy. This company, cries *Porcus*, passing another guttling stye, is poor, and will soon fall to decay; we had neither peas nor strawberries there, though it was the latter-end of April: Aye, continues he, at sight of a third, recommend me here, they know what's what here; a good venison feast, and the finest trout; but plague take them for crouding such numberless strangers: A man should never have more than five to an haunch, and no man should have the first cut at two several haunches.

Meet this same *Porcus* in a private family, and you'll observe his eyes on the side-board and table an hour before dinner: You will see him sitting where he is likely to be called to the warmest station, and counting noses to find what proportion of room is left for the guests. When the servant lays the cloth, he is anxious for every knife and fork he sees placed on the table; and nothing gives him the vapours so much as seeing two or three strange acquaintance drop in just before dinner, especially if the master of the house seems to pay them much respect, and endeavours to seat them at the upper-end of the table.

He is very angry to observe madam's partiality to her little brats; and secretly pleads in his wishes with the master of the house, that they may be sent to dine in the nursery.

When the viſuals are brought to the table he is very uneasy at the long compliments of seating; and be he himself placed where he will, he fancies every one at table has more room than himself. He fixes his eyes on the dish he first intends to attack; and wishes every tit-bit that is carved for another may

choak them: He is sure to be discontented with the portion that is sent him, and still fancies his neighbour has the best share of the sauce. He is often like the Afs in the fable, confounded between two dishes; and while he is greedily swallowing one plate down, is watching the decrease of some other dish. He sees *more* things in the first course than the time allotted will allow him to taste of; and when it is removed, he wishes he had left the soup, and stuck to the fish.

When the second course is introduced he begins to fear he has not left room enough for all that he intends to eat: And if the servants should happen to neglect to remove his foul plate in time, his uneasiness is not to be described, especially if they are prevented by any extraordinary attendance on another person. If the leg of a duck, or the pinion of a goose, only come to his share, he picks them as though he were forced to it as a punishment, and curses the whole oeconomy of the table, if that plate of victuals, which is placed before him, prevents his better fortune in a different dish. Even at first sight his wishes are, that nobody may like the dish he prefers; and will esteem his best friend a glutton, if he desires to be helped a second time to *Porcus's* favourite dish: At length, by hearty eating, and long preservance, he arrives at that state that he can hardly go any further, and yet can't endure to leave off; he still labours at the feast, and feeds without any pleasure or enjoyment.

Is the life of man then merely animal, O *Porcus*! Or if you must live a brute, must you be a savage brute also? Can you not eat without envy or snarling? And are you a fool enough to catch at the shadow and lose the substance? Are your seasons only distinguished by different appetites after different foods? And your holidays your days of debauch? Are the meetings and festivals then of society calculated to breed gluttony and greediness? And is the joy of a citizen put upon the same level with the pleasures of an hog? If so, to increase your beastly enjoyments, let me, as a thorough-paced *Epicure*, recommend one more imitation of the brutes you are so fond to copy. Learn, O *Porcus*, after your joy in eating is stopped by fullness and excess, to disembody the contents of your voracious *abdomen*, and then to return, like the dog, with new vigour and appetite to thy vomit.

To Mr. Whitworth.

Liverpool, 18 Aug. 1763.

I wish you would insert a letter which has for it's title, Virtue Happiness, &c. It is in a collection just published, called, The Instructive Letter-Writer, and Entertaining Companion. Indeed it is justly said to be instructive and entertaining; for upon examining the book, I found it to be, by much, the best collection I have seen; and those are, I think, all that have been published. It seems to be, as the editor says it is, the best Letters from the most elegant authors, and such as are most adapted to inspire noble and manly sentiments, and promote a rational and virtuous conduct.

Virtue Happiness, and Vice Misery: Pleasure and Pain when only separable.

I AM just returned from a short tour which I had long promised to make in D-----, and find myself doubly in your debt for a couple of letters.-----The kind one by Mr. R----- brought me welcome accounts of your growing health, and very certain proofs of your good-humour. It was put in my hand just as I was going to take horse; and the hurry of company that flocks about one in the country left me not an hour's leisure to answer it. My journey would have been every way agreeable, but for some remains of the ill-humour raised in that country by the late election: Families in opposite interests carry it so high, that like rival courts, or if you please rival toasts, a visiter in one is but coldly received in another.

I will frankly confess to you the vanity (if it be so) of my wish, That my friends should like me the better the longer they know me; and particularly, that they should ever find me incapable of so mean a vice as flattery; which at once prostitutes truth and manhood. In confidence of this indulgence, I will venture to tell you, that your last epistle gave me exquisite pleasure. The just sentiments of men and manners, and that true taste of life, which with high delight I perceive to be growing upon you, will be a constant fund of entertainment to us both. How elegant is every period of it! and how true! What an honest indignation it expresses against your vulgar gentlemen-----unfeeling

ing souls! incapable of friendship, or of any higher taste than * *bagatelle et brutalite*! --- While at the same time how amiable the contrast! The easy, well-bred, generous man, enjoying the true relish of life himself, and imparting like the sun a flow of joy and contentment to all about him. Well, mr. -----, I begin to believe it becomes nobody so well as a real gentleman *to be wise*: His genteel manners and polite language gives a grace to wisdom itself. They smooth the rugged paths of philosophy, unbend the brow of austere virtue, lend a new lustre to learning, and polish every talent in life. Your unaffected reflections upon the most important subjects, and under very various aspects of things, gave rise to these sentiments, and confirmed me in the opinion, That it is not in the retired hermitage or lonely cell, we are to look for the most exalting principles, or the noblest practice-----Worth, Truth, Constancy, Contempt of Death, Improvement of life, with all the shining train of genuine virtues. No---I find a gentleman who lives much in the world; who has seen, and, like Solomon, shares in it's joys, can really believe that the measure of a *happy lot* is not the number of days or accumulated years, but a discharge of the duty of our station, be it long or transient, with dignity and honour. To such a one we may say with great propriety,

*Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari!*

Happy the man, who vers'd in nature's laws,
Can each effect ascribe to it's own cause;
Trample on terrors and relentless fate,
And hear the din of Acheron, sedate!

And now, my dear friend, that the worst is past, I feel a pleasing serenity succeed the gloom that for some weeks hung over my mind. I can now think of T--- without a sigh; or rather perceive a silent smile steal upon me at the mention of the agreeable name; and have a strong inclination to imitate the doctor of Derry, who told his patient he must not relapse for three days until he should return to attend him. You must not have such another fit until I can persuade myself

* *Trifling and Sensuality.*

myself to be less anxious about you; for, I would not undergo the painful apprehensions, nor live in the restless agitations that tossed and tortured me during your last sickness, for any consideration. It is, I know inseparable from a real affection: * *Quis enim securus amavit?* But then a gentleman of your thorow good-nature, will certainly out of regard to one who loves you take every precaution in your power not to give him pain. I am sure this will have weight with you: Add to it the warning you have had from your constitution not to trespass against it, nor trust it too far to it's supposed strength. Henceforth, let no persuasion, no company, no temptation, induce you to risk that without which life and all it's enjoyments are tasteless and burthensome; and in this respect----*Fix your firm resolve, wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear.*

Great reason has a noble author to say, That it is *cowardice, mere cowardice*, that deters men from virtue, and plunges them in vice, when one round, hearty resolve would rid them of a train of miseries. 'Tis of a piece with an uncommon phrase employed by a just and happy writer, if there be one in antiquity, *Sapere aude*; DARE TO BE WISE. No habit or course of life, to which we have been accustomed, but requires courage to throw it off: And yet there is not a friend or companion you have, at least none worth keeping, who will like you the worse for being truly temperate. Let him even be a little loose himself, in his inmost soul he must approve of you, and esteem you the more for being unlike him; for well knows my friend, there is no necessity to lay aside pleasantry and good-humour, in order to assume temperance and integrity. We may be as serene, nay as gay as we please, and have much better reason to be so, when once we have come to condemn vice, and all the slavish crew of fears, remorse, endless pursuits, and insatiate cravings that attend her. It is true, the utterly abandoned, the resolutely wicked, will look upon you as a man of *another* party, and turn your conduct into ridicule, if they can. But would you wish for *their* approbation? for *their* applause-----whose friendships are leagues in wickedness, only cemented by familiar vices? To pity the person
of

* *Who e'er unanxious lov'd?*

[To be continued.]

CONTINUATION OF
REFLECTIONS on COURTSHIP and MARRIAGE.

But more frequently the iniquity of their interested views, in one or both, appears undisguised, is succeeded by contempt and disdain, and throws such a fire of contention and uneasiness between them, as gives too just a cause for that direful simile, a hell upon earth.

If the happiness of a married life does, as it most certainly must, arise from an unfeigned esteem and sincere friendship for each other; how is it possible for such god-like effects to flow from such diabolical causes, as avaritious, mercenary, and selfish views? Do such dispositions, and can such dirty souls ever feel the pure and delicate flame of a sincere love? Of that mysterious affection which swells the heart, and overflows in the gentle streams of an anxious fondness? Can interested designs, can those slaves to dross, be animated with the spirit of a generous, an elevated, and inflexible friendship? It is inconsistent, and repugnant to reason and nature. Gold is their idol; it is that they wed.

To conclude, it is a truth of the plainest demonstration, that slaves to fortune, or the gratification of their own selfish passions, who centre their views in life within themselves, independent on the feelings of others, are incapable of a sincere and steady friendship; nor can their hearts glow with the warm benevolence of a tender affection.

Does it not then very evidently appear, that marriages which are made on the mere motives of interest, will naturally turn out insipid, unhappy, and fatal situations?

If there can be found any instances to the contrary, they must be owing to a happy chance. Those who in so important an engagement will trust to a turn of the dice for their happiness, are not worth reasoning with. It is true we cannot arrive to certainty in human contingencies; but when reason, and the greatest degree of probability, are against us, it is madness, it is egregious folly, to act in contradiction to them.

It must not be inferred from what has been said, that prudence and discretion, with regard to fortune, are to be banished from our consideration. That would be an extreme, on the other hand, equally or more subversive of our happiness.

To

To talk of a competence, is, in effect, saying nothing at all; what may be so to one man is not so to another. But this is certain, the nearer we bring our desires of living, and our relishes of pleasure, to the necessities of our nature, the more easy and certain will our happiness be: And undoubtedly splendor and magnificence are more imaginary, than real and necessary ingredients to human felicity.

How much, or how little a fortune will content us, depends chiefly on our own way of thinking. Be this as it will, it should seem very proper before all marriages, for both parties to know truly and fairly what they have to expect on this head; and seriously to consider with themselves, whether it will be sufficient so far to answer their desires, as to prevent future murmurings and anxieties, and allow them to enjoy life agreeable to their inclinations. All deceit herein should be carefully avoided; we may otherwise impose on ourselves, and ruin all our future felicity.

SECT. II. *Unhappy marriages are often occasioned from the headstrong motives of ungoverned passion,*

THE cool and considerate views of interest have taken so deep a root even in very young minds, that these marriages from a passionate fondness are not very common; and we are, I think, now-a-days more liable to them in our dotage than our bloom.

An amorous complexion, a lively imagination, and a generous temper, are so apt to be charmed with an agreeable person, the insinuating accomplishments of music and dancing, [*une bonne grace*] a graceful manner, and a [*gaieté de cœur*] a sprightly temper, that it is instantly transported, sighs, languishes, and dies for possession. In this distempered condition, and amorous fit of madness, his sanguine and heated imagination paints her out to him in all the romantic lights of an Arcadian princess, an angel form, and a heavenly mind; the pride of nature, and the joy of man; a source of immortal pleasures, raptures that will never satiate, bliss uninterrupted, and transports too big for expression. Bloated with all these nonsensical, chimerical ideas, worked up to a raging fit of enthusiasm, he falls down and worships this idol of his own intoxicated brain, runs to her, talks fustian and tragedy by wholesale. Miss blushes, looks down, admires

admires his eloquence, pities the dying swain, catches the infection, and consents, if pappa and mamma will give theirs.

The old people strike the bargain; the young ones are mad and light-headed with those ravishing scenes their warm constitutions and distempered fancies present to their view.

Well, they are married, and have taken their fill of love. The young spark's rant is over; he finds his imaginary goddess mere outside; nothing but a vain, affected, silly girl; and when his theatrical dress is off, she finds he was a lying, hot-brained coxcomb.

Or Thus come to their senses, and the mask thrown off, they look at one another like utter strangers, and persons just come out of a trance. He finds by experience he fell in love with his own imaginary ideas, and she with her own vanity. Thus plucked from the soaring heights of their warm and irregular passions, they are vexed at, and ashamed of themselves first, and heartily hate each other afterwards. From hence arise reproaches, contradictions, &c. Thus all their fantastic bliss ends in shame and repentance.

In serious truth, how can it be otherwise?

Passions are extremely transient and unsteady; and love, with no other support, will ever be short-lived and fleeting. It is a fire that is soon extinguished; and where there is no solid esteem and well-cemented friendship to blow it up, it rarely lights again, but from some accidental impulses, by no means to be depended on; which a contrariety of tempers, the fatalities of sickness, or the frowns of fortune, may for ever prevent, as age most certainly will.

Besides, in marriages of this kind, there is neither time nor coolness sufficient for fixing an esteem and friendship; and therefore the very foundations for its lasting happiness are wanting. May they follow, do you think? Alas! how uncertain is that! There are so many probabilities on the contrary side, that none surely but the most rash and inconsiderate people would run the risk.

What has been observed, seems to point out, that a blind, a sudden and intoxicating passion, has a natural tendency to occasion unhappy marriages, and produce scenes of grief and repentance.

Let us, on the contrary, proceed with deliberation and circumspection. Let reason and thought be summoned before

[To be continued.]

CONTINUATION OF

REFLECTIONS on COURTSHIP and MARRIAGE.

before we engage in the courtship of a lady; endeavour as much as possible to stifle all those passionate and amorous emotions that would cloud and bribe our judgments. Let us seriously reflect, that engagements of this kind are of the greatest moment and import to our future happiness in life; that courtship brings on marriage, which makes all the peace and welfare of our lives dependent on the behaviour and dispositions of another; a matter of the utmost consequence, and of which we can scarce think too long or too much. Let not therefore our eyes or passions prevail with us, to barter away all that is truly valuable in our existence for their gratification.

Some women have infinite art, being early bred to disguise and dissemble; yet, by a skilful attention, calmness, and impartiality, we may form a judgment of their characters in the main: This we should endeavour to do, and compare them fairly with our own; see how they will correspond; be rationally convinced of a similitude in our ways of thinking, a harmony in our minds and tempers, before we venture to change the name of mistress into that of wife.

Thus let us deliberate, thus let us proceed, and thus arm ourselves with reason and reflection in this great affair; lest, by too much warmth and precipitancy, we draw those miseries on ourselves, which repentance will neither assuage nor remove.

Having now drove the mercenary herd to their native mines, and made evident their unsuitness for breathing the pure and generous air of matrimonial felicity; lest the inamoratoes to float in their fool's paradise with novels and romances; let us endeavour to fix ourselves on the true basis of conjugal happiness, and see if we can hit upon the path wherein an agreeable companion, a steady friend, and a good wife, may be found.

And this we must enter upon by a prudent and judicious courtship, which, as it was before observed, is laying the foundation of a happy marriage. I am &c.

SECT. III. *In our addresses let our conduct be sincere, our tempers undisguised; let us use no artifices to cover or conceal our natural frailties and imperfections, but be outwardly what we really are within, and appear such as we design stedfastly to continue.*

IN the gay time of courtship, it seems to be a general practice with both sexes, to conceal all personal defects by every artifice of dress, &c.

This is far from being our interest, and may be attended with very prejudicial consequences. By so intimate an union as that of marriage, all bodily defects will soon be discovered; and as hypocrisy, in the minutest matters amongst friends, is extremely odious, those defects will carry a sting and guilt with them, to which perhaps we may never be reconciled: Whereas, had no art been used for their concealment, they might have caused little or no concern.

Nothing to a generous mind is more ungrateful, than any sort of imposition from a friend.

Love and friendship are of so nice and delicate a texture, that dissingenuity in the smallest matters should be avoided.

These remarks may appear but of little importance to people of a coarse and unpolished taste; but I am persuaded they will have their weight with those of a contrary turn.

For my own part, I would, of the two, be rather less careful and exact in my personal appearance before than after marriage; because the difficulty of raising an affection is not so great, as that of preserving it; as every little personal imbellishment may be serviceable in the former case, so it undoubtedly will in the latter.---But the care of our persons will come under a more particular observation in my second part; and though it is seldom neglected before, yet it is often so notoriously after marriage, that I believe many unhappy ones are caused by it.

However it be as to the spruceness and decoration of our persons, I must affirm it a most dangerous folly, an imposition highly culpable, to mask our tempers, and appear what we really are not; to exhibit a forged draught of our minds and dispositions, in order to win the affections.

I am really at a loss to judge, whether the absurdity or iniquity of such a scheme be the greatest.

Is this courtship? Is this laying a foundation for our future happiness? Monstrous! But this is sometimes, too often, the case with both sexes. It is really amazing how people can be so preposterously wicked, in a correspondence of the most sacred and tender kind, on the consequences of which all the future happiness of their lives may depend. How stupid, thus to study our own ruin, by the infamous deception of one we chuse for the partner of our joys and our cares, the companion of our days and our nights. How shocking to set out with fraud, and proceed with deceit, in such solemn engagements! How shallow is the cunning of such inconsiderate minds! Must not all the pleasures of marriage be unanimous and inseperable? Do they not flow from real and unaffected loveliness? Can we think the cheat will lie long concealed in a society so intimate? When time and experience unmasks our assumed appearances, shows us in our native colours, and exposes that reality we have so industriously laboured to cover; can we expect love and esteem from any one whom we have so shamefully over-reached and insnared? Surely no. On the contrary, we shall entail on ourselves certain indignation, and lasting contempt.

We have raised and supported an affection by false appearances; when those are seen through, as most certainly they will be, what title have we to love or friendship? None; and consequently no prospect of social happiness.

Let us my friend, on the contrary, observe a religious sincerity, appear in our native characters, undisguised and unaffected. If under those we gain esteem and friendship, our prospects of maintaining them are as secure as our own minds and dispositions may be lasting.----Let us be outwardly what we really are within, and appear in such a character as we stedfastly design to continue. Hereby we shall lay a strong foundation for our future happiness in marriage.

[To be continued.]

From the WHIM, a new periodical Paper.

I Will presume to give what ought to be the real character of a Person of Wit. He must be one who does not assume a merit-conscious air of his superior talent. One, whose wit has good sense for it's foundation, without which, all else is pertness. He must be capable to enliven and enlighten conversation

versation without inflaming it; and be careful to season the spirit with delicacy and good manners. His expressions should not be more lively than just; his wit is not to be restricted to particular persons or friends, nor confined to the peculiar taste of a country, but to display an accomplishment of mind suited to the universe. Above all things, he never should let his wit come from him, before it comes to him: For straining the imagination has as ill an effect upon it, as distortion has upon the features. I need not repeat the stale observation, that wit should not be accompanied with ill-nature, but shall use the simile of a French lady, who said it should be like a gentle flash of lightning, and blaze without scorching.

Among other things I must observe, that a witty Person should be as cautious in the manner of using it, as a swordsman should be of his weapon, lest he throw himself off his guard, and, by making a careless lunge, receive a homethrust himself; which has been very often the case, and is particularly illustrated in the following instances.

A Venetian Ambassador at the Court of Rome, who was a man of ability, spirit, and vivacity, was under a necessity of making very strong remonstrances to the Pope, in behalf of the flag of the Republic, which had been insulted by the subjects of his Holiness. Matters were arrived to a great height on both sides. Finally, the Pope, irritated at what he thought arrogance in the Ambassador, and impatient of further dispute, tartly demanded what Charter his Masters had for the Sovereignty of the Seas? The Ambassador very coolly desired him to look on the Back of his Grant for St. Peter's Patrimony, and he would find it there.

Diogenes, who laid traps for applause by a surly, rigid, ostentatious pretence to philosophy, entertaining a rancorous envy at the superior reputation of Plato, took occasion, in a visit to him at his house, as he walked upon the rich carpets, with which the floors were covered, to say, "See how I trample upon Plato's pride." "Yes," said Plato, "but with greater pride."

The remark of Charles II. to Mr. Waller, upon reading the Poem addressed to his Majesty, and the Poet's Answer to it, is too well known to repeat; but it reminds me of a familiar story of the same Monarch. The King took occasion, in an audience he gave to the Dutch Ambassador, to observe, that the States did not presume to apply to the Protector in such high terms. "Very true," returned the Ambassador, but Oliver was quite a different sort of a man."

On a Lady's asking a Gentleman how much he loved her.

To Miss -----.

MY passion, Sylvia, to prove,
 You bid me tell how much I love.
 I love thee then---but language fails---
 More than bees love flow'ry vales;
 More than turtle loves his dove;
 More than warblers love the grove;
 More than nature loves the spring;
 More than linnet loves to sing;
 More than insects sunny beams;
 More than poets airy dreams;
 More than fishes love the flood;
 More than patriots public good;
 More than flocks the grassy plains;
 More than hinds increasing rains;
 More than statesman loves his plot;
 More than am'rous age to doat;
 More than lords their pedigree;
 More than Britons to be free;
 More than heirs love twenty-one;
 More than heroes laurels won;
 More than elves the moon-light shade;
 More than ancient maids to wed;
 More than hermit loves his cell;
 More than beauty to excel;
 More than miser loves his store;
 More than myself---can I do more?

CONTINUATION OF

The LETTER on VIRTUE HAPPINESS, &c.

of the vicious, and assist them even in the ills which their follies have brought upon them, is one of the first lessons of virtue and dictates of humanity. Are we therefore to love, esteem, or keep them company? Are we to behave to them as we would to men exempt from their faults, and adorned with the opposite virtues? Such a one is a sad, worthless

less fellow, without morals or conduct; you can trust him with nothing.---“ But” said a noble person of your acquaintance, “ he is a shrewd, witty dog, and very entertaining: “ I’ll send and have him here while I stay in the country. “ Mr. B---, my neighbour, is a knowing, accomplished gentleman; but he is devilishly sober, and looks so stay’d, “ and speaks so accurate, that I cannot bear him. Here, “ John! take a horse, and ride quickly over to F-----m, “ and tell Will Waggon, that I expect him here to spend “ the week with me; and desire the servants, if Mr. B----- “ should call to-day, or to-morrow, to tell him that I a’n’t “ at home. I’m gone a visiting, d’ye hear? and don’t know “ when I return.”

Inattentive people, especially the miscalled men of pleasure (the meekest drudges of the human race) by living some time in this way, come at last to think every thing decent and lawful that suits their inclinations: While they are in a career of diversions, they really look upon honour, integrity, and virtue, as empty, insignificant sounds.

* *Virtutem Verba putant, ut Lucan Eigna*

So indeed they are to those who have no feeling of the things; such persons receive much the same benefit from all that can be said in commendation of worth and wisdom, as the late serene Dauphin did from all the elaborate editions of the Classics published for his use. To them I would only recommend to go more *thoroughly* to work, and if the joys they pursue be genuine, to devote themselves wholly to them. They are but puny, starveling rakes in comparison of some of their predecessors. I remember to have read of a celebrated debauchee among the ancients, the business of whose day it was to get drunk at night. This wise and ingenious person (for so to be sure he thought himself) prepared for the evening campaign with great address and assiduity. He slept long, eat delicately, rubbed, bathed, aired and walked, just as much as would best fit him for the dear fatigue of being drunk. When that grand point was attained, like a man of spirit, who had acted his part with dignity, and fully reached the purpose of life, ordered his servants every evening to lay him on a magnificent couch, and carry him in procession with decent funeral pomp, from his salon thro’ a suite of rooms, to his bedchamber, calling out triumphantly all the way, BEBI-

OKE,

* *Meer words make virtue, just as trees make groves.*

oke, BEBIOKE, *He hath lived, he hath lived*; the form of funeral service for the dead.

Seriously, my friend, intemperance, or vice of any species, is but a sickly, inconsistent thing; and we are obliged to make great allowances to be able to bear with it. You hate the whole, and you both hate and condemn the *half-knave*; a man who falsifies his word, who eludes his promises, shuffles in his answers, or swerves in his dealings, draws your aversion, and most justly. But why hate by halves?—why censure one vice severely, and connive at another? Be consistent in your judgment and liking. Love not the private, easy companion in the public mercenary traitor, nor approve the pretended patriot, be he ever so flaming, in the private immoral profligate*. I do not say that what is good in a vicious character is not to be approved; nor deny but that the same character may, in different respects, be virtuous and vicious; much less do I embrace the stoical paradox, That all vices are equally pernicious and criminal; but I lay it down as a sacred maxim, That every man is wretched in proportion to his vices, and affirm the noblest ornament of a young generous mind, and the surest source of pleasure, profit, and reputation in life, to be an unreserved acceptance of virtue. Take the lovely guest but once into your bosom; resolve strictly and steadily to follow her dictates, she will diffuse a joy and serenity through your soul, a confidence and courage through your speech and conduct, such as no corrupt heart ever felt, or guilty hand put in execution. This respects the important parts of life: as to the *pleasant* they follow their betters. The sweetest ingredient in mirth is innocence; it heightens and refines the humour, and doubles the relish of every enjoyment. I have seen many bad men brutally merry, but never one of them quite open, easy, and uncheck'd in his mirth. That absolute serenity, that supreme ease, is the sole gift of virtue. To her chosen alone she gives to taste gayety and pleasure *unmixed*; to drink of the pure stream that flows spontaneous from conscious worth and benefi-

* It was an ordinance in the admirable constitution of Sparta, when any person notoriously vicious made a wholesome proposal to the public, that some man of known probity should mount the rostrum, and repeat the same proposal, that it might pass into a decree, and be enacted in his name.

beneficence to men: To all others it is dashed and imbit-
tered in proportion to the crookedness of their minds, the in-
humanity of their tempers, and intemperance of their lives.

Shall I wrong you in supposing you apprehensive of such
a strict resolution, as if it would lead you into thorny paths,
or confine you to a narrow track, full of scruples and pee-
vishness? Trust me it will not. On the contrary, *Wisdom's*
ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.
The peculiar felicity of such a temper of mind, owing be-
yond controversy to our divine original frame, is the *simpli-*
city of it's directory. You need no intricate systems, nor
abstruse, ambiguous rules, to lead you to the road of hap-
piness: *One* plain principle will prove an unerring guide
in this flowery path, for ever strewn with fresh content-
ment and unrepented pleasure. Would you be exempt
from uneasiness? *Do no one thing you know, or but suspect*
to be wrong. Would you enjoy the purest pleasure? *Do*
every thing in your power you are convinced is right. A
little attention to the inward monitor, we lamely call Con-
science, will discover him to be your best friend, faithful
and true; fond and forward to do good, while he must
be dragg'd, reluctant, even to doubtful evil; for to approve
of it open and undisguised, neither the songs of the Syren
could ever allure, nor the tortures of tyrants every compel
him. No sooner does the species of any conduct, or idea
of any one action, strike upon the understanding, than it
is immediately remitted to this incorrupt judge, who trans-
mits it to the will brighten'd with his approbation, or
blacken'd with his dislike; and if the inward oeconomy
be sound, it is put in execution as good, or rejected as
base, according to the mark of his sovereign controul.
Deceived he may be in particular instances, when falsehood
is presented to him in the garb of truth; but bribed or
biassed he never can be, from the general rectitude of his
intention, singly to promote the welfare of men, by assuring
them, nay, by making them *feel* that their happiness de-
pends upon their acquitting themselves fully and fairly of
the duties of humanity. How often have you heard it said
of a certain gentleman, *He would not do an ill thing for the*
world? Glorious character! and I hope more frequent
than is commonly believed----a character to be courted, or
to say it better, deserved by every man who wishes to live
happily, and to taste genuine pleasure.

Could

[To be concluded in our next.]

CONCLUSION OF

The LETTER on VIRTUE HAPPINESS, &c.

Could my friend now take one other step with me? I know he can; and fain would I assure myself *he will*. If the happiness of our lives depends upon our obedience to this *home-censor*, lodged in every man's breast, it must needs increase in proportion to our attention to his dictates, and diminish according to our negligence. What a thought is there? What a fund of uncloying pleasure pointed out to a noble youth in the bloom of life, as yet untainted with vice and fond of real fame? To live without remorse, in blissful ignorance of inward pangs, we must do no one thing we but suspect to be wrong; to be truly happy, we must do whatever we believe to be right: But would you *exalt* and *refine* this happiness, you must be *at pains* to examine what is right, and *at pains* to put it in execution. Startle not at the word; for in exact proportion to your pains will be your pleasure. In the ordinary occurrences of life, such a conduct will procure you peace and plenty at home, and respect and confidence abroad; but in public stations, it leads to the highest pitch of human felicity, and puts the man who honestly aims at it in the direct road to heroism and immortality.

Look around you, my friend, and observe whether the happiest (I do not say the richest) be not at the same time the best and wisest of your acquaintance? while you can scarce meet a wretch who has not been made so by vice or folly; it is finely said by our old English satirist.

*Much wo worth the man that misruleth his enwite. **

A *misrule* that affects the offender himself in the first place, and but consequentially those who are connected with him. Such a person, we say, is lost to all *sense* of honour or shame. Think a little what may be the meaning of that expression. Is it not that by a course of immorality he has vitiated his natural perceptions of right and wrong, and dulled his taste of beauty and virtue? This we commonly call, in a strong metaphor, a seared conscience, because it is callous and unfeeling; and then the inward monitor loses a great part of his power; his voice becomes faint, and his dic-

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tates

* *Vision of Pierce Plowman.*

tates feeble; though it rarely happens that he is so intirely perverted but that he rouses at intervals, and speaks in a tone that makes his tyrant tremble: But he is much oftener cheated than *borne down*; as when our moral rectitude is misguided, a false species of good passed upon us instead of the true, and the deluded fancy taught to substitute some perverse, partial end, in which to place it's happiness, instead of the free exercise of it's native faculties *in doing good*. This is done by the excess sometimes of one passion, and sometimes of another: Love, ambition, envy, and avarice, take their turns in the succeeding stages of life, and present us with their favourites in imposing lights; which---no sooner vanish than the objects appear in their genuine colours, and this upright censor revokes his approbation.

But the grand forceress, *fly superstition*, approaches with an air of sanctity, and hoodwinks unhappy men, not for any one period, as the other passions, but, alas! for life. *Ensnared and hampered by the soul*, as our comic poet says, they look at things only through the magic glass which the enchantress holds up to them, and start amazed when presented to them undisguised. Through it they see *nature reversed*, the world turn'd upside down, and curse the creation to oblige it's author.

You, my friend, are in little hazard of this gloomy goblin: You know that virtue, when genuine and sincere, gives a dignity to human nature; and can believe the noblest genius of antiquity, when he scruples not to affirm, That the breast of a man adorned with justice, humanity, and regard to the laws, is the most august temple that can be reared to God. It is from Syrens of softer aspect and sweeter voice, you have more to fear, though you have lately had a sufficient discovery of their hidden deformities, and have seen that the fair face and alluring song only serve to conceal the devouring monster-----Would you effectually avoid them?----Betake yourself to knowledge, virtue, and the duties of a man. ' For when the all-wise
 " creator had formed the two contraries, pleasure and
 " pain, he found it impossible to reconcile the implacable
 " enmity subsisting betwixt their opposite natures:----But
 " as there was likewise a necessity that they should at times
 " occupy one and the same subject, be blended their extre-
 " mities, and joined them so inseparably that the one is
 " never

“ never found in any great degree without the other. One
 “ sole species of joy escaped the fatal tie, to-wit, *The pleasures of the understanding, or contemplative delight*. She
 “ alone stretched herself beyond the extremity of pain,
 “ and leaving all her sister pleasures to wander with her
 “ grievous associate on the sides of mount Olympus (where
 “ the clear sky is oft o’ercast) she mounted to the top,
 “ where she basks serene in ambient light, ever-streaming
 “ in perpetual day.”

FROM THE ALPS. A POEM.

By GEORGE KEATE, Esq; 1763.

FAR other views chill Winter’s hand displays,
 When o’er the plains and o’er the rocks, he spreads
 His hoary mantle; when the thick’ning air
 Descends in feathered flakes, each prospect now
 How wild, how shapeless! Streams which used to flow
 With hasty currents, lazy creep beneath
 Th’ incumbent snow. The tall fir’s loaded branches
 Wave like the ostrich plume; the fleecy snow
 Whirl’d in it’s falling, forms unreal hills,
 And faithless levels. Cautious be his steps
 Who thro’ these regions journeys while they wear
 Their cold and dreary aspect, lest the beam
 Of an air-kindled vapour, streaming low
 It’s lucid exhalation, should mislead
 The traveller night-wandering, like some star
 That bright above the arctic circle yields
 A seeming friendly ray, but only serves
 To light the frozen pilot to his fate.-----
 Nor let him unadvised the sloping side
 Of the steep mountain climb, lest from above
 The snowy piles o’erwhelm him; * frequent now
 From parts remote their fullen sounds are heard
 Striking the startled ear: By eddying Winds

G 2

Or

* This ball or mass of snow, is called the Avalanche; it is frequently of a prodigious size, and rolls from the Alps in particular seasons, rendering the passage very dangerous. Historians who have written of these countries, mention innumerable instances of the ravages and mischiefs produced by it.

Or agitating sounds †, the loosen'd snow
 First mov'd, augmenting slides, then nodding o'er
 The headlong steep, plunges in air, and rolls
 With one vast length of ruin to the vale.----
 Aghast, beneath it, the pale traveller sees
 The falling promontory.----Sees----and dies!
 Midst it's sad victims from the house of death
 Let me recall one true, one wretched pair
 It sunk untimely to the tomb. The tale
 I've heard from shepherds, as they pointed out
 The spot their story noted, and have dropt
 For hapless love a sympathizing tear.

In a lone vale wash'd by th' impetuous Arve,
 Beneath the shade it's tallest mountain threw,
 Matilda dwelt, the sole remaining hope
 Of old Alberto, whose paternal farm
 Cover'd with flocks and herds spread wide around.
 Her's was each blushing charm, which youth may boast
 When nature grows profuse; her's too, each power
 Attended with each studious wish to please.
 Fair as the bloom of May, and mildly sweet
 As the soft gales that with their vernal wings
 Fan the first op'ning flow'rs.---Each neighb'ring swain
 Had sigh'd and languish'd, on the tender bark
 Inscrib'd to the fair one's name, or to her ear
 Whisper'd his love!---in vain!---None, none were heard
 Save young Rodolpho, whose preavailing form
 Had won her to his favour: On his brow
 Sat native comeliness, and manly fire
 O'er all diffus'd it's lustre. Yet with her
 His gen'rous mind most sway'd, where shone each thought
 That delicacy knows, far more refined
 Than suits the happy!---Much he had convers'd
 With rev'rend age, and learn'd from thence to prize
 A rural life, learn'd to prefer the peace
 Of his own woods, to the discordant din
 Of populous cities.---What but fate could bar
 Their wishes!---What indeed!---The morn was fix'd
 To seal their plighted faith, the bridegroom rose
 With all a bridegroom's transport, call'd his friends
 To join the jocund train, and hasten forth

† It is the commonly received opinion in these countries,
 that any sudden agitation of the air, such as the firing a gun,
 loud shouting, &c. will at certain times occasion the Avalanche.

To greet th' expecting maid, still as he went
 Anticipating fancy's magic hand
 The thousand raptures drew which youthful breasts
 Feel at approaching bliss.----Alas! How quick
 Treads woe in pleasure's footsteps!----Now pursue
 The fated youth, tho' words are sure too weak
 To speak his horror, when nor well-known farm,
 Nor wonted flocks he saw, but in their place
 A pond'rous mound of snow.----At early dawn
 From the near Alp the cumb'rous ruin fell
 And crush'd Alberto's roof.----To lend their aid
 Th' assembled villagers were met, and now
 From out the mass had brought once more to light
 Th' ill-starr'd Matilda; lovely still!----For still
 A blush was on her cheek, and her clos'd eye
 Shew'd but as sleep. Around her head she wore
 Her bridal ornaments, deck'd as she was
 To wait the nuptial hour.----Ah! Deck'd in vain,
 The grave thy marriage!----On the sad scene
 Rodolpho gazes, stands a while aghast,
 The semblance of despair; his swelling breast,
 Torn by conflicting passions, from his tongue
 Utterance witholds. He rolls his haggard eyes
 On all around, as he would ask if e'er
 Grievs such as his were known; then o'er the dead
 A moment pausing, on her lips imprints
 A thousand frantic kisses, her cold hand
 With ardour seizes, and in broken sounds
 Calls on Matilda's name.----With that last word
 The struggling soul a passage finds, and down
 He sinks in death, pale as the ambient snow!

TO THE PRINTER.

SIR,

IT is the mistaken policy of all popish countries, that when
 a person of condition has a greater number of daughters
 than his fortune will allow him to portion off according to their
 rank, to thrust the younger, or the least favourite, into a con-
 vent, rather than suffer the dignity of their family to be de-
 meaned by an inferior marriage.----By the laws of the church,
 it is true, no woman can be compell'd to take the veil; and
 after the year of probation, the question is always asked in
 the most solemn manner, by the bishop; but when once a
 poor young creature is carried within those fatal walls, there
 are so many insinuations on the one side, from the abbess and
 sister-

sisterhood, and so many threats on the other from the parents and kindred; that few have had the courage to testify their dislike.

One of these intended victims to pride and ostentation, I happened to come acquainted with at the grate of the Augustin monastery at Paris, behind which she frequently appeared with some of the nuns, to whom I had been introduced.---She was extremely pretty, and her age not exceeding seventeen, but had an air of dejection in her face which shewed how little she was satisfied with the lot assigned to her.---She had, it seems, besides a natural aversion to a monastic life, the most tender attachment to the world in the person of a young gentleman, by whom, as the sequel will prove, she was no less ardently beloved.---The story of their mutual passion was no secret.---I heard it from as many as had the least acquaintance with either of them, and every one compassionated the cruel and eternal separation which must shortly be between them.

But of what service is pity without the power of helping? The parents of the young lady were inexorable.---Her year of noviceship was now expired, and the fatal day appointed to tear her for ever from all her hopes, and every enjoyment of life and love.

As I had never seen the ceremony of initiation, and had been told much of it, I was very desirous of being present at this, and no sooner gave an hint of my inclination, than a gentleman and his lady, from whom I had received many signal favours, offered to accompany and place me where no part of the solemnity should escape me.

Accordingly we went, and had not long attended before we saw the intended nun appear, led between her father and another grave old gentleman, who was the next of kin, and followed by a vast number of both sexes.---She was habited extremely rich;---her head, stomacher, and the borders of her gown, sparkled with jewels, and seemed rather the magnificence of a bride, than one who was going to be secluded for ever from the world; but my obliging guides informed me this was always the custom, but that the instant of her admission, she would be disrobed of all this state.

The splendor in which she appeared, on so sad an occasion, put me in mind of those beautiful lines, Mr. Philips, has put into the mouth of Andromache.

Thus the gay victim, with fresh garlands crown'd,
Pleas'd with the sacred life's enlivening sound,
Through gazing crouds, in solem state, proceeds,
And, dress'd in fatal pomp, magnificently bleeds.

For I must own, that without any of these tender emotions she was possessed of, I look on a monastic life as a total privation

tion of all the purposes of our being, and that whoever enters into it, is as effectually buried, as if laid in the grave.

But as by what I have been told of her, I thought I had reason to guess at the situation of her heart, I was beyond measure surpris'd to find, instead of that distraction, that melancholy gloom I expected in her countenance, a look more lively than I had ever seen her put on.----Her pace indeed was even, and compos'd, befitting the solemnity of the procession, but her eyes darted the most spirituous rays, while she continually kept turning her head from side to side, as willing no one of that numerous assembly should be unmarked by her.----The short reflection I had time to make on her behaviour, rendered me incapable of believing her heart was engaged, at least so deeply, as had been represented to me; for it did not enter into my head, that a person of her years, and so extravagantly in love, could have either real fortitude enough to make the cruel sacrifice she was about to do, without the greatest and most visible emotions, or artifice enough to disguise the anguish of her soul, were it, in any measure, proportionable to what the world imagined.

As I had been told the form observed in admitting a young nun, I was not a little impatient to see how she would go through this last scene of her part; she knocked at the gate of the convent, with the intrepidity she had approached it;----the bishop appeared, and asked what was her demand? To which it seems she should have answered, To be admitted within these sacred walls, and that heaven will accept my vows of everlasting chastity.----But she had prepared a speech of a far different nature, and putting one knee to the earth, and at the same time taking hold of the hand of a well-made, agreeable, young gentleman, who had pressed through the croud till he had got close to her, "My lord, said she, I demand this gentleman for my husband, to whom I have long since been engaged by the most solemn promises, and from whom death only shall divide me."

Never was any consternation greater than that which appeared in the faces of all present.----The bishop frowned;--the father of the young lady, and some others of her kindred, endeavoured to force her from her lover; but their hands were too closely locked to be easily unriveted, and six or seven gentlemen, who till now had seem'd disinterested spectators of the shew, but were in the plot, came that instant up, and each laying his hand on his sword, said, If persuasion was ineffectual, they were prepared to do justice to their friend, who was betrothed to the lady they would compel to be a nun.

On this, the bishop took the old gentleman aside, and, as I

have

have been since informed, remonstrated to him, that as no convent either would, or could, according to the orders of the church, pretend to receive her after this public declaration of her pre-engagement, the most prudent way would be to give his consent to what would doubtless be consummated without it, perhaps, in a less honourable way.---The rest of the kindred were afterwards consulted, and after a short whisper among themselves, they turned to the young lady, who was now encircled by the friends of her lover, and the father said, That though she had taken a step so contrary to his intentions, and the duty she owed him, yet he would no longer oppose her inclinations.---On which, the same bishop who was to have received her vows of celibacy, performed the ceremony of her nuptials, to the infinite satisfaction of the whole assembly, who could not contain their approbation of the conduct both had shewn, nor knew whether the courage of the bride, or the constancy and ingenuity of the bridegroom, were most to be commended. Your's, &c.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

FICTION and Truth have both an instance given
To prove the pow'r of female charms;
Adam for them foregoes his right to Heaven,
And Paris sets the world in arms,
Of all the bliss plann'd for the human race
An apple was the fatal bane.
O had they seen sweet G-----k's lovely face!
They both had been the same again.
Spite of th' impending woes that threat mankind,
What mortal could this withstand?
Paris to her then had resign'd,
And Adam snatch'd her from her hand.

EPITAPH.

*On a Monument done by VANNOST, erected in the Cathedral
of Waterford.*

To the Memory of Mrs. SUSANNAH MASON.

O'ER this fair shrine let not a tear be shed
Till piety and charity are dead.
Nor let the great and good her loss deplore,
Whilst they pursue the paths she trod before.
But should her bright example cease to shine,
Grieve then ye righteous! and ye poor! repine.
No ostentatious hand the marble plac'd,
No flattering pen the just encomium trac'd;
Such virtues to transmit---is only giving
Praise to the dead to edify the living.

To Mr. WHITWORTH.

Sept. 16, 1763.

THOUGH many of your Readers think you right in not meddling with the political Squabbles which now abound, it would, I assure you, have been very agreeable to have had an Account in your Magazine of the Conversation said to be had between the K--- and Mr. P---, especially as his M---'s Answer was so remarkably striking. Several are, indeed, not only doubtful about the Authenticity of it, but surprised that any such Matters should be published. Others are of Opinion that the Heads of the Parties, or some of their Friends are concerned in it, in Order to answer some particular Ends. The Account in the London Chronicle by Yesterday's Post, which you are also desired to insert, is conjectured to be published by those lately come into the M---y, to shew, that even Mr. P--- is not the Patriot he pretends to be, and that this may probably oblige Mr. P--- to appear in his own Defence. Time may, perhaps, clear up these Things; but, however, it is evident from many late Circumstances, that such unbounded and excessive Instances of Liberty were never known, even in this Kingdom, where it is allowed to exist in a much higher Degree than in any other Part of the World.

Yours, &c. J.T.

WE are much obliged to our Correspondent for his kind Intention; but besides it's being inconsistent with our plan, which is especially to avoid Disputes, and more especially political ones, we are not quite so credulous as to pay any extraordinary regard to assertions merely on Account of their being in print. Indeed we have often been obliged, much against Inclination, to circulate what was suspected to be either improbable or absurd, in Order to gratify the Curiosity of the Public.

But instead of the Altercations about Lord Bute, Mr. Pitt and our good K---, who appears, to us, to be as ill used by these pretended Patriots, as his worthy Grandfather often was by some of them, in Conjunction with others who pretended to be of the same Principles, we have inserted two curious Anecdotes: The latter may serve as a lesson to all who are, or would be, Placemen; and the other is full as likely to be true as the Accounts of the same Nature, now publishing. It likewise points out to us what Difficulties and disagreeable Treatment even Sovereigns meet with, from those who should be their Servants, but in Fact will be Masters,

ers, whatever Prejudice or ill Consequences may befall the Public on Account of their Squabbles for Power, Riches or Titles.

WHEN Mr. P-----ney, now e. of Bath, quarrelled with sir R-----t W-----le, afterwards earl of Orford, and threw up his employments at court, in consequence of that quarrel, a paper-war ensued, which was carried on with great acrimony on both sides, and in the course of the dispute some secrets were discovered, which most people thought ought not to have been revealed. One of the most curious Anecdotes then made public, concerned the reconciliation between his late m-----sty, then prince of Wales, and the king his father. Mr. P-----y assures us, upon his honour, that Mr. W-----le told him of that reconciliation, and that a bargain was made for those whigs who had resigned their employments, to be restored by degrees. To this Mr. P-----y replied, *Who, pray, is it that has had authority to make this bargain?* The answer was, *I have done it with the ministry; and it was insisted on that lord Townshend should know of the transaction.* Neither lord Cowper, the Speaker, nor any other else knew it, and therefore we hope you will not take it amiss that it was kept a secret from you. Not I, said Mr. P-----; but I think it very odd, that any one should presume to take a plenary authority upon himself, to deal for such numbers as were concern'd in an affair of this consequence. 'Twas replied, *We have not had our own interests alone in view; we have bargained for all our friends. I am to be at the head of the treasury; lord Sunderland would be the disposer of the secret service money; but I would not consent, knowing that the chief power of a minister depends on the disposition of it. We know that you value nothing of this kind, and so have obtained a peerage for you.*----- Since you acquaint me, says Mr. P-----y, with that terms you have made for me, what are those you have made for the prince? To this Mr. W-----le answered with a sneer, *Why he is to go to court again, and will have his drums and his guards, and such fine things.* Being ask'd whether the prince was to be left regent again, when the king went out of England; he answered, *No why should he? He does not deserve it. We have done too much for him; and if it were to be done again, we would not do so much.*

Every

Every one has heard of the great Mr. Locke, whose integrity of heart was equal to his fine understanding: accomplishments that rarely accompany each other in so superlative a degree. King William had so high an opinion of his talents, that he press'd him to go as ambassador for him to one of the most considerable courts of Europe, which he declined because of his bad state of health. He then made him one of the lords-commissioners of trade and plantations, an establishment at that time in it's infancy. This post he enjoyed many years, and was considered, in a manner, as the soul of that illustrious body; but at length when he could no longer pass the summer in London without endangering his life, he went and resigned his commission to the king, disdaining to hold an employment of that importance without doing the duties of it. His majesty intreated him to continue in it, telling him, That tho' he could stay at London but a few weeks, his services in that office would yet be very necessary to him; but he persisted in his resolution. He formed and executed this design without mentioning a word of it to any body whatsoever; thus avoiding with a generosity rarely to be found, what others would have earnestly sought after; for by making it known that he was about to quit that employment which brought him in a thousand pounds a year, he might easily have entered into a composition with any new candidate who being befriended with Mr. Lock's interest, might have carried the post from any other person. This he was afterwards reproached with for not doing, by one of his relations, to whom he made this reply; *I knew what you tell me very well, but that was the very reason why I communicated my design to nobody. I received my commission generously from the king himself, and to him I resolved to restore it, that HE might have the pleasure of bestowing it upon some worthy man.*

C O N T E N T.

A PASTORAL.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and bare,
As wilder'd and weary I roam,
gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home.

Yellow sheafs from rich *Ceres* her cottage had crown'd,
 Green rushes are strew'd on the floor,
 Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
 And deck'd the sod seats at her door,
 We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
 Fresh fruits !---and she cull'd me the best;
 Whilst, thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,
 Love slyly stole into my breast.
 I told my soft wishes---she sweetly reply'd,
 (Ye virgins, her voice was divine)
 I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
 Yet take me, fond shepherd,---I'm thine.
 Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
 So simple, yet sweet were her charms,
 I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
 And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.
 Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
 And if---on the banks by the stream,
 Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,
 Her Image still softens my dream.
 Together we range on the slow-rising hills,
 Delighted with pastoral views,
 Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distills,
 And mark out new themes for my muse.
 To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire;
 The damsel's of humble descent !
 The cottager *Peace* is well known for her fire,
 And shepherds have nam'd her *Content*.

Inscription on the Monument of an HORSE, by J. CARR,

Marmor loquitur.-----

The Monument speaks.

NOT, like my brethren, was I bid to tell
 How Damon dy'd, or fair Belinda fell;
 With curious-lies nor 'Squire nor Peer to paint,
 Nor turn departed sinner into saint.
 I, unambitious block of honest stone,
 Let Statesmen, Versemen, Knaves, and Lords alone;
 He, that ne'er pray'd for wealth, nor sigh'd for shew,
 Ne'er turn'd aside from weeping virtue's woe;

He

He, that ne'er hail'd the steps of prosperous pride,
 Nor friend depending on his truth deny'd;
 He, that with fashion's fops was never led,
 Ne'er ly'd for fame, not flatter'd fools for bread,
 Ne'er sat with tools of pow'r intent to squeeze
 All England's vitals out of all degrees:
 He, that was social, generous, and sincere,
 Bold, temperate, content,---lies bury'd here.

Ah! blush, ye bipeds! scarce in all your train
 (Save but the worth your flowery poets feign)
 Since frailty first in Eden's groves began,
 Was ever equal excellence in man.

Then let me long preserve this honest rhyme
 From playful school-boy, and perverting time.
 That passers-by be tempted still to stay,
 And read, and serious shake the head, and say,
 'To thee, O man, does every creature call:
 'Death, mortals, is a satire on you all.'

REFLECTIONS on COURTSHIP and MARRIAGE.

Continued from Page 35.

SECT. IV. *Let our manner of conversing with a mistress be void of fulsome flattery, and the ridiculous bombast of novels and romance.*

IT was an objection, you may remember, made against matrimony, That the education of young ladies gave such a trifling turn to their tempers, and manner of thinking, as rendered them unfit for the rational pleasures of society and conversation.

Allowing this to be true, and in general but too true it really is, how prejudicial and fatal must flattery be to such? And how compleatly must that foppish rant called gallantry poison their understandings, and tend to destroy the possibility of inspiring them with sentiments of reason and good sense?

By such a proceeding, a man naturally forms a young creature for a vain and insipid companion; and if, by that means he finds matrimony to be an irksome and disagreeable scene, what wonder, and where does the blame lie?

Nothing

Nothing more naturally carries us beyond ourselves, and puffs us up with an over-rating opinion of our own merit, swells every appearance of desert, so strongly intrenches our frailties and imperfections, that reason and reflection are too much enervated to dislodge them; nothing more effectually spoils our tempers, and corrupts our judgments, than flattery. It renders us positive in our ignorance, and impatient of contradiction.

Then that high rant of nonsense, which many call making love, is using a woman to such intemperate and frothy fallies of fancy, such romantic and unmeaning expressions, that sober thought and plain good sense are foreign to her taste; and an entertainment, to which being not used, she has no *gout* or relish.

What an agreeable and pretty sort of a companion, what a comfortable wife do we hereby contrive for ourselves? And how ingeniously do we thus labour to make her a positive and empty, a conceited and fantastical simpleton? Thus formed, we soon come to despise her, and curse our marriage.

But some say, this is the most certain and expeditious way to gain the affections of a young lady; and that a man would make but a dull and heavy figure in their eyes without it, and find his attacks very unsuccessful.

This may be true with some; but it is no less a mark of merit, than a point of great good fortune, to meet with those who are indifferent to such fulsome addresses.

But it is far from being so with all. There are young ladies, and many, with whom I am persuaded a man would find himself, more acceptable and successful by a contrary method. And to such only should every man apply himself, for the valuable and lasting felicities of a conjugal life.

If we allow a man may make a more speedy conquest by bombast and flattery; yet whoever, methinks, reflects on the consequences, should be convinced, that it must be fatal to the future repose and tranquillity of his life.----Let coxcombs boast of such triumphs, but men of sense will ever despise and shun them.

SECT. V. *Let us, my friend, on the contrary, accustom her we design for a wife and a companion to the conversation, of sober reason and good sense; endeavouring by every probable method to inspire her with the sentiments of a rational esteem, a generous and steadfast friendship for us.*

HEREBY we have great probability and well-grounded expectations of securing to ourselves an agreeable and entertaining companion.

By seasonably introducing into conversation useful subjects on human life and characters, by making solid and practical reflections thereon, and engaging the attention by a polite, an easy and lively manner; we shall correct and strengthen the judgment, enlarge the faculties of the mind, and raise the soul to a free and generous way of thinking; drive out and extirpate that childish, that little narrow-spirited way of thinking, that mean and injudicious distrust, those low and pitiful artifices, and that lurking sort of cunning, which is too much the characteristic of many women, is the detestation of every great mind, and the abhorrence of all ingenuous spirits.

There is no friendship or confidence to be had with such narrow, tricking, low minds: They are an utter privation to all social happiness; and when carried into a married life are insuperable obstacles to it's welfare.

Many proper opportunities may likewise be found for recommending the perusal of elegant and improving books; which, by a good choice, and a judicious taste, will have a very beneficial effect on the mind and understanding.

But, in all this, great delicacy and a good judgment is very essential; to distinguish nicely, and to manage with discretion, are highly necessary. We should be careful to cover our good intentions with so engaging an artifice, as by no means to shock the passions; but render every thing a matter rather of choice and taste than prescription.

You will not, I am persuaded, so greatly misapprehend my meaning under these reflections, as to imagine I am pleading for what is commonly understood by a learned and bookish character in a young lady; such a one as Mr. Pope paints out, a

Wife fool! with pleasures too refin'd to please;
With too much thinking to have common thought.

I am

I am far from designing any such ridiculous extremes. Nothing in nature is, I think, more odious and contemptible than a female pedant, a formal, a conceited and affected wit; whose brain is loaded with a heap of indigested stuff, and is eternally throwing up her confused nonsense, in hard words ill pronounced, jumbled quotations misapplied, and a jargon of common-places, in order to let you know she is a woman of reading; whereby she convinces you she has taken a great deal of pains to render herself a fool of the first class, and of the most irreclaimable kind.

The barking of a Cur, is not more grating to the ear, than the gibberish of their impertinent clacks; and the chatter of a parrot infinitely more entertaining. In short, such women are the scorn of their own, and the dread and aversion of our sex.

But must these jingling pretenders to wit and sense exclude us from the delightful harmony, the amiable conversation of a modest and unaffected fair one, in whom a good understanding is joined with a good mind?

How engaging are the graces of such a character! How insinuating are its charms! How imperceptibly does it win on the mind! What a flow of tender sentiments it diffuses through the heart; calms each rougher passion; and swells the breast with those exquisite emotions that rise above all description!

Thus to imitate, and, if possible, to equal this character, it is that I would have conversation and books tend. And I cannot but think, if thus adapted and directed, they would have a great efficacy towards it.

How great a prospect, and what reasonable hopes of happiness there must be with such a companion, requires surely no arguments to prove.

But the truth is, we are either actuated by other motives than a regard to, and desire of social happiness; or we are hurried through courtship by an intemperate and unthinking warmth: Hereby our conversation is rendered either designing or ridiculous.

Nor is it less necessary to inspire our mistress with the sentiments of a rational esteem, of a steadfast and generous friendship.

[To be continued.]

REFLECTIONS on COURTSHIP and MARRIAGE.

Continued from Page 56.

It has been already observed, that love, considered merely as a passion, will naturally have but a short duration; like all other passions it is changeable, transient, and accidental. But friendship and esteem are derived from principles of reason and thought; and, when once truly fixed in the mind, are lasting securities of an attachment to our persons and fortunes; participate with, and refine all our joys; sympathize with, and blunt the edge of every adverse occurrence.----- In vain should I endeavour to make an eulogium on true friendship, in any measure equal to its sublime and exalted value. There is no good in life comparable to it; neither are any, or all of its other enjoyments, worth desiring without it. It is the crown to all our felicities; the glory, and, I think, the perfection of our natures. Life is a wilderness without a friend, and all its gilded scenes but barren and tasteless.

Here have I a copious subject, to reflect on the many false friendships there are in the world.---- How few real and sincere ones!----How much talked of, how little meant, and less understood! No generous and disinterested feelings of mind (the essence of friendship) can possibly display themselves, whilst mercenary views and selfish designs are the principles of action.---But this is a digression.

However it be in common life, there cannot certainly be any steady or lasting happiness in a married state, where a mutual esteem and friendship of the strongest and noblest kind does not subsist. Let it therefore be the sacred business of our courtship, to cultivate such a friendship, and on no account engage ourselves in wedlock without it.

I know of no method more likely to promote and secure it, than by being prepossessed with it ourselves.

There is a sort of attractive force in similar minds, as there is in matter.

Great minds by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn.

Mr. Addison's Campaign.

It is a common saying, That love begets love. That is not always true. But where there is any similitude of minds, sentiments of friendship will beget friendship.

Let us then take every opportunity of testifying our esteem and friendship; court the understanding, the principles of thought, and conciliate them to our own.

Hereby we shall, as it were, enter into the soul, and take possession of all it's powers. This should be the groundwork of love; this will be a vital principle to that, and make our concern as lasting as our minds are unchangeable.

This subject should be often that of our conversation; and we should particularly endeavour to fix right and just notions concerning it; to inspire a certain greatness of mind, that scorns the least falshood or treachery; which no distress can possibly shake, and which no prosperity can ever relax. We should endeavour to fire the soul (if you will allow me the expression) with a sort of heroic enthusiasm, which no decoys of pleasure, no terrors of pain, should ever be capable of extinguishing; and rather to dare martyrdom than apostacy.

Thus should we fortify the principles of friendship in her we chuse for a wife, and by every possible method in our power fix the root deep in her soul. For unless both minds burn with this noble and essential flame, our happiness in marriage will have but a weak basis, and a very slender tie; every little flurry of humour, every little blast of adversity, will go near to overset the bark of our felicity; we shall at best toss about without a rudder, and without a compass.

Thus, Sir, I have given you my sentiments, in the first place, on the motives of interest and of passion; which when they become the leading and prevailing ones in our matrimonial schemes, whatever other ends we may gain by them, appear to me (considered as the ruling principles of action) so unlikely to produce the real felicity of that union, as rather to be destructive to every social pleasure, and the essential foundations of conjugal tranquillity.

I have in the next place attempted to lay before you such a general plan for our conduct in courtship, as will, I apprehend, if judiciously and honestly pursued, fix so reasonable and probable a prospect of happiness in marriage, as to render that state of life by no means unworthy the approbation and choice of a wise and thinking man.

Nor,

Nor, on examination, do I perceive any thing in my scheme too refined, or any ways impracticable, to a man that unites in himself a good head with a good heart; a character under which an improving and grateful experience has testified you to my acquaintance and friendship.

Vicious minds and coarse understandings might, perhaps, laugh at these things as chimerical and too fine-spun for practice. Whatever your opinion may be, I rest assured, that neither goodness of judgment nor delicacy of taste will be wanting to direct it.

You will consider it as the private testimony of one friend to the request of another. The privacy and indulgence therefore of a friendly correspondence, will secure me from any of those severe or ill-natured criticisms, to which public writers are always exposed. My vanity does as little prompt me to seek fame in that way as my capacity unfits me for it.

Be this declaration sufficient.

I shall only add, that in my present way of thinking, whenever I am inclined to pay my courtship to any lady, it will be very much in the way I have mentioned: I say, in some such manner.

If I am unsuccessful, I shall have the consolation to think, there was not a requisite harmony in our minds and tempers for a mutual affection; if successful, I shall willingly and joyfully build the future happiness of my life on this basis.

I am, &c.

P O S T S C R I P T.

You may perhaps think me guilty of an omission in the foregoing reflections, in having said nothing with regard to the consent of parents. I shall therefore deliver you my opinion in relation thereto as concisely as possible.

That there is a certain authority lodged in parents over their children, and in consequence thereof, a certain obedience due from children to their parents, are truths derived from nature, and founded in reason, and have had the concurrence of all ages and all nations.

History gives us instances of this obedience paid to parents by some of the most illustrious characters of antiquity; and even in respect of marriage, as you may remember in the life of Cyrus the Great.

We have likewise many past and living examples, where the authority of parents over their children in marriage, has been most tyrannically and fatally exerted.

Without entering into a train of reasoning, I may venture to take it for granted.

That no parental authority, that is repugnant to the dictates of reason and virtue, or (which is the same thing) the moral happiness of our natures, is any ways binding on children.

That to marry without a union of minds, a sympathy of affections, a mutual esteem and friendship for each other, is contrary to reason and virtue, the moral happiness of our natures.

It follows therefore, that no parental authority, thus to make ourselves unhappy by marrying, is any ways binding on children.

To marry with a union of minds, &c. being therefore agreeable to reason and virtue, and the moral happiness of our natures; it is evident, that parents have no authority, founded in truth or nature, to hinder their children from so doing.

Tho' these propositions, and the inferences drawn from them, are, I believe, just and true; yet children should undoubtedly be extremely tender in thwarting the will of their parents; should be very careful that their passions do not blind, or their caprice mislead them; should with great calmness and impartiality reason with themselves; appeal to their parents with great deference and humility; consult with some wise and unbiassed friends; desire their interposition: In short, do every thing in their power to convince and persuade; and nothing but a manifest and conscious violation of reason and their real happiness, should force them to oppose or disobey the will of their parents; especially to such as have ever behaved kindly, carefully, and friendly to them. They have the greatest authority over children that one mortal can have over another.

How far it may be our interest to obey or not, is another consideration. What has been said on the article of mercenary views, may serve to determine us.

I conclude with the lines of an anonymous author.

Let no dire threats, no kind intreaties move,

To give thy person where thou canst not love.

I am, &c.

[To be continued.]

An ANECDOTE relative to the late learned Dr. BARROW.

DR. Barrow, the learned divine and mathematician, in king Charles Ild's time, was no less remarkable for his natural courage and humanity than for the other extraordinary faculties of his mind, all which were superior to most men. An instance of his bravery he gave when upon his travels; for in his passage from Leghorn to Constantinople, the ship he sailed in being attacked by an Algerine pirate, during the fight he so animated the sailors both by his words and example, that by the stout defence they made the pirate was beaten off. Being asked afterwards, why he did not go down into the hold and leave the defence of the ship to whom it belong'd; he replied, *That he was ready at all times to die for the preservation of his liberty, and nothing to him appeared terrible but the falling into the hands of infidels.* But a bolder and more extraordinary instance of true, deliberate and manly courage in dr. Barrow is the following: He was at a gentleman's house in the country, if I mistake not, in Cambridgeshire, where the necessary-house was at the end of the garden, and consequently at a great distance from the room where he lodged; as he was going to it very early, even before day, for he was sparing of sleep, and a very early riser, a fierce mastiff, who used to be chained up all day and let loose at night for the security of the house, perceiving a strange person in the garden at that unseasonable time, set upon him with great fury. The Doctor caught him by the throat, threw him, and lay upon him; and whilst he kept him down, considered what he should do in that exigence; once he had a mind to kill him; but he quite altered this resolution, judging it would be an unjust action, for the dog did his duty, and he himself was in fault for rambling out of his lodgings before it was light. At length he called out so loud that he was heard by some of the house, who came presently out, and freed both the dog and the Doctor from the imminent danger they were both in.

IMAGI-

IMAGINATION'S SEARCH *after* HAPPINESS.

An Allegorical Fable.

STRUCK with his charms whom all admire,
 Whose beauties colder bosoms fire,

Imagination ventur'd forth,
 To try if *Fortune* would discover
 The Haunts of *Happiness*, her lover,
 Nor fear'd the frowns of *Wit* or *Worth*:
 No blame could on her choice be thrown,
 When once the object's name was known.

To *Love*'s gay temple first she flies,
 And darts around her piercing eyes,
 And is my hero here? she cries;
 'Perhaps he may,' the god replies:
 'But freely search my groves around,
 Nor think yourself confin'd;
 His name our echoes all resound,
 Perhaps his form you'll find.

The nymph was pleas'd, her search renew'd;
 Thro' each soft maze her love pursu'd;
 At ev'ry turn his name she heard,
 And much she hop'd, and much she fear'd;
 'Till as she ran with rapid force,
 Fair *Delicacy* check'd her course.
 With eye severe, the lovely maid,
 Blush'd for her friend, while thus she said:

'I never thought to see you here,
 Without a veil too, fie, my dear!
 To seek your lover! And is this
 A likely seat for sober *Bliss*?
 Believe my words, and quick recede,
 No *Happiness* lives here indeed.

Imagination stood corrected,
 Then swiftly from her presence flew
 And soon her wand'ring steps directed
 T' *Ambition*'s palace----now in view:
 Fix'd on a mount of steep ascent
 The glitt'ring fabric stood;
 The way was slipp'ry as she went,
 And wet with human blood:

Her

Her lover's form on high was plac'd;
 To tempt her steps along;
 But when the phantom she embrac'd,
 It vanish'd, and was gone.
 From hence, with trembling haste, she sped,
 And to the realms of *Riches* fled.
 Consumptive *Care*, and dropfy'd *Pride*,
 With tinsel'd *Splendour*, here she spy'd;
Dignity, *Pomp*, and *Pow'r* she saw,
 And *Fashion* that keeps fools in awe;
 Nor ought was wanting---more or less,
 Save what she fought for---*Happiness*.
 What has our heroine next to do?
 Her journey she began to rue,
 For why? we're all at sea again;
 No places now remain,
 To try our fortune in, 'tis plain;
 And yet this foolish, luckless love
 Would let her have no rest;
 Though 'gainst it all she could she strove,
 Still it would flutter in her breast:
 While thus she thought, and would have spoke,
 Sudden a voice the silence broke:
 'Come to my cot, despairing maid,
 'Tis mine alone to give you aid;
 'Come to my cot, and live with me,
 'In *unreproved pleasures free*;
 'Content, that smooths the bed of age,
 'Meek *Peace*, that loves the hermitage,
 'And *Contemplation*, hoary sage,
 'With me long time have deign'd to dwell,
 'And dignify'd my homely cell;
 'If you such company can bear,
 'And will a-while inhabit there,
 'Nor more your search renew,
 'Your lover will no longer fly,
 'Tis his to court when we deny,
 'And fly when we pursue.'
 The virgin weigh'd and found her wise,
 Nor scorn'd to own herself to blame,
 But took fair *Pity's* advice,
 Uncall'd the lover came.

The following Epilogue was spoke by Miss FANNY WHEELER, to a very polite Audience at the Theatre in SURESHURY, Sept. 12, 1763.

YOUNG as I am, I've often heard it said
 "Green shoulders sometimes carry a gray head.
 And that gray hairs, the sign of sober sense,
 To wisdom have no claim, but mere pretence."
 If thus the case be full and fairly stated,
 My right to speak can be no more debated.
 Females of every age have leave to prattle;
 Why may not I then, like my elders, tattle?
 Mamma indeed oft says, that I'm too young
 To be allow'd a privilege of tongue:
 Which means no more than, "hush, you little elf;
 "Do you be silent, I'll talk all myself."
 And why, I pray? My tongue, as her's, is nimble;
 And I had rather use it, than my thimble:
 Had rather gossip, speak a part, or wheedle,
 Than wound my fingers with a filthy needle.
 A *Sempstress*? No! A *Princess*! let me be,
 In all the pomp and state of *Tragedy*:
 A *Princess*, with a page, and sweeping train,
 A bowl! A dagger! And a lover slain!
 Well: Tho' mamma should still be for a school;
 She soon shall find, I'll not be made a fool.
 Dear *Tragedy* invites, and I'll obey;
 You'll all attend, I hope, to see me play.
 For I expect to be as loud, and glibber
 Than *Pritchard*, *Bellamy*, or darling *Clibber*.
 If, for the Buskin you object my size,
 Why, *Garriek's* little, but has piercing eyes:
 And so have I:-----Good gentlemen, beware,
 And take my young endeavours to your care;
 Or, when I reach my teens, attend and tremble;
 I'll cast such lures, coquet, and so dissemble,
 That you shall vow, protest, and swear in vain,
 While I, fine lady like, despise your pain.

To a young LADY, sick of a Cold.

IF while dim clouds their lustre shade,
 Your charms appear so bright,
 How strong must shine, Oh! beautiful maid,
 Their clear meridian light?

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

FASHION, the life and soul of gaiety, for whom all people of taste have so peculiar a veneration, is now in the zenith of her glory; and wanton FANCY, the fountain of all joy, is her nearest and dearest companion. But, alas! how can it be sufficiently lamented, that Fashion should be obliged quietly to submit to those glaring insults, which are daily and hourly offered to her fair person from the malevolent hands of Vanity. Fashion has a god-like mind; and although she has openly and publickly declared, that she places her whole delight in pure gentility, and that she will absolutely hold no connexion whatever with *pauitry* imitation, yet does Vanity, with her brazen front, envious from the hour of her birth, impudently endeavour to assume her air, gait, gesture, attitude and look: And although she be obviously the scorn of WISDOM, and the sport of SENSE, yet is the wretch so blind and ignorant, that she forcibly pursues her follies through the wild mazes of Corruption's flowery grove, 'till she at length inevitably falls down, down, into the deep vault of destruction.

It is natural to suppose, mr. Printer, that I was led into this reflection, from observing what numbers of our sprightly youthful lasses, and our aged dames, at this present writing, render themselves ridiculous and contemptible, by aping their superiors, in insolently assuming the reigning favourite mode among the ladies. The gay ornamental *Bonnet*, now in such general vogue and esteem with them, you will see triumphantly expanded over the mimic foreheads of the ladies of the *millinery*, the ladies of the *mantua*, the ladies of the *ressing-room*, the ladies of the *disb-clout*, and the ladies of the *washing-tub*.

I am, perhaps, mr. Printer, as happy a man as any in christendom. Thanks to the liberal hand of Fortune, I am in easy circumstances, have got a very good wife, and we pass away our days, I believe, as agreeably and comfortably as any people in the world. We have a house in town, and another pleasantly situated about twenty miles distant, where we often reside in the summer. My wife being so good a woman, I indulge her in any thing, and every thing. She has one fault, and one fault alone;

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and

and that is, an extravagance and fickleness in dress. It happened, Sir, that when these *bonnets* made their first flighty appearance, and began to be so generally admired, business called us from the country; and immediately upon our arrival in town, one of the best and finest green *bonnets* was sent for: This was wore, I think, about a week, when it grew quite out of favour; and then a yellow one was sent for: Well, this lived in repute but one day; and then a blue one was bought; but this my whimsical spouse quickly grew tired of, and threw it aside. Upon our return back to our country mansion, which happened very shortly after, upon a Saturday, I recollected, when half-way from town, that I had unluckily omitted to transact some very material business; we, however, pursued our jaunt; but the next day, Sunday, I was obliged to return, in order to seize Monday by the forelock. I came on horse-back, unattended, and alighted at Lord ----'s, in ---- street, where I dined; and, in the afternoon walked with some of his Lordship's family, in the Park; where, Sir, to my great surprise, I beheld three of my maid-servants, splendidly arrayed in three of my wife's best silk gowns, and each with one of her *bonnets*, pompously parading arm-in-arm, in aukward affectation, up, up, up, and down, down, down, the dear delightful Mall. Mrs. Molly, the cook, was presenting, with her delicate hand, a most curious snuff-box to Mrs. Hannah the chambermaid, who was giving a description to Mrs. Jenny the scullion, of the inside fineries of the Queen's Palace. After reconnoitring their motions for near an hour, with much diversion, I presumed to address the ladies in the most polite and complimentary manner I possibly could; but, alas! they were so shy, and so rude, that they would not even return me one single compliment, but hung their pretty heads, and left me most precipitately.

O, Sir! now for the tragic part of my story. My cruel, cruel wife, when she came next to town, was absolutely so base, so vile and wicked, as to discharge Mrs. Molly, Mrs. Hannah, and Mrs. Jenny, from her service.

I am your humble servant,

NON.

The

The TWO BUTTERFLIES.

A FABLE.

Recommended to the Perusal of two certain LADIES in
MANCHESTER.

ONCE on a Summer's golden day,
When SOL diffus'd his genial ray,
And nature offer'd at his shrine
Her incense to the pow'r benign,
A Butterfly, the vainest thing
That ever rose upon the wing,
Whose colour sham'd the Peacock's dye,
Rich as the rainbow in the sky,
Ranging the gardens flow'ry pride,
Perch'd on a gaudy sunflow'r's side.
A Butterfly of meaner race,
By chance possess'd the neighbouring place,
Her wings of common russet brown,
A Butterfly of small renown.
The Beauty's bosom swell'd with pride;
Her glowing plumage stretching wide,
She gave her head a toss or two,
As BELLES are sometimes apt to do,
And thus with insolence bespake
The creature of a meaner make.
Hence dowdy, paultry thing, away,
You give my wings no room to play;
Must such as thou pretend to be
Fit company for flies like me,
A Butterfly of QUALITY? }
Begone, mean wretch, go flutter hence
Your visits are impertinence.
When strait to check her haughty pride,
The humbler insect thus reply'd;
Yes---you are handsome, I am plain,
Yet why so insolent and vain?
Whilst through the garden and the grove
I unmolested daily rove,
Your beauty may be *your* undoing,
Charms have been known to hasten ruin,
Let not misguided affectation
Despise a homely poor relation;

To PHOEBUS you your beauty owe,
 He might have made me beauteous too,
 But plain and homely I'm content,
 ---May never you your charms relent.

The BELLE who from her earliest youth,
 Had never heard a word of truth,
 But compliments of love and duty,
 The flatt'ring homage to her beauty,
 Piqued to the soul with female pride,
 Swell'd first, and flounc'd, and then reply'd;
 What shall such wretched vulgar Creters,
 Of filthy, horrid, clumsy features,
 Mechanic things, whom no one knows,
 Presume to reason and suppose?

Darest thou pretend to preach to me?

PHOEBUS I care not for, nor thee.

Then clapp'd her wings and fled away
 To plan new conquests for the day.

While PHOEBUS quite enrag'd to see,
 A creature of such vanity.

Her pride to humble and chastise,

Directs a virtuoso's eyes,

To where the giddy glitt'ring thing,

Was floating careless on the wing.

Ne'er had he seen a finer fly,

Her plumage of so rich a dye!

The very insect which he sought;

He saw, admir'd, pursu'd, and caught,

What mercy then could beauty win,

Impal'd upon a murtherous pin.

She utter'd in a dying groan,

This sad, too late, repentant moan.

Why did I treat, too idly vain,

Yon honest fly with such disdain?

Her words alas! Are all too true,

And beauty I have cause to rue.

But for these fatal Spots of mine,

(Curse on the colours how they shine!)

I had not pin'd, unhappy fly,

To fate a virtuoso's eye.

With her how gladly would I change,

That still the garden I might range;

But oh! That happy power's deny'd,

Just is my fate--the laid, and dy'd,

In the last struggling gasp of breath
 Accusing beauty of her death,
 Whilst safe in her obscure degree,
 Unfought, unheeded, gay, and free,
 The other past her easy days,
 Provok'd no envy, if no praise.
 Ye Butterflies of human kind,
 For you the moral is design'd.

Beauty's enchanting when ally'd
 With modesty, instead of pride.
 While the coquettish, flaunting fair,
 Oft finds her beauty but a snare.

REFLECTIONS on COURTSHIP and MARRIAGE.

Continued from Page 60.

L E T T E R . II.

HAVING laid out for ourselves a general plan of conduct in courtship, and considered it as the foundation of our happiness in marriage; it now remains for us to erect the superstructure of our felicity in that state; which we shall endeavour to do by the following method of behaviour therein.

SECT. I. *Prerogative and dominion in marriage are often matters of dispute in conversation; but more frequently the causes of animosity and uneasiness to the parties themselves.*

THE customs of different nations have carried, and the sentiments of many people do carry these points much too high, and with a severity as unreasonable as unjustifiable.

Whatever tyrannic and arbitrary power the laws of a country may give a man over his wife, or should they do the reverse, there is no such kind of dominion derived from reason or nature.

Marriage, in my sense of it, is a certain voluntary and mutual contract between the sexes; the end or design of which is, or should be, their joint happiness.

It is therefore absurd and ridiculous to suppose or conclude, that either party do thereby consent or bind themselves over to an imperious or tyrannical sway.

It

It follows therefore, that marriage does, neither by the laws of nature nor reason, give either party a tyrannic and arbitrary power over the other; and that the exercise of such a power is contrary to the will and happiness of any rational being; and must, in consequence, render a matrimonial life uncomfortable and miserable.

To me there seems no other standard of obedience, than reason and prudence. In which I am supported by the learned and judicious Mr. Woolaston, who says, "I would have them live so far upon the level, as (according to my constant lesson) to be both governed by reason. If the man's reason be the stronger, his knowledge and experience the greater, (as it is commonly supposed to be) the woman will be obliged on that score to pay a deference, and submit to him *."

This certainly is to put the affair on a right footing.

Now, the foregoing observations on courtship presuppose, and indeed plainly determine, a superior degree of knowledge and understanding in the man; consequently derive to him that deference and submission which is assigned by Mr. Woolaston.

Nature, and the circumstances of human life, seem indeed to design for man that superiority, and to invest him with a directing power in the more difficult and important affairs of life.

Where this superior capacity is not fixed in the man, and that incumbent subordination made a rule of conduct by the woman, I should greatly mistrust the happiness of their condition. It must certainly break in upon our scheme of felicity, which supposes the former, and prepares the most probable means for the latter, by fixing a friendship and esteem in the woman, for the mind and understanding of the man.

This will naturally give a veneration for his sentiments, and a persuasive force to his arguments: For where we esteem, and know we are esteemed, we are easily won, and prone to submission; more especially where we have a good opinion, and a sort of reverence for the understanding and good sense of the person who calmly and kindly reasons with us, and who, we are convinced makes our welfare his supreme and ruling concern. This, by my scheme, the female

* Relig. of Nat. delin. p. 159.

female must of course be conscious of before marriage; and will be so after, if we continue in the same road of friendly and affectionate behaviour to her; if we are tender in opposing her inclinations; if we reason with delicacy, coolness, and temper, supported by a solidity and strength of judgment.

All this is no less the duty, than the prudence of a married man.

But if, on the contrary, he is puffed up with extravagant and ridiculous notions of his prerogative; fond of showing and exerting, on every little occasion, a formal and magisterial authority, to which little minds are very subject; no wonder, then, if contention and animosity are often their matrimonial entertainment.

A man of sense and breeding will be as it were superior, without seeming to know it; and support his influence with so great a delicacy, that his wife shall never seem to be his equal, make use of a thousand polite methods even to elevate her character. What an amiable and engaging scene must such a couple exhibit! How firm their union! And how harmonious their lives!

But how often, where courtship has been ill managed, and marriage worse directed, do we see the reverse of that lovely scene?

What broils about trifles! What rude and shocking expressions to each other! What impertinent and silly disputes about prerogatives, till they are in such a ferment, as to be ready to cuff each other! In short, for want of delicacy, judgment, and temper, it is the constant struggle of their lives, to try, as the vulgar proverb has it, Who shall wear the breeches.

To conclude, let us, who aim at being truly happy in marriage, take the proper steps in our courtship for convincing them, that we are best capable of directing and judging in the proper concerns of life; and after marriage, use the proper methods to ascertain that privilege.

SECT. II. *All litigious wranglings, and capricious contentions, should be carefully avoided.*

A Little observation and reflection on the common scenes of matrimony, may supply us with many instances, to show how much these trivial jarrings spoil the harmony, and interrupt the felicities of it. What

What fermentations and heats often arise from breaking of china, disordering a room, dinner not being ready at a precise hour, and a thousand other such impertinent bagatelles? I should also desire all the train of fretful aspirations, as *psbarw! pho! &c.* to be regarded; to give up trifles, and not carry our disputes on them too far.-----It would be endless to enumerate these insignificant causes of contention; my meaning may be easily conceived from the few I have mentioned.

But trifling as these things may be in themselves, it is too notorious they often occasion such feuds and shameful animosities amongst married people, as frequently embitter and discompose many hours of their lives; and are sometimes of so bad a consequence, as to inflame their minds with such spleen and distaste, that irreparable breaches are thereby opened.

The reproving each other before company, and sparring as it were together, is mighty wrong, and very unpolite. It irritates themselves, and makes their company very uneasy.

These sort of matrimonial squabbles put one in mind of little venomous insects they have in the West Indies, like gnats, who, when they bite, create a great itching, which, if much scratched, raises an inflammation so malignant, that a leg has been lost by it; and sometimes mortifications ensue, that have been attended with death.

Thus it often fares with these little tumours in matrimony; if we scratch and work them up with wranglings and capriciousness they may come to that malignancy, as to cut off many of our pleasures, and at last give a mortal wound to our felicity.

Let us therefore determine to shun these whimsical follies, and guard ourselves with prudence and temper, so as not to be surpris'd or unhinged by them; following mr. Pope's rule on another subject:

At every trifle scorn to take offence,

It always shews great pride, or little sense *.

People of low education and mean understandings conceive not the unamiableness of these rude indiscretions: They rub on through thick and thin, with a mechanical sort of enjoyment, insensible to those delicacies which have a material influence on persons of good breeding and superior sense.

* Essay on Criticism.

[To be continued.]

REFLECTIONS on COURTSHIP and MARRIAGE.

Continued from Page 72.

SECT. III. *We should, on the contrary, cultivate dispositions of reciprocal condescension, and such a uniformity in our tempers, that the pleasures of one may be the pleasures of both.*

COMPLACENCY of mind, an ambition to please each other, and oblige by all the little turns of behaviour, that so frequently will occur to a polite and well-disposed inclination, must have a wonderful good effect to support our affections, and secure mutual esteem and friendship. Minds of a refined cast have an exquisite relish for these soothing and expressive marks of tenderness, and they cannot fail of meeting with a most grateful reception.

We should make it our mutual study to render ourselves agreeable and amiable by all the innocent arts of invention, and every laudable stratagem of conduct; remembering that wise and comprehensive remark of old Ben Johnson's, "That love comes by chance, but is kept by art." This should be wrote with indelible characters on the memory of every married person.

The thought is very wittily expressed by the ingenious Mr. Swift, in regard to the ladies: "That they lay traps to catch men's hearts, but make no cages to keep them." I must add another quotation from that valuable author, if named, it is so very *a propos* to the subject we are on.

Let prudence with good-nature strive,
To keep the flame of love alive;
Then, come old age when'er it will,
Your friendship shall continue still:
Thus a mutual, gentle fire,
Shall never but with life expire *.

The little oversights and fallies of frailty to which human nature is ever liable, and from which the most perfect characters are not exempt, should be passed over and die unnoted.

We should be ready to plead in favour of each other in such cases, and throw a veil of kindness and goodhumoured condescension over them.

L

Nor

* *Strephon and Chloe.*

Nor is it of less consequence to our peace and contentment, that there should be such a uniformity in our tempers, that the pleasures of one may be the pleasures of both.

How often do we see the reverse of this create great uneasiness amongst married people? The husband despises and ridicules the taste of his wife; she abominates and censures his. Indeed but too frequently, both are culpable. Be that as it will, it is a bad sign, and gives a shrewd suspicion they cannot be very happy with each other.

Among those who have a real esteem and friendship for one another, there will, strictly speaking, be no separation of pleasures: For tho' one party does not actually share in the other's pleasures, yet they will in effect do it by the force of benevolence, and be pleased, because the other is so, whether they relish the particular cause or not.

In such pleasures as it is proper and prudent for both to share, they should, I think, endeavour to unite their tastes.

The more universally that people in a married life make the pleasures of one become the pleasures of both, the more uniform and compleat will their joint happiness be; and this alone seems to me a very full and sufficient reason for our regard to the precept laid down.

SECT. IV. *Modesty and decency in our conduct and persons, both in public and in private, should most strictly be observed.*

I DON'T know any thing in the matrimonial life more essentially necessary towards it's happiness and welfare, than a punctual and invariable conformity to this important regulation of our conduct: To the neglect and counter-acting whereof, I impute more unhappy marriages, than to any other fault or folly whatsoever.

A mind insensible to the sacred charms of unaffected modesty, and the elegant pleasures of decency, must surely be lost to every worthy, every noble, and every honourable sentiment; must be brutalized to the greatest degree, and have thrown off all that is truly lovely in the human character.

There is a certain purity and decorum to be preserved in our most retired pleasures. Even our most unobserved behaviour should carry with it such a spirit of refinement, as to prevent

prevent that vulgar and libidinous degeneracy, which will infallibly blunt the edge of our joys, and in the end pall our relish.

We should likewise behave with a modest delicacy in public.

In the really well-bred part of the world, a great elegance, and a polished neatness of conduct, in married people towards each other, is inviolably preserved. Nothing is a more evident mark of a rustic and coarse education, than a want of this discernment and polite carriage.

All frothy tendernesses, and amorous boilings over, are insults on, and affronts to company. What entertainment is our love, and are our passions, to people who do not feel the one, nor are to gratify the other? What a preposterous regale are our dalliances to such?

We may put down these cooing doves for ill-bred fools, and very much suspect their sincerity and happiness.

True love, and a well-settled affection, has none of this disagreeable froth. It is a fine, pure balsamic, that softens the heart, and flows with an imperceptible tide of silent and interior movements.

Let then all these doating and luxurious follies be banished from our behaviour; and in their room be substituted a decent, a genteel, and easy carriage towards each other.

Besides all this, a decency and care of our persons is to be added.

It is suprising, though but too common, to see (amongst both sexes) many, who before marriage were very assiduous in the adorning and neatness of their persons, that afterwards grow negligent and highly culpable by the reverse. This inattention and remissness, I verily believe, is often one of the first and most effectual methods to cool the affections, and estrange the hearts of many a couple. And herein, according to the most impartial observations I have made, the ladies are most blameable.

That just and useful remark of Ben Johnson's, and Dean Swift's witty saying, which I quoted in a former section, are very applicable here.

Many more judicious authorities I might add, to impress the great prudence and necessity of his oeconomy and cleanliness of person and dress after marriage; for which

the inimitable Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians, are among others great and zealous patrons. There is a Letter of the very ingenious Dean Swift's to a new married young Lady, in which this very Thing is strongly recommended. It has too much of the Dean's ill-natur'd Turn in it, and treats the Ladies with an unreasonable contempt. In other respects it is wrote with so much judgment, good sense, and fine spirit, and so well adapted to my design, that I shall give you a copy of it at the close.

To a man of any delicacy, and even moderate neatness, nothing certainly is more odious and distasteful, than a flatteringly and uncleanly woman. It is enough to quell his strongest passions, and damp every fond and tender emotion. It is vastly more so in a wife, than a stranger; for as to mere person, the keenness of inclinations is, I suppose, generally less after than before full possession: Therefore a slovenly and uncleanly one in a wife, must naturally run a great risk of weakening, if not extinguishing desire.

I am convinced, this want of decency and cleanliness is the original source of many people's unhappiness in marriage.

A constant care and study to preserve the economy and sweetness of dress and person, must be of great service to support love and esteem in wedlock.

I don't hereby intend or mean foppery or finery, but that neatness and cleanliness, which neither is nor ought to be ashamed of seeing or being seen by any body.

A wife that is desirous of maintaining herself in the affections of a man of sense and spirit, should take as much care of the neatness of her person, as if she was to be every day a bride. And whoever neglects this conduct, must blame themselves, if their husbands grow cool and indifferent; for it has a natural tendency to make a man so. It debases the character of a wife, and renders her cheap and unlovely.

Suffer me yet to detain you with some extracts from Dean Swift's poem, intitled, Strephon and Chloe; whose judicious and sprightly sentiments will in some measure make you amends for the heaviness of mine.

[To be continued.]

An ANECDOTE relative to the Father of the late earl of Pembroke.

THE father to the late earl of Pembroke, who had many good qualities, but always persisted inflexibly in his own opinion,

opinion, which as well as his conduct was often very singular, thought of an expedient to prevent the remonstrances and expostulations of those about him: This expedient was, to feign himself deaf; and under pretence of hearing very imperfectly, he would always form his answer not by what was really said to him, but what he desired to have said. Among other servants was one who had lived with him from a child, and served him with fidelity and affection in several capacities, till at length he became his coachman. This man got an habit of drinking, for which his lady often desired that he might be dismissed. My lord always answered, *Yes indeed, John is an excellent servant.* I say, replies the lady, that he's continually drunk, and desire he may be turned off. *Aye*, said his lordship, *he has lived with me from a child, and as you say, a trifle of wages should not part us.* John, however, one evening, as he was driving from Kensington, overturned his lady in Hyde-Park; she was not much hurt, but when she came home she began to rattle the earl; Here, says she, is that beast John so drunk he can scarce stand; he has overturned the coach, and if he is not discharged may break our necks. *Aye*, says my lord, *is poor John sick?* Alas, I am sorry for him. I am complaining says my lady, that he is drunk and has overturned me. *Aye*, said my lord, *to be sure he has behaved very well, and shall have proper advice.* My lady, finding it hopeless to remonstrate, went away in a pet; and my lord having ordered John into his presence, addressed him very coolly in these terms. *John, you know that I have a regard for you, and as long as you behave well you shall always be taken care of in my family: my lady tells me you're taken ill, and indeed I can see that you can hardly stand; go to bed, and I will see that you have proper advice.* John being thus dismissed, was carried to bed, where by his lordship's order, who attended in person, a large blister was put upon his head, another between his shoulders, and sixteen ounces of blood were taken from his arm. John found himself the next morning in a woful condition, and was soon acquainted with the whole process, and the reasons upon which it had been commenced. John had no remedy but to submit, for he would rather have suffered as many more blisterings than have lost his place. My lord sent very formally twice a day to know how he did, and frequently congratulated my lady upon John's recovery, whom he directed to be fed only with water-gruel, and to have no company but an old woman whom he had ordered to attend him as a nurse. In about a week, John having constantly sent word that he was well, my lord thought fit to understand the messenger, and
said,

said, *He was extremely glad to hear that the fever had quite left him, and desired to see him.* When John came in, *Well, John, says he, I hope this bout is over.* *Ah, my lord, says John, I humbly ask your lordship's pardon, and I promise never to commit the same fault again.* *Aye, aye, says my lord, you say right, no body can prevent sickness, and if you should be sick again, John, I shall see it, tho' perhaps you would not complain, and I promise you that you shall always have the same advice and the same attendance that you have had now.* *God bless your lordship, says John, I hope there will be no need.* *So do I too, says my lord, but as long as you do your duty to me, John, I will do mine to you, never fear.* John then withdrew, and so dreaded the discipline he had suffered, that he never was known to be drunk afterwards.

TO the PRINTER.

I HAD lately occasion to travel the North road, and putting up at Baldock, myself and a fellow traveller paid a visit to the church-yard. On our entering, we were surpris'd at seeing a little dog in the usual attitude of begging, at the distance of about four yards from a seemingly-fresh tomb-stone, gazing with a countenance of sagacity and attention as if reading the inscription. We viewed him for ten minutes, during which space he never took his eyes off his object, or the least notice of us, though we stood within two or three foot of him. On our moving nearer to him he ran away. We perus'd the inscription, and learnt by it, that Sarah Goldsmith lay interred there. An inhabitant soon after crossing the church-yard, curiosity led me to enquire if he knew any thing remarkable of the person who lay buried there? (pointing to the stone) "Yes, Sir, (replied the man) remarkable enough, for I believe she was the biggest woman in the world, she weigh'd eight and twenty stone." I asked if she had a dog when living? He answered, "She was fond of a little curst yelping cur, that for two years, the time since she died, came three times a day to beg at her grave." Philosophers, historians, and poets, have in all ages recorded the fidelity of this animal. My reading affords me not one more remarkable than the instance I now send you.

VIATOR

Spoke

Spoke extempore at BUXTON WELLS, by the late Dr. BYROM, to an Officer who swore much in vindication of the Duke of CUMBERLAND's behaviour in Scotland.

O H! That the muse might call, without offence,
The gallant soldier back to his good sense:
His temp'ral field so cautious not to lose,
So careless quite of his eternal foes!
Soldier! So tender of thy Prince's fame;
Why so profuse of a superior name?
For the King's sake the brunt of battles bear?
But for the King of King's sake,---Do not swear?

Two Songs sung at the Musical Entertainment, &c. given at the Queen's Palace, June 6, 1763, in honour of his Majesty's Birth-day.

FIRST SONG.

TO *Peace* and *Love*, in courts but seldom seen,
This smiling day has sacred been:
And may they, here, united reign,
While winter chills, or summer warms the plain!

May SHE, whose duty is her joy,
Still, still on tasks of love her hours employ,
To cheer her *King*, to charm her *Friend*:
Or His and Britain's *Hope*, with pleasure tend!

That lovely, that unfolding *rose*,
With care to watch, and cherish, as he grows;
While, with a *Mother's* soft surprise,
She sees, in *Him* renew'd, his *Parent* rise!

SECOND SONG.

LET harmony reign,
And let pleasure abound;
While in sparkling champain,
This Health goes around:
The King!----May his birth-day successively smile
With joy on himself, and with peace to his isle!
All-white be his moments, and bear on their wing,
In the brightness of summer the softness of spring!

May

May She, who bestow'd him on Britain this morn,
 Live long, his mild sway to applaud and adorn!
 May each royal guest that around him is seen,
 Embrace as a Sister, whom love made his Queen!
 Then let harmony reign,
 Then let pleasure abound;
 While in sparkling champaign
 These wishes go round!

M O R N I N G.

THE sprightly Herald of the new-born day,
 Proclaims once more at hand, the morning's blush:
 Thrice happy they who view (from sorrow free)
 This scene august, beyond description fair!
 Hail, universal Lord! the work is thine,
 Be thine the glory, Parent of all Good.
 Refresh'd with balmy rest, the feather'd tribe
 Now warble out their strains, melodious sound,
 And join one universal choir, to hail the day.
 The happy plowman now, replete with health,
 Prepares to wage a willing war with toil,
 And nature's claim supplied, he sallies forth,
 To follow their appointed daily task.
 The flock, and herds, free tenants of the field,
 Now from their verdant couch, kind nature's gift
 Uprear their drowsy heads; at hunger's call
 The flow'ry beauties of the fairest field
 They crop, and slake their thirst, ah, (happy state!)
 In limpid streams, that murmur as they flow.
 Now lie supine, tho' stretch'd on beds of down,
 The adopted sons of riot and excess;
 Harra's'd with dreams from indigestion bred;
 With nerves unstrung, and still increasing ills,
 They seek for help from medicinal aids:
 Ah! were they wise, they'd quit the downy couch,
 And catch new vigour from the breath of morn.
 All nature now is cheer'd: With lustre beams
 Creation. One universal smile appears,
 And all things triumph in the general joy:

Bristol, Sept. 10.

R. C.

To the Memory of the late ingenious Dr. BYROM.

OF gentle manners, and of taste refin'd,
He's gone, and only left those works behind,
Which genius scatters round like Sybil's leaves,
Or burns un pitying ev'n what friendship craves.

Few could so well the happy medium find,
Where sterling wit and native humour join'd;
So wisely temp'ring profit and delight,
He scarce took aim, yet seldom miss'd the white.

With pleasure we peruse the moral strain,
Where the dumb * sage ne'er fails to entertain,
Varying the subject each returning day,
From labour'd to diffuse, from grave to gay.
But still acknowledg'd for auxiliar wit,

The noblest thoughts, the freest lines he writ.

Distinguish'd here those compositions stand,
And boast the touches of a master's hand;
Where *Shadow* §, like a kind, good-natur'd spright,
Beckons us on, and still eludes the sight.

Now *Colin* † ev'ry tender passion paints
And moves all nature with his artless plaints;
Still varied objects in succession rise,
Till whole creation seems to sympathize.
The landscape widens, and the tints grow warm,
In vain ---- While *Phebe*'s absent nought can charm!

'Tis nature's art, or else the numbers flow
Spontaneous. ---- But such varied strains of woe,
Could only to the list'ning swains proclaim,
To love and to be wretched are the same.
Till reason and religion both impart
Their kindly aid to fortify the heart;

For this their salutary help he sought,
And soon discarding ev'ry trivial thought:
Too many lines, without remorse, destroy'd;
Which, save himself, pleas'd ev'ry judge beside.
Convinc'd the elegance of Classic wit,
No more can be compar'd to sacred writ,
Than art the silk-worm's toils can imitate,
Or to the pencil'd sun, give light and heat.

On

* Spectator. § Alludes to the Spectators, sign'd John
Alludes to the Doctor's Pastoral in the Spectator, which
with, My Time, O ye Muses, &c.

ON FORBES'S Challenge to WILKES.

SAYS Forbes to Wilkes, 'Ye are a scoondrel,
 For using my nawteeve lond so ill;
 An' I sha' make you do it reet;
 Then draw your sword for you sha' feeght.'
 Quoth Wilkes, 'Had I with my sword wrote,
 You should have found I would have fought;
 But, sir, I cannot guess what fighting
 Hath in the least to do with writing:
 If I have Scotland's honour gor'd,
 Your pen must right it not your sword.'

AN. HARD CASE.

IF P---t accepts, 'tis plain he wants a place,
 If he refuses, he flies in the K---'s face!
 With venal wretches of malicious tongue,
 Or take or leave the Patriot must be wrong.

EPIGRAM on the two contending Parties.

BOTH make the public good their plea,
 The end of all their wishes:
 With half an eye a man may see,
 Both want the loaves and fishes.

E P I G R A M.

From Monsieur St. GELAIS, by Mr. C. DENNIS.

ONE Day behind my Lady's Back,
 My Lord attack'd her Maid,
 And stole a Kiss, which she repaid,
 And gave him Smack for Smack.
 Pert with such Freedoms, pray she said,
 Who kisses with the greatest Glee:
 Is it my Lady? Is it I?
 'Tis you no doubt he made reply.
 Why in good Faith it must be true,
 Resum'd the wanton Dame;
 For Tom and John, and Chaplain too,
 All say the same.

from a Letter of the Rev. Mr. Elliot's, of Connecticut, in New England, to Peter Collinson, Esq: who gives just Grounds to rely on the following remarkable Articles.

A Young person of ten years old, complaining often of her stomach, at length repeatedly brought up gravel, some as large as barley-corns, and abundance of a lesser size, of a colour and consistence the same of those commonly voided by urine, some white, and some of a reddish colour. I directed her to the decoction of eringo root, which hath effected a cure.

Being applied to for a young man much afflicted, with an ulceration of his lungs, for which balsamics had been used without the desired effect, the distemper still increasing, and his life being in danger, and I having, in similar cases at a lower degree, experienced the good effects of vomits, and butter-milk, gave him a small potion of ipecacuanha, every morning for six days successively, and afterwards twice a week, and butter-milk in the afternoon. During this course he mended daily, till he was perfectly restored to health.

I find by experience, that the scorizæ, or scales of iron, which fall off in hammering the iron when hot, will answer the intentions of steel in medicine, whether the steel be prepared by fusion, corrosion, filing, or levigating; the scales, reduced to fine powder, operate gently without sickness, and the medicine is very easily prepared.

An ANECDOTE relative to Beau NASH.

NASH, in a Market Town in the Country, had Occasion to employ a Porter about some Business, in which he was undered egregiously, and put Nash in a passion, who scolded the Porter severely: Zounds! Sir, says the Fellow, (unable to bear his Reproaches any longer) tell me what you'd give, and I'll get it you. Then get me, you Puppy, a greater fool than yourself, says Nash. Away went the Porter, and meeting with the Mayor of the Town, told him, Mr. Nash was at that Inn, and wanted to speak with him. Nash, you must imagine, was greatly surprised when his Worship told him the Reason of his Visit, and to excuse himself,

fairly confessed what passed between him and the Porter upon which the Mayor set out in a Passion, and immediately ordered the Fellow into the Stocks: As soon as *Nasb* was informed of this, he repeated these Lines in *Pope*:

“ Unhappy Wit, like most mistaken Things,

“ Attunes not for the Mischief that it brings.”

And then he would go and comfort the poor Devil a little. When he came to the Place where the Delinquent was confined, he thus consoled him, *Sirrah*, says he, *being a poor Man, what Business have you with Wit? It is an Ingredient which the Rich cannot manage but to their Disadvantage*; and turning round to one of his Friends, *My Lord* ----, says he, *has so much Wit, that he never can keep a Guinea in his Pocket, and Colonel* -----, *because of his Wit, never could keep a Friend: Wit is ever dealing in Difficulties, you see it has brought this Man to the Stocks, who, if a Fool, might have been Mayor of the Town, and have sent others here*; then giving him a Guinea, *there Friend*, said he, *is something for you*; now go Home, and study Stupidity; That *I will Master*, said the Fellow, *I will study the whole Corporation,*

The Characters of the present Age: Or, Modern Theophrastus.

M A U R U S.

IF an hearty and sincere welcome, a generous treatment, and every instance of freedom and hospitality, can endear the behaviour of a friend, *Maurus* deserves the highest encomiums.

Nor is his charity to them who cannot return the obligations of civility and hospitality less, than his openness to those who are his equals. *Maurus* daily feeds the Poor, relieves the Oppressed, and comforts the Friendless.

Such is the natural disposition of *Maurus*; friendly without vanity, and charitable without ostentation.

Such frankness and generosity can only be the fruit of a large and extended heart, and of passions warmly dilated for the benefit of mankind: And great would be the felicity of *Maurus*, if all his strong passions were as well diverted or employed.

But as, in his generosity, he is often borne away beyond the bounds of moderation and prudence; so, in his anger, in his affections, in his love or hatred, the same impetuosity seizes the enthusiastick *Maurus*, and nothing can impede their course.

Thus oftentimes one unguarded moment loses him the affection of a friend whom he has long been purchasing by his benignity and generosity: Thus to-day he heaps favours, and to-morrow curses, on his dependants: Thus, in one moment, he is all love and tenderness, and the next all fire and implacability; but these last not long, for as his passions cool, his enmities die away.

So burns the warm cherishing fire, communicating to all it's vigour and chearfulness; giving spirits to the cold, and health to the benumbed; but if suffered to break it's bounds, and run from it's proper limits, it's benefits are all forgotten, and ruin and desolation are the effects of that flame, which formerly was kindled only for warmth and conveniency.

*The affecting HISTORY of JAMES JOHNSON and
his Wife.*

JAMES JOHNSON, a person of mean birth, married a young woman of the same stamp, remarkable for her industry, and had lived with her so many years, that he had a little family, whose bread was in a much greater measure owing to the labour of the mother than to his. It happened that a favourite child became sick. The father was as idle as usual, and the attendance she bestowed on the sick infant took up so much of that time she used to spend in labour, that a terrible want ensued. The mother could have borne this well herself, but the fate of a sick infant perishing of famine was too much for her to bear: After many fruitless attempts to borrow, and even to beg relief, the anguish of her heart got the better at once of terror and of conscience, and she privately took out of the house of a person who had been used to employ her, a small sum of money out of a large quantity; and this not without the most firm resolution of replacing it from the effects of that labour, a double portion of which she devoted herself to, when the child should be recovered.

The money was missed: The mother, who had been begging there in vain was suspected, and on searching their poor apartment, the very pieces missed from the drawers of the owner were found.

It was in vain that the unhappy woman pleaded her known necessities, the cruel owner of the money was deaf to all remonstrances, and she was sent to prison. Not the horrors of a dungeon could remove the mother's fondness from this unhappy creature's breast; she petitioned for leave to have her dying infant with her to employ her care on; but the poor have few friends;

friends; this was denied: The unhappy little creature was committed to the care of the parish, and fell a sacrifice in the common manner.

The husband, who was rather of a thoughtless and idle, than a villainous disposition, was now awaked to thought; he saw his wife often, and always behaved to her with a kindness more than usual, but that with a mixture of reserve and secrecy, that she could not understand: In fine, he was present at the trial, when the proofs appearing too plain to admit of any evasion or defence, they were both struck with an additional and unspeakable surprize, on finding that a circumstance which they had not before thought of (which was the forcing a lock in the getting the money) rendered the crime capital. As soon as this was found, the husband, before any thing further was done, urged permission to speak with his unhappy wife, and addressed her in a whisper in this manner: I have been a villain, and though no law reaches my crime of idleness, it is that which has occasioned your misfortune; we have two children yet remaining; I can be of no service to them or to the world, but you may: Suffer me to take this crime upon myself, and let me die, who deserve it, not you, who merit the greatest rewards for what is supposed a crime in you.

The dread of death prevailed with the unhappy woman to consent, and the husband, then addressing himself to the judge, said, You will now see how little witnesses are to be regarded. I alone committed that crime for which you are going to condemn this innocent woman, and I cannot see her suffer for it. He added circumstances, which he had before concerted in his mind, and which were so well laid together, that the very witnesses themselves came over to the opinion; the court was convinced, the woman acquitted, and the sentence passed on him.

We instance this as a proof of the highest pitch of heroism, in a person as far from the character of a great man, or hero, as any man could be; and we are happy in an opportunity of shewing the world, that such virtues are often attended with circumstances of happiness that could no way be foreseen. The unhappy woman, whose dread of imminent death had made her consent to this act of generosity in her husband, at the time of her trial, now grew more weak in her, could not bear to think of seeing a husband die for her offence. She confessed the crime, and divulged the secret of the conversation, which had preceded her husband's taking it upon himself. The judge, who had not yet left the town, was struck with an instance of a mutual affection and generosity in the breasts of people

people of this low rank, in both so much superior to the fears of death: He saw the woman in private, and heard her relate the whole story, in consequence of which the reader will not wonder that he reprieved both; and that a life of industry and happiness succeeded this terrible event in the generous couple.

This happened not a great many years ago.

REFLECTIONS on COURTSHIP and MARRIAGE.

Continued from Page 86.

Authorities both old and recent,
Direct that women should be decent;
And from their spouse each blemish hide,
More than from all the world beside.
Unjustly all our nymphs complain,
Their empire holds so short a reign;
Is after marriage lost so soon,
It hardly holds the honey-moon:
For if they keep not what they caught,
It is entirely their own fault.
They take possession of the crown,
And then throw all their weapons down:
Though, by the politician's scheme,
Whoe'er arrives at power supreme,
Those arts by which at first they gain it,
They still must practice to maintain it.

To conclude, let us at all times avoid every thing that is really uncomely; and let not our familiarities run into the extremes of a vulgar rudeness, and an unpolite behaviour; but be as far removed from a stiff formality, as an irregular looseness of conduct.

Thus we shall support that dignity in our own characters, and that respect for each other, as will derive to us both honour and happiness.

SECT. V. *Each person should be so duly attentive to their respective province of management, as to conduct it with the utmost prudence and discretion in their power.*

MARRIAGE, or an union of the sexes, though it be in itself one of the smallest societies, is the original fountain from whence the greatest and most extensive governments have derived their beings, It

It is a monarchial one, having reason for its legislator and prince; an authority more noble and sublime than any other state can boast of.

This maxim, which reaches all governments and societies, is not less relative to the matrimonial one; to wit, That the good of the whole is maintained by a harmony and correspondence of its several parts to their respective ends and relations.

From this comparison many demonstrative arguments might be drawn, to illustrate and inforce what has been advanced in the first letter of this part.

We just now observed, that the well-being of marriage, as of all other societies, arose from harmony and correspondence of its several parts to their respective ends and relations.

This fundamental truth has been hitherto considered chiefly as it relates to the internal characters of married persons. We shall now apply it to those practical ones which arise from the management of interest or fortune, and what is called housewifery.

That part of management which belongs to the preserving our interest, or improving our fortune, usually falls, and very properly, on the man. And it is unquestionably incumbent on him, if he be a man of estate, and independent on any business, to regulate his equipage, his private and family expences, according to the income of his fortune: And it is certainly a point of prudence, not to live quite up to that; but to lay up a fund, to which he may have recourse in any of those adverse occurrences to which the most exalted stations are liable; as also to provide for younger children, which he has, or may have. He should not confide too much in stewards or agents, but inspect his property so much at least, as to be able to judge of their conduct--- He should not be indolently content with the formal delivery of accounts, but examine them, know why and wherefore he pays, and for what he is paid.

How fatal the contrary to all this has been to many gentlemen of fortune, and their families, is so unhappily attested by many tragical examples, as should I think, be prevailing arguments to inforce what has been said.

[To be continued.]

REFLECTIONS on COURTSHIP and MARRIAGE.

Continued from Page 88.

If our fortunes are thrown out in any schemes of business or improvement our expences and manner of living should be proportionable to our fund, and prospect of success: And the latter most commonly depend on attention and prudence, we should constantly govern ourselves by them to the utmost of our ability; avoid being engaged in any such precarious schemes, as by being abortive we may utterly ruin us. As the merchant say, we should not venture all on one bottom, as that the common accidents of winds and weather may totally sink our fortune. All our engagements should be preceded by forethought and discretion. And in very important ones, it would be but just and prudent to inform and consult a wife, whose intimate concern therein does, I think, demand it. She may be capable of giving us advice that may be very serviceable: It will at least prepare her to bear with us any unfortunate consequences that may attend us; and that is a very good reason for her being informed.

To conclude, No ridiculous vanity or foolish ambition should suffer the husband or wife, in their dress, furniture, or whole way of life, to exceed their income or fortune.

Their appearance and expences should neither degenerate into fordidness, nor run into a wild extravagance.

That particular part of management called housewifery, belongs to the woman, and we shall comprize it under these three divisions:

A prudent frugality,

Neatness,

And an harmonious oeconomy.

She should observe, in the first place, a prudent frugality.

By our former doctrine, a wife will have a general notion of her husband's circumstances; should therefore, in those affairs which fall under her inspection and management, be so governed by the said circumstances, as to regulate her household-expences by the just proportion which his fortune will afford.

And as, on the one hand, discretion must prevent her from running into any lavish extravagances; so, on the other,

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A should

should a generous temper make her scorn any thing that is mean and pitiful. It is the happy and judicious medium between these two extremes, that constitutes a prudent frugality, and the true excellency of housewifery.

It is one of the most amiable lights a wife can show herself in to public observation. It throws a glory round her, which is not less to be revered than admired; does honour to her husband, and renders the entertainment of her guests elegant and pleasing. For as an imprudent ostentation gives pain and ridicule, so any thing meanly penurious raises indignation and contempt.

Women often want judgment to direct, and souls to execute this skilful and lovely medium of prudent frugality, and thereby are either prodigally or scandalously narrow.

It is therefore a highly necessary for them to learn, that all vanity and ambition of exceeding their circumstances in this part of housewifery is very ridiculous, and, with all people of good sense, creates pity for their silly extravagance, and contempt of their weak understandings;

And, on the other hand, that every thing which is niggardly and stingy, or beneath what may justly be afforded, is the mark of a little, grovelling, dirty soul, and exposes us to the jests and laughter of all observers.---The next thing is,

Neatness and cleanliness.

How necessary this is to the comfort and enjoyment of life, and how detestable a sluttish, nasty management must be, are things so very obvious, that little need be said to enforce it. But I must just mention one or two faults in the execution of this part of housewifery, which many women are guilty of, and that I would have avoided in our scheme.

The one is, the ill timing of cleanliness and the carrying it to such extremes, that a man's house is made an uneasy and almost useless habitation to him. Some women have such amphibious dispositions, that one would think they chose to be half of their lives in water: there is such a clatter of pails and brushes, such inundations in every room, that a man cannot find a dry place for the sole of his foot: So that what would tend to make a man's house an agreeable and wholesome dwelling, becomes so dangerous and unpleasant that the desire of health and peace drives him out of it. And these overflowings of neatness are often so ill timed, that

a man

man's business is interrupted, and his meals made uncomfortable by them. These wives have generally a great fund of ill-nature, or a small one of good sense.

Another fault is, that bigotry and passion for neatness, which makes a woman fretful and uneasy at every accidental or unavoidable speck of dirt, or the least disordering of her furniture. You must rub your shoes till the bottoms of your feet are almost sore, before you are permitted to enter a room. Then so many nonsensical exhortations and impertinent questions are proposed, that one might enter a garrison-town in war-time with less ado; such as, Pray don't meddle with that, and, Pray don't put this out of its place; that one would think there was a spell on all the furniture, or that a man was going to run away with part of it.

These are all idle and childish extremes. A prudent housewife should so time her neatness and cleanliness, that it may be as little inconvenient and troublesome to a man as possible, and support it with a graceful ease, and a good-natured sort of indifference. The contrary has more of the servant-maid than the well-bred woman in it, and generally accompanies a low and mean education.

The third thing in the character of a good housewife, is a harmonious economy.

By which is meant, the maintaining order, peace, and tranquillity in her house; avoiding all noisy and turbulent scolding, for which many pretended housewives are greatly blameable, make their husbands, their own, and their servants lives, uneasy.

Many ladies are apt to mistake this bustling and vociferous turn for good management. It is a great mistake, and rather shows a want of skill and temper.

Where the mistress of a family understands her business, carries her authority with resolution, and at the same time with good-nature and humanity, servants will naturally be obedient and diligent.

But where ignorance is joined with a tyrannic and insolent temper, there are generally blunders and remissness in servants, hatred of their mistress, a constant din and contention between them. A man had better live in a paper-mill, or a fish woman's stall, than in such a house.

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[To be continued.]

An ANECDOTE on a Lady's attempting to seduce a married Man.

MR. BROWN, formerly a face-painter in Holborn, was one day walking in St. James's Park, and happened to please the eye of a fine lady, who finding out his profession, sent for him the next morning to take her picture. He found the lady alone, who made several amorous advances. Charmed with her beauty, but a little shocked at her behaviour, he returned home, called his little family about him, took his wife upon his lap, and fell into discourse upon the amiableness of virtue, the charms of modesty, and the transports which attend virtuous love. Soon after the lady sent for him again. He went, but took a little girl, a gentleman's daughter in the neighbourhood, about ten years of age, along with him, pretending that he met her at school, and being willing to see her home, hoped the lady would excuse his bringing her up. She sat a second time, but was much out of humour. The next day the lady sent again; but he excused himself by pretending to be somewhat indisposed, and desired the lady to take the third sitting at his own house, charging his wife to be present if the lady should come. The lady insisted upon his coming to her, as she had set apart that afternoon for that purpose, and would not be disappointed; but he absolutely refused to go, and concealing his reasons, went out upon other business, after taking a tender leave of his wife, who was that afternoon to pay a visit. Mr. Brown returned before she was dressed, but imagined she was gone out, and had no sooner got into the outer room, than somebody knocked at the door, and up came the lady. *Sir,* said she, *I find love, which brings me here, frightens you away.* Mrs. Brown, alarmed at so uncommon a salutation from a lady to her husband, placed herself at the key-hole of the door of the room she was dressing in. The lady upbraided his coldness, and wondered what in the name of beauty was so frightful in her that he durst not trust himself alone with her at her lodgings. Mr. Brown seeming not to understand her, answered only, *Will your Ladyship please to sit? No!* replied she with some warmth; *the picture serves only for a pretence for being alone with you; love is my business, though you seem to neglect it.* Then rushing into his arms, she rested on his shoulders and kissed him with great eagerness. Upon this, poor Mrs. Brown was ready to fall down; but her fears abated when she saw with what a steady resolution he still kept his ground; and in compliance with the lady, took her faintly

faintly in his arms, gave her two or three kisses, and without any seeming emotion, quitted her. Then the lady began to declare in plain terms, how much she loved him, and told him, that she was of an honourable family, but wedded to a gentleman, who notwithstanding his unbounded generosity, she hated and despised; that many gentlemen of birth and fortune had endeavoured by all possible means to obtain the favour which she then offered him, but that in all her life she had known no more than one man, whom she loathed. Here she tied up her garter, giving him an opportunity of seeing a very handsome leg; afterwards pulling out a purse of gold, she said, that was at his service if he would accept of it upon the easy terms she proposed. This obliged him to answer; *No, madam; if I am the object of your love, tempt me no farther to wrong an innocent and virtuous wife. 'Tis not in the power of money, or aught else the world can give to purchase the smallest share of my affections from her. ---Why,* replies the lady, *your wife is not handsome. ---Not,* says he, *when compared to you; but she has an angel's mind.* Upon this he called up a gentleman who lived below, and said, he desired she would be pleased to look upon the lady's picture whilst the lady was present, and tell him if he had been so lucky as to hit upon her likeness. The lady saw he was determined to disappoint her, which raised her resentment to such a degree, that, at length, she rushed out of the room like a fury. Mr. Brown presently after went out, without discovering that his wife had been all the while in the inner room. She too went out to pay her visit; but, says she, when I got home in the evening, I neither knew what to do with him, nor how to contain myself. However, I kissed him, and cried most heartily.

AN EPISTLE to a remote FRIEND,

Long since retired from Business.

----- Friendship is plain,
Artless, familiar, confident, and free.

South.

I Hope it won't be termed rude,
Or incommode thy solitude,
To ask what is thy present state,
And at the same time mine relate:
Rather to me it should appear
A proof of friendship, if sincere:

But if thou hast a diff'rent thought,
 I'll not commit a second fault.
 We out of trade were wretched men,
 Prohibited the use of pen;
 To be debarr'd an author's joy,
 Our little comfort would destroy.
 Too stiff to ride, or much to walk,
 Nor may we join the youngster's talk;
 They stile our maxims antique stuff,
 And their's we know is weak enough.
 Sometimes I think all counsel vain,
 For who a profelyte can gain?
 Most contradict, and who approve
 Pursue the old tracks of self-love,
 Ne'er practice what they truth may call,
 Just nod assent, and that is all.
 Tho' this, alas! is oft the case,
 Yet Truth must shew her comely face,
 Regardless of mankind's abuse,
 That all may be without excuse.
 Age has but few delights to taste,
 Yet conscious goodness is a feast;
 Reflection on a life well spent
 Bids fairest here for true content:
 But yet some clouds will intervene,
 And discompose the brightest scene.
 Let's be resign'd, with patience bear
 Ills we can't mend by all our care.
 How is thy health, do thy cheeks glow?
 Thy blood and spirits freely flow?
 Do'st feel no rack from gout or stone?
 And hast thy stomach in due tone?
 Do'st recreate thy mind with views,
 With pamphlets, magazines, reviews?
 Or drink down politicks most hearty!
 If so, I ask, pray of which party;
 Tories or Whigs, In's or Out's?
 Who deal in scandal, scoffs, and flouts,
 Exceed the truth in each relation,
 And in a ferment throw the nation.
 Art thou elate with Hogarth's print;
 Or can'st thou see but little in't?

Do'st read with rapture Churchill's satire?
Or think the wit spoil'd by ill-nature?
Can'st thou approve of W-----s's rage,
Who with malevolence fills his page?
Can he who writes but to inflame,
Deserve a Patriot's honour'd name?
Call off thy mind from those debates,
Which rancour and ill-will creates:
The *moderate man*, my Muse salutes;
The *moderate man* ne'er persecutes;
Is the best subject, the best Briton,
And the best friend a man can hit on.

I'll not enquire into thy diet,
But judge thou'rt temp'rate, cool, and quiet;
Excess is punish'd here in kind,
It tears the body, hurts the mind:
And who indulge it, 'tis confess'd,
Harbour a viper in the breast.

I hopé thy Spouse is hail and well:
How on her virtues could I dwell!
But words fall short to set her forth;
Thou by experience know'st her worth;
A friend in every instance try'd,
In youth and age a graceful bride.
This bliss awakes a *woe* of mine;
But, ah! 'tis fruitless to repine.

How many grandchildren hast got?
Are they all well, or are they not?
Perhaps e're a few years expire
Thou may'st become a great grandfire,
And so attain old Gideon's glory,
To have *seventy sons* * run before thee!

Hast thou—but hold—no more I'll query,
Lest friend and I should both grow weary;
Nor choak the road with too much gravel,
Or kill th' embryo in the travel;
Which to avoid, I'll drop the quill,
And rest thy friend in much good-will.

* *Judg. viii. 30.*

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE to PHILASTER, written by *George Colman*,
now acting at *Drury-Lane, LONDON.*

Spoken by Mr. KING.

WHILE modern tragedy, by rule exact,
Spins out a thin-wrought fable, act by act,
We dare to bring you one of these bold plays
Wrote by rough English wits in former days;
Beaumont and Fletcher! Those twin stars, that run
Their glorious course round Shakespear's golden sun;
Or when Philaster Hamlet's place supply'd,
Or Bessus walk'd the stage by Falstaff's side,
Their souls, well pair'd, shot fire in mingled rays,
Their hands together twin'd the social bays,
'Till fashion drove, in a refining age,
Virtue from court, and nature from the stage.
Then nonsense, in heroics, seem'd sublime;
Kings rav'd in couplets, and maids sigh'd in rhyme.
Next, prim, and trim, and delicate, and chaste,
A hash from Greece and France, came modern taste.
Cold are her sons, and so afraid of dealing
In rant and fustian, they ne'er rise to feeling.
O say, ye bards of phlegm, say, where's the name
That can with Fletcher urge a rival claim?
Say, where's the poet, train'd in pedant schools,
Equal to Shakespear, who o'erleapt all rules?
Thus of our bards we boldly speak our mind?
A harder task, alas, remains behind;
To-night, as yet by public eyes unseen,
A raw, unpractis'd novice fills the scene.
Bred in the city, his theatric star
Brings him at length on this side Temple-bar;
Smilt with the muse, the ledger he forgot,
And when he wrote his name he made a blot.
Him while perplexing hopes and fears embarrass,
Skulking (like Hamlet's rat) behind the arras,
Me a dramatic fellow-feeling draws,
Without a fee to plead a brother's cause.
Genius is rare; and while our great comptroller,
No more a manager, turns arrant stroller,
Let new adventures your care engage,
And nurse the infant saplings of the stage!

To the PRINTER.

38K,

AS many lives are daily lost by bathing, and other casual-
ties on the water, a method to recover Persons so af-
fected, if such a method can be found, must be acknow-
ledged to be of the highest importance. I shall not here
enter into the physical enquiry, whether drowning be not
rather a *suppression* than an *annihilation* of life, from the consi-
deration that the organs are all performing their natural func-
tions when the accidents happen, and suffer, perhaps, not a
privation, but a *suspension* of their vital power; in like
manner as a piece of clock-work, when oppressed by any
exterior force, may have it's motion suspended, though not
destroyed. The discussion of this question I leave to the
consideration of those, who maintain, that man is little more
than a *machine*. What I shall relate is a plain matter of fact,
follows:

Some time since, an English vessel being in the river Du-
ro, at Oporto, a sailor accidentally fell overboard. He
continued under water fully half an hour, when being found
was immediately stripped, and rubbed all over with salt,
more particularly about the *Temples, Breast, and Joints*.
This operation was continued for some time, during which
the patient began to shew some symptoms of life, not the
least appearance of which were to be seen before; and in
less than four hours, to the great surprize of every body,
came so entirely to himself, that he was able to walk.

The experiment was afterwards try'd on dogs and cats,
which were kept under water for two hours, and then co-
vered all over with salt, except the nostrils. In a short time
they began to breathe, and discharge the oppressing fluid
from the mouth, ears, &c. The strugglings soon grew
easier, and in the space of about three or four hours they
got up and ran away.

The above is a real truth, and as such is submitted, out
of a due feeling for these calamities of mankind, to the con-
sideration of the public. I know that some instances of the
nature, but much more *marvellous*, have been mentioned
in the *acts of Copenhagen*. The veracity of them I leave to
rest on the credit of their relators. If any gentleman
desires this fact, the means of verifying it too often present
themselves. On such occasions, it is requested it may not
be

be condemned till tried; especially as, whether effectual or not, it is certain it can be attended with no ill consequences.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

NAUTICUS.

P. S. It is needless to desire, that, if any gentleman tries the experiment, he would be pleased to communicate the result of it to the printer of this paper, as his own natural humanity will undoubtedly incline him to that.

The humble Address of the People of Great Britain to his Majesty.

THIS is a sharp, yet decent, remonstrance against the late peace as inadequate and insecure. It concludes thus:

Our next dependance, after Providence, is upon your Majesty's wisdom and virtue. The urgent necessity of the times, and your Majesty's goodness of heart, make us hope for the utmost exertion of both. The greatest difficulty your Majesty and other crowned heads labour under is to come at the knowledge of truth. If Princes could know the truth, *the truth would make them free.* But they must judge of affairs by such representations as others make to them: These are sometimes made by cunning and designing men, and sometimes by weak ones. [Dr. Lucas's sermon, on the seventh of November, 1710.] Therefore we pray GOD to endow your Majesty with 'Princely wisdom and understanding, with quickness and sagacity, that you may know men, and penetrate into affairs, and govern happily.' [Ibid.] That your Majesty may be blessed with a ministry, in whose ability and integrity both your Majesty and your people can securely confide, and equal to the arduous task which lies before them; *men fearing GOD and HATING COVETOUSNESS*: A ministry, which France and Spain may look upon with so much awe, as to keep themselves within the bounds of honour and justice; and a ministry who can restore that universal peace and harmony, which not long ago was the terror of our enemies, and the joy of all your Majesty's dominions; but which has been unhappily lost by the weak conduct of men, who have all along been loudly complaining of the want of that confidence in your people, which they have never had the prudence to endeavour to gain, or deserve, by any reasonable means.

Reputation and credit, the quiet and satisfaction of men's minds, can be rationally built on nothing but experience.

This alone can convince any impartial thinking man of the ability, integrity, or other virtues of those, on whom our affairs depend, both as to the council and execution of them.' [ibid.] All extravagant commendation and praise prior to this is out of time, and rather raises suspicion than gives content. And all abusive noise and clamour against the effect of this experience upon mens minds, is but making the matter worse. As nature itself will not allow the effect to cease while the cause remains, it is out of the power of man to make it otherwise; and all attempts for that purpose can end in nothing better than *labour in vain*.

This domestic peace and harmony restored, would, we are persuaded, give great joy to your Majesty; it would give great joy to your Majesty's faithful subjects; and seems absolutely necessary to enable us to make any useful improvement of what the ministry have thought fit to leave in our hands, and to secure us against the fatal effects of the future intrigues of our avowed enemies.

We humbly rely upon your Majesty's wisdom, and fatherly goodness, to bring about this *glorious event*.

That your Majesty's reign may be long and prosperous; that ministerial artifice, imposition, and treachery, may be detected, and *suitably* rewarded, is the sincere prayer of, may it please your Majesty, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal Subjects,

The People of Great Britain.

A certain Cure for the Farcy in Horses.

TAKE *red precipitate*, finely ground in a marble mortar, two drams; or of *white*, three drams; of *Venice turpentine*, one ounce; of *diapente powder* enough to make it into a ball. Keep him warm, and give him water warm.

A Diet Drink after the Ball.

TAKE of *rue*, two handfuls; roots of *madder*, and sharp pointed *dock* each four ounces; *guaiacum wood*, and *saffron*, of each two ounces: Boil them in four pints of beer to three pints; then strain it off and give it luke warm.

Repeat the ball and drink every third or fourth day for three times.

A RECEIPT for a SORE THROAT, or Lumps in the Throat.

TSO one noggin of the juice of pounded nettle-root well strained, add of rose water and white wine vinegar, each one spoonful: put them into a tin saucepan, over a good fire, for about a quarter of an hour, then set it by to cool, and when you mean to use it, make it pretty warm, and soak a strip of flannel in it, then scrape a little nutmeg over the wet flannel and apply it on the outside of the part affected: This you are to repeat twice in 24 hours, when it will most certainly complete the cure. Roll a strip of dry flannel over the one applied to the part.

SIR,

Dublin-Castle, OCT. 3, 1763.

OUR Lord Lieutenant having been handsomely entertained at Chester, in his way to this kingdom, was pleased to express himself with much satisfaction at his reception there. In a very few days after his arrival in this Metropolis, his Excellency received the following lines, which, together with the explanations that accompanied them, are now transmitted to you, by your friend and servant, J. B.

To his Excellency the Earl of Northumberland, Viceroy of Ireland.

----- *neget quis carmina Gallo?*

VIRG. ECL. X.

ACCEPT this humble strain, most noble lord!
 From those you lately honour'd at their board,
 Where we, the elders of the city, found
 Such condescending worthiness abound;
 Where mild benevolence so grac'd the feast,
 And free politeness charm'd each chearful guest;
 'Tis your's in every attitude to please,
 Form'd to converse with dignity and ease.

As thro' our ancient gates, you pass'd along,
 Amidst the welcomes of a loyal throng;
 We zealously concurr'd, whilst all around,
 With loud acclaim the croud'd streets resound:
 On your gilt car display'd, we then could trace
 The glorious trophies of th' illustrious race:

(1) *Carulea*

(1) Carulean leo rampant on the shield,
 (2) The Lucies bright erect in azure field:
 Near these, the (3) yore-borne golden fusils shine,
 And St. Maur's (4) lure-ty'd wings their radiance join;
 Your (5) Esperance en Dieu, we all revere,
 And to that hope subjoin the pious fear.

Short was our bliss, Hibernia's states demand
 Your hasty steps tow'rds that impatient land;
 Our DEVA's left, ere you those walls survey'd;
 Which bravely oft have fierce incursions stay'd,
 And curb'd the rugged Cambrian's direful rage,
 Those (6) Caledonians of Earl PERCY's age.

Thro' (7) Guineth's clime, you soon the route pursue,
 Where scenes diversify'd engage your view,
 Old Ruthland's towers, and Clowd's verdant vale,
 In distant ken, the visual sense regale.
 There (8) Royal Edward's Senate whilom sat,
 Enacting wholesome laws, without debate,
 Now (9) Ordovican Hills enormous rise,
 And Snowdon's tow'ring tops invade the skies;
 Next sea-girt (10) Mona's steep ascents are gain'd,
 Erst, with the natives' blood by Romans stain'd,

Here

(1) Carulean Leo. *The arms now born by the Percys are, Or, a Lyon rampant, Azure.*

(2) The Lucies bright. *About the year 1382, all the estates of Anthony lord Lucy were left to the then earl of Northumberland, on condition that the Percys should ever afterwards bear quarterly, with their Azure Lion, the Lucys' arms, viz. Gules,*

3 Lucies (pike-fish) hauriant, Argent.

(3) Yore-borne. *Antiently (or of yore) the Percys bore Azure, 5 Fusils in Fess, Or. Which bearings are in several windows of York minster, and under each is inscribed, Old Percy.*

(4) Lure-ty'd. *The paternal coat of St. Maur (now Seymour) is Gules, two wings conjoin'd in Lure, Or.*

(5) Esperance en Dieu. *The Percys' motto.*

(6) Caledonians and Earl Percy. *Alluding to Chevy Chase.*

(7) Guineth. *North Wales.*

(8) Royal Edward. *King Edward the first, in the eleventh year of his reign, held a parliament at Rutland.*

(9) Ordovican. *The Ordovices inhabited Flintshire, Denbighshire, and Carnarvonshire.*

(10) Mona. *Anglesey.*

Here British Druids had their last retreat,
 Hierarchial then, and since a regal seat;
 To latest aras will endure the name,
 By Tacitus' records consign'd to fame.

Now gales auspicious gently waft you o'er,
 And now you tread Ierne's joyful shore;
 Throughout her realm discordant tumults cease,
 Your rule assures tranquillity and peace;
 (11) Eblana then becomes the happy place,
 And all will envy the (12) Milesian race.

Excuse, great Peer! these languid lines, receive
 What honest Plainness only has to give:
 With damp'd ideas, and a genius cold,
 (For o'er his head have many lustres roll'd)
 A Wight presumes to send, in artless lays,
 To highest worth, a tribute of his praise;
 Deign then indulgence, nor a verse, refuse
 (You'll smile, my Lord!) an Aldermannic muse.

DEVANUS.

(11) Eblana. *Dublin.*

(12) Milesian race. *The original Irish derive themselves from Milesius, a king of Spain.*

From the Oriental Eclogues,

ECLOGUE I.

SELIM; or, the Shepherd's MORAL.

SCENE, a Valley near BAGDAT.

TIME, the MORNING.

YE Persian maids, attend your poet's lays,
 And hear how shepherds pass their golden days,
 Not all are blest whom fortune's hand sustains
 With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains:
 Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
 'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.
 Thus *Selim* sung, by sacred Truth inspir'd;
 Nor praise, but such as Truth bestow'd, desir'd:

W

Wife in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
 Informing morals to the shepherd maid;
 Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
 What groves nor streams bestow, a virtuous mind.

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,
 The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride,
 When wanton gales along the valleys play,
 Breathe on each flow'r, and bear their sweets away;
 By Tigris' wand'ring waves he fate, and sung
 This useful lesson for the fair and young.

Ye Persian dames, he said, to you belong,
 Well may they please, the morals of my song:
 No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
 Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around!
 The morn that lights you to your loves supplies
 Each gentler ray, delicious to your eyes:
 For you those flow'rs her fragrant hands bestow,
 And yours the love that kings delight to know.
 Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
 The best kind blessings heav'n can grant the fair!
 Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray,
 Boast but the worth * Balfora's pearls display?
 Drawn from the deep we own their surface bright,
 But, dark within, they drink no lust'rous light:
 Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast,
 By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.

Self-flattering sex! Your hearts believe in vain
 That love shall blind, when once he fires the swain;
 Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
 As spots on ermin beautify the skin:
 Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
 Each softer virtue that adorns the fair;
 Each tender passion man delights to find,
 The lov'd perfections of a female mind!

Blest were the days, when *Wisdom* held her reign,
 And shepherds sought her on the silent plain;
 With *Truth* she wedded in the silent grove,
 Immortal *Truth*, and daughters blest'd their love.

O haste, fair maids! Ye *Virtues* come away,
 Sweet *Peace* and *Plenty* lead you on your way!

* The gulph of that name, famous for the pearl-fishery.

The balmy shrub, for you shall love our shore,
By Ind excell'd or Araby no more.

Lost to our fields, for so the fates ordain,
The dear deserters shall return again.
Come thou whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear,
To lead the train sweet *Modesty* appear:
Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
And shepherd-girls shall own thee for their queen.
With thee be *Chastity*, of all afraid,
Distrusting all, a wise, suspicious maid;
But man the most-----not more the mountain doe
Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe:
Cold is her breast, like flow'rs that drink the dew;
A silken veil conceals her from the view.
No wild desires amidst thy train be known,
But Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone:
Desponding *Meekness* with her down-cast eyes,
And friendly *Pity* full of tender sighs;
And *Love* the last: By these your hearts approve,
These are the virtues that must lead to love.

Thus sung the swain; and antient legends say,
The maids of Bagdat verity'd the lay:
Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along,
The shepherds lov'd, and *Selim* bless'd his song.

An ANECDOTE relative to Butler, author of Hudibras.

THE earl of Dorset having a great desire to spend an evening as a private gentleman with Mr. Butler, author of Hudibras, prevailed with Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd to introduce him into his company at a tavern which they used, in the character only of a common friend; this being done, Mr. Butler, while the first bottle was drinking, appeared very flat and heavy; at the second bottle extremely brisk and lively, full of wit and learning, and a most pleasant, agreeable companion; but before the third bottle was finished, sunk again into such stupidity and dulness that hardly any body could have believ'd him to be the author of a book that abounded with so much wit, learning and pleasantry. Next morning, Mr. Shepherd ask'd his lordship's opinion of Mr. Butler, who answered, *He is like a nine-pin, little at both ends, but great in the middle.*

REFLECTIONS on COURTSHIP and MARRIAGE

Continued from Page 96.

These scenes are mighty unpleasant, very shocking, and highly prejudicial to the tranquillity of a married life; are signs of a brutal temper, and a very vulgar education.

Whereas a woman of judgment, an even mind, and a polite taste, will be obeyed and beloved by her servants; all things will go on smooth and quiet; her government will be mild, calm, and harmonious; her house the habitation of peace, joy, and contentment.

It is a truth, I believe, with very few exceptions, that good mistress makes good servants.

People of that class are not without gratitude and a sense of merit.

Where women are ever complaining of their servants, carries a strong suspicion of their own capacities and temper.

When a mistress of a house is giving orders to servants, talking to them, it is often done in such an imperious, bawling manner, that she is heard from every corner. This is very unpolite; and shows a little mind, so swelled with power, that it is unable to support it with decency and temper.

On the whole, a mistress of a family should carry on her administration in a mild and pacific manner; and if she has any disputes with her servants, conceal them from the ears of a husband and company, as much as possible; have every thing done quietly and in order.

If servants won't be thus governed, she should discard them at once, and not suffer her own and her husband's peace to be destroyed by their incorrigibleness.

This will make home comfortable and agreeable; whereas the want of this harmonious oeconomy sours the temper of a woman, drives a man out of his own house, makes him his aversion, and destroys that serenity which is so essential to the felicity of all society.

And now let us stop and survey a wife thus wisely and discreetly filling the sphere of action.

P

What

What veneration! What praise! What love and esteem, can sufficiently equal her merit!

The character of a wife can scarcely shine in a more exalted point of light, nor do a more public honour to herself and her husband. Whoever possesses such a one, joy will sparkle in his eye, and pleasure fill his breast.

Can the flashy and superficial glare of dress and equipage give a title to such solid excellence and substantial worth? Positively not. The twinkling lustre of a crystal may as well equal the august splendor of a royal diamond.

On the whole, each party thus supporting their respective administration with prudence and discretion, will fix a crown of triumph on their union, and be a lasting cement to their tranquillity and happiness.

And now, my friend, your task of patience is drawing to a conclusion.

Conformable to your request, I have thrown before you my private sentiments on the subject of that afternoon's debate, which you say threw you into a sort of scepticism.-----Whether my rough thoughts may in any way tend to determine your opinion, I know not. If they give you any amusement, to atone for the trouble of reading them, I shall be well pleased.-----But if neither one nor the other, you must blame your influence over me for their impertinence.

For my part, I confess to think it is possible for a man of sense, of honour and virtue, to find a woman, in whose society he may lay as probable a foundation for the enjoyment and happiness of his life by marriage, and to superstruct a reasonable a prospect of continuing his felicity in that union, as any other scheme of life can lay claim to.

It is a truth as universally experienced as owned, that no state of life is exempt from the alternatives of pleasure and pain, the bitter and sweet; and that a perfection of happiness is not the lot of humanity.

If this be the case with human life in general, and in proper character, marriage is not less worth your choice, because it may have, or has inconveniencies and alloys.

If those inconveniencies and alloys are necessarily greater (without a proportionable superiority of pleasures) in a conjugal than a single life, the latter is undoubtedly to be preferred.---But I believe they cannot be proved necessarily so only circumstantially.---Well, the question then is, whether

these circumstantial impediments, which are, or may be alledged against the choice of a married life, cannot, by a proper conduct, in the time of courtship, and after, be removed?

It is thought they may; and the design of these papers is to propose how and by what methods.

And we conceive the observations made, and the methods proposed, may be effectual, and are not impracticable, to put the married state not only on an equality of probable happiness with a single one, but to give it a prospect of superior felicity.

However unskillfully this argument may have been handled by me, and of how little advantage soever my weak attempts may have been to serve it, the truth of the propositions remains in force.

First, that unhappy matches are often occasioned by mere mercenary views, in one or both of the parties; or by the headstrong motives of ill-conducted passion.

Secondly, that by a prudent and judicious proceeding in our addresses to a young lady of a good-natural temper, we may lay a very good foundation for making her an agreeable companion, a steady friend, and a good wife.

And, thirdly, that after marriage, by continuing in the road of prudence and judgment, we may make the nuptial state as happy as we can promise ourselves from any other.

To conclude, Sir, whenever I am inclined for a matrimonial voyage, I shall endeavour thus to steer my course; and I cannot gain the port by this manner of courtship and conduct, I will rest contented with my present condition.

If, on the other hand, I should thereby gain the inclinations and consent of a lady, I shall endeavour to support my happiness in some such manner as I have herein intimated.

I am, &c.

THE END.

LETTER to a very young Lady on her Marriage.

By Dr. SWIFT.

MADAM,

THE hurry and impertinence of receiving and paying visits on account of your marriage being now over, you are beginning to enter into a course of life, where you

will want much advice to divert you from falling into many errors, fopperies, and follies, to which your sex is subject. I have always borne an entire friendship to your father and mother; and the person they have chosen for your husband, hath been for some years past my particular favourite. I have long wished you might come together; because I hoped that, from the goodness of your disposition, and by following the counsel of wise friends, you might in time make yourself worthy of him. Your parents were so far in the right, that they did not produce you much in the world; whereby you avoided many wrong steps which others have taken, and have fewer ill impressions to be removed. But they failed, as it is generally the case, in too much neglecting to cultivate your mind; without which it is impossible to acquire or preserve the friendship and esteem of a wise man, who soon grows weary of acting the lover, and treating his wife like a mistress, but wants a reasonable companion and a true friend, through every stage of his life. It must be therefore your business to qualify yourself for those offices; wherein I will not fail to be your director, as long as I shall think you deserve it, by letting you know how you are to act, and what you ought to avoid.

And beware of despising or neglecting my instructions; whereon will depend not only your making a good figure in the world, but your own real happiness, as well as that of the person who ought to be the dearest to you.

I must therefore desire you, in the first place, to be very slow in changing the modest behaviour of a virgin. It is usual in young wives, before they have been many weeks married, to assume a bold, forward look, and manner of talking; as if they intended to signify in all companies, that they were no longer girls; and consequently that their whole demeanor before they got a husband, was all but a countenance and constraint upon their nature; whereas, I suppose, if the votes of wise men were gathered, a very great majority would be in favour of those ladies, who after they were entered into that state, rather chose to double their portion of modesty and reservedness.

I must likewise warn you strictly against the least degree of fondness to your husband before any witness whatsoever, even before your nearest relations, or the very maids of your chamber. This proceeding is so exceedingly odious and dis-

gustful

useful to all who have either good breeding or good sense, that they assign two very unamiable reasons for it: The one is gross hypocrisy, and the other has too bad a name to mention. If there is any difference to be made, your husband is the lowest person in company, either at home or abroad, and every gentleman present has a better claim to all marks of civility and distinction from you. Conceal your esteem and love in your own breast, and reserve your kind looks and language for private hours; which are so many in the four and twenty, that they will afford time to employ a passion as exalted as any that was ever described in a French romance.

[To be continued.]

An ANECDOTE relative to Lord Chief-justice Holt.

LORD chief-justice Holt, who had been very wild in his youth, was once out with some of his raking companions on a journey into the country; they had spent all their money, and after many consultations what to do, it was resolved that they should part company, and try their fortune separately. Holt got to an inn at the end of a straggling village, and putting a good face on the matter, ordered his horse to be well taken care of, called for a room, bespoke a supper, and looked after his bed. He then strolled into the kitchen, where he saw a young lass about thirteen years old shivering with an ague; he enquired of his landlady, a widow, who the girl was, and how long she had been ill; the good woman told him, that she was her daughter, an only child, and that she had been ill near a year, notwithstanding all the assistance she could procure from physic, at an expence which had almost ruined her. He shook his head at the doctors, and bad the woman be under no farther concern, for that her daughter should never have another fit. He then wrote a few unintelligible words in court-hand on a scrap of parchment which had been the directions to an hamper, and rolling it up, ordered that it should be bound upon the girl's wrist, and remain there till she was well. As it happened, the ague returned no more, and Holt having continued there a week, now called for his bill with as much courage as if his pockets had been filled with gold. *Ah! GOD bless you,* says the old

old woman, you're nothing in my debt, I'm sure; I wish I was able to pay you for the cure you have performed upon my daughter, and if I had had the happiness to see you ten months ago, it would have saved me forty pounds in my pocket. Holt, after some altercation, accepted of his week's accommodation as a gratuity, and rode away.

It happened that many years afterwards, when he was one of the judges of the King's Bench, he went a circuit into the same county, and among other criminals whom he was appointed to try, there was an old woman that was charged with witchcraft: To support this charge, several witnesses swore that she had a spell with which she could either cure such cattle as were sick, or destroy those that were well; in the use of this spell they said she had been lately detected, and it having been seized upon her, was ready to be produced in court; the judge then desired it might be handed up to him: It appeared to be a dirty ball, covered with rags, and bound many times round with pack-thread; these coverings he removed with great deliberation one after another, and at last found a piece of parchment, which he knew to be the same that he had used as an expedient to supply his want of money. At the recollection of this incident he changed colour and sat silent: At length recollecting himself, he addressed the Jury to this effect; "Gentlemen, I must now relate a particular of my life which very ill suits my present character, and the station in which I sit: But to conceal it would be to aggravate the folly for which I ought to atone, to endanger innocence, and countenance superstition; this banble, which you suppose to have the power of life and death, is a senseless scrawl which I wrote with my own hand, and gave to this woman, whom for no other cause you accuse as a witch." He then related the particular circumstances of the transaction, and it had such an effect upon the minds of the people, who now blushed at the folly and cruelty of their zeal, that judge Holt's landlady was the last person that ever was tried for witchcraft in that county.

A SOLILOQUY.

*Written some Time ago, when the much-injured AUTHOR
fell a Victim to Bigotry and Malice.*

AH! say my soul, why so o'erwhelm'd with grief?
All-bounteous heaven may some time send relief;
Though woes on woes have swallow'd up thy youth,
Yet still, my soul, turn on the poles of truth:
Be meek, humane, nor dare to give offence,
All mankind love, and rest on Providence.
From wisdom's quarry, thence thy treasures bring,
Her riches last; thence calm content does spring.
'Bove adverse fate a mind superior shew,
Tho' scorn'd by fools, a butt to every foe;
Affronts forget, return good will for hate,
Nor mourn, tho' born to be unfortunate;
Spurn wealthy vice, let fortune from thee fly,
Shrink not, but nobly meet adversity.

Indulgent heaven, beyond our wishes kind,
Our greatest bliss has with our natures join'd:
Thy station mean!----then humble be thy view,
Rule but thy will, and all thy wants are few.

Let mortals glory who have happy days,
Blest be their lot, and peace in all their ways;
The brave may suffer tho' they know no crime,
Here virtue's try'd----rewarded after time:
Her chiefest friends, tho' honest, brave and wise,
Oft lye o'erwhelm'd in fell calamities,
'Till rais'd to heaven, by her they re-assume
Their native lustre and eternal bloom.

Ah! ne'er my soul from innocence depart;
Come every virtue arm an honest heart.----
No social converse now salutes my ear,
I, venom'd words, slung from each wretch must bear:
By friends forsook, whom late I much esteem'd,
Ah! cutting thought! by them I'm worthless deem'd;
If wretched fate, me to their presence bring,
Few are their words, yet every word's a sting:
In all I do some turpitude they see,
Even innocence itself is guilt in me;

Heart

Heart scorn detraction, and despise the storms
 Envy may raise, tho' in ten thousand forms.

Like as a rock amid the foamy deep
 Breaks swelling surges as along they sweep;
 The furious storm with mingled lightning flies,
 Now sunk, now rais'd, the hideous billows rise:
 With hoarse rough noise the boist'rous billows roar,
 Wave swallows wave, and wave rolls wave to shore;
 The rock secure, fix'd on it's solid base,
 Mocks the vain insults of the battering seas.
 My passions, restless as the raging main
 Alternate rise, and fall, and rise again;
 Now laid as low as fate can lay the mind,
 Now swell'd with rage I'd blast all human kind;
 World hurl on world, or breathe contagion round;
 Or in my fury would all nature drown.
 Again I'm calm'd; and when resign'd to fate,
 What crowds of pleasing phantoms on me wait:
 What distant hopes, what future bliss I see,
 Fortune, methinks, has some reserve for me:
 But swift as thought the dear delusion flies,
 Hope languid grows, and all the prospect dies.
 Tost to and fro, from bliss to anguish hurl'd,
 Content to live, and now I curse the world;
 Death, nought but death's grim spectre form can please;
 There ends our hopes; the wearied there have ease:
 Our fears--our hopes--in death all terminate;
 In death--a void--a dark--an unknown state!
 Eternity, when launch'd in thee, we steer
 A course unknown--say what are we, or where?
 Cool reason says, Peace reigns among the dead,
 There trouble ceases; but the change we dread.
 Thro' life's dark maze I'll honestly walk on;
 LORD, I'm resign'd.---O let thy will be done.

EPIGRAM on BRIBERY in P-----.

THAT Votes for money now are sold,
 Some silly folks complain;
 But they with reason may be told,
 Who buys, may sell again.

A LETTER, with the following Direction on it was lately put into the General Post-Office, in London, for which the Postage was paid.

I Intend these lines for Gabriel Rybault,
If it should miscarry it will be his own fault;
For he wrote some lines with such imperfection,
He desired an answer, and gave no direction.
In Norwich city, at the sign of the Bell,
On the top of Hog-hill, I hear he does dwell.
He's a dealer in hair, and I think may be found;
He has liv'd near ten months upon Norwich ground.
The postage I pay, though I fear no neglect;
So an answer, friend Rybault, from thee I expect.

From the ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE II.

H A S S A N; or, the Camel-driver.

S C E N E, the Defart.

T I M E, MID-DAY.

I N silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver *Hassan* with his camels past,
One cruise of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh;
The beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With desprate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began:
" Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
" When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

Q

Ah!

Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
 The thirst or pinching hunger that I find!
 Bethink thee, *Hassan*, where shall thirst assuage,
 When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage?
 Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign;
 Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?

Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
 In all my griefs a more than equal share!
 Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
 Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
 In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
 Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow:
 Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
 And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
 "Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 "When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
 Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade!
 The lilly peace outshines the silver store,
 And life is dearer than the golden ore:
 Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
 To ev'ry distant mart and wealthy town.
 Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea;
 And are we only yet repay'd by thee?
 Ah! why was ruin so attractive made,
 Or why fond man so easily betray'd?
 Why heed we not, whilst mad we haste along,
 The gentle voice of peace, or pleasure's song?
 Or wherefore think the flow'ry mountain's side,
 The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
 Why think we these less pleasing to behold,
 Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?
 "Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 "When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

O cease, my fears!---All frantic as I go,
 When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe,
 What if the lion in his rage I meet!----
 Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:
 And fearful! oft, when days declining light
 Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,

By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
 Gaunt wolves and fullen tygers in his train:
 Before them death with shrieks directs their way,
 Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.

" Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,

" When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !"

At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
 If ought of rest I find, upon my sleep:
 Or some swol'n serpent twist his scales around,
 And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
 Thrice happy they, the wise, contented poor,
 From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure!
 They tempt no desarts, and no griefs they find;
 Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.

" Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,

" When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !"

O hapless youth ! for she thy love hath won,
 The tender *Zara*, will be most undone !
 Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the pow'ful maid,
 When fast she dropt her tears, as thus she said:
 " Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,
 " Whom *Zara's* breaking heart implor'd in vain !
 " Yet as thou go'st, may ev'ry blast arise,
 " Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs !
 " Safe o'er the wild, no perils mayst thou see,
 " No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me."
 O let me safely to the fair return,
 Say with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn ;
 O ! let me teach my heart to lose it's fears,
 Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and *Zara's* tears.

He said, and call'd on heav'n to bless the day,
 When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

*ANECDOTE relative to THOMPSON the Poet,
 and QUIN the Player.*

MR. Quin is a gentleman whose humour gives life to the
 conversation of thousands who perhaps never had the
 pleasure of seeing him : Many of whom, but for the repe-
 tion

tion of his wit, would be very dull companions; but the story that follows does honour to his *Good-nature*, and therefore it is here inserted. Mr. Thompson, a Scots gentleman, now universally known by his fine Poems on the Seasons, on Liberty, &c. when he first came to London, was in very narrow circumstances, and before he was distinguished by his writings was many times put to his shifts even for a dinner. The debts he then contracted lay very heavy upon him for a long time afterwards; and upon the publication of his Seasons one of his creditors arrested him, thinking that a proper opportunity to get his money. The report of this misfortune happened to reach the ears of Mr. Quin, who had indeed read the Seasons, but had never seen their author; and upon stricter enquiry, he was told that Thompson was in the bailiff's hands at a spunging-house in Holborn; thither Quin went, and being admitted into his chamber, Sir, said he, in his usual tone of voice, *you don't know me, I believe, but my name is Quin.* Mr. Thompson received him politely, and said, *That though he could not boast of the honour of a personal acquaintance, he was no stranger either to his name or his merit;* and very obligingly invited him to sit down. Quin then told him, he was come to sup with him, and that he had already ordered the cook to provide supper, which he hoped he would excuse.---Mr. Thompson made the proper reply, and then the discourse turned indifferently upon subjects of literature. When supper was over, and the glass had gone briskly about, Mr. Quin then took occasion to explain himself, by saying, *It was now time to enter upon business.* Mr. Thompson declared he was ready to serve him as far as his capacity would reach, in any thing he should command, thinking he was come about some affair relating to the Drama. Sir, says Mr. Quin, *you mistake my meaning. I am in your debt. I owe you a hundred pounds, and I am come to pay you.* Mr. Thompson, with a disconsolate air, reply'd, *That as he was a gentleman whom, to his knowledge, he had never offended, he wondered he should seek an opportunity to reproach him under his misfortunes.* No, by G---d, said Quin, raising his voice, *I'd be d---n'd before I would do that. I say, I owe you a hundred pounds, and there it is* (laying a bank-note of that value before him.) Mr. Thompson was astonished, and begg'd he would explain himself. *Why,* says Quin, *I'll tell you; soon after I had read your Seasons,*

sons, I took it into my head that as I had something in the world to leave behind me when I died, I would make my will, and among the rest of my legatees I set down the Author of the Seasons a hundred pounds, and this day hearing that you was in this house, I thought I might as well have the pleasure of paying the money myself, as to order my executors to pay it when perhaps you might have less need of it; and this, mr. Thompson, is the business I came about. I need not express mr. Thompson's grateful acknowledgments, but leave every reader to conceive them.

LETTER from Dr. SWIFT to a young LADY on *Marriage*.

Continued from page 109.

Upon this head, I should likewise advise you to differ in practice, from those ladies who affect abundance of uneasiness while their husbands are abroad; start with every knock at the door, and ring the bell incessantly for the servants to let in their master; will not eat a bit at dinner or supper if the husband happens to stay out; and receive him at his return with such a medley of chiding and kindness, and catechising him where he has been, that a shrew from Billingsgate would be a more easy and eligible companion.

Of the same leaven are those wives, who when their husbands are gone a journey, must have a letter every post upon pain of fits and hysterics; and a day must be fixed for their return home, without the least allowance for business, or sickness, or accidents, or weather. Upon which, I can only say, that, in my observation, those ladies who are apt to make the greatest clutter on such occasions, would liberally have paid a messenger for bringing them news that their husbands had broke their necks on the road.

You will perhaps be offended, when I advise you to abate a little of that violent passion for fine cloaths, so predominant in your sex. It is a little hard, that ours, for whose sake you wear them, are not admitted to be of your council. I may venture to assure you, that we will make an abatement at any time of four pounds a yard in a brocade, if the ladies will but allow a suitable addition of care in the cleanliness

liness and sweetness of their persons. For the satyrical part of mankind will needs believe, that it is not impossible to be very fine and very filthy; and that the capacities of a lady are sometimes apt to fall short in cultivating cleanliness and finery together. I shall only add, upon so tender a subject, what a pleasant gentleman said concerning a silly woman of quality, That nothing could make her supportable but cutting off her head, for his ears were offended by her tongue, and his nose by her hair and teeth.

I am wholly at a loss how to advise you in the choice of company; which, however, is a point of as great importance as any in your life. If your general acquaintance be among ladies who are your equals or superiors, provided they have nothing of what is commonly called an ill reputation, you think you are safe; and this, in the style of the world, will pass for good company. Whereas I am afraid it will be hard for you to pick out one female acquaintance in this town, from whom you will not be in manifest danger of contracting some foppery, affectation, vanity, folly, or vice. Your only safe way of conversing with them, is by a firm resolution to proceed in your practice and behaviour directly contrary to whatever they shall say or do. And this I take to be a good general rule, with very few exceptions. For instance, in the doctrines they usually deliver to young married women for managing their husbands; their several accounts of their own conduct in that particular, to recommend it to your imitation; the reflections they make upon others of their sex for acting differently; their directions how to come off with victory upon any dispute or quarrel you may have with your husband; the arts by which you may discover and practice upon his weak side; when to work by flattery and insinuation, when to melt him with tears, and when to engage with a high hand: In these, and a thousand other cases, it will be prudent to retain as many of their lectures in your memory as you can, and then determine to act in full opposition to them all.

I hope your husband will interpose his authority to limit you in the trade of visiting. Half a dozen fools are in all conscience as many as you should require: And it will be sufficient for you to see them twice a year; for I think the fashion does not exact, that visits should be paid to friends.

I advise that your company at home should consist of men, rather than women. To say the truth, I never yet

knew

knew a tolerable woman to be fond of her own sex. I confess, when both are mixed and well chosen, and put their best qualities forward, there may be an intercourse of civility and good-will; which, with the addition of some degree of sense, can make conversation or any amusement agreeable. But a knot of ladies, got together by themselves, is a very school of impertinence and detraction, and it is well if those be the worst.

Let your men-acquaintance be of your husband's choice, and not recommended to you by any she-companions: because they will certainly fix a coxcomb upon you, and it will cost you some time and pains before you can arrive at the knowledge of distinguishing such a one from a man of sense.

Never take a favourite waiting maid into your cabinet-council, to entertain you with histories of those ladies whom she hath formerly served, of their diversions and their dresses; to insinuate how great a fortune you brought, and how little you are allowed to squander; to appeal to her from your husband, and to be determined by her judgment, because you are sure it will be always for you; to receive and discard servants by her approbation or dislike; to engage you, by her insinuations, into misunderstandings with your best friends; to represent all things in false colours, and to be the common emissary of scandal.

But the grand affair of your life will be to gain and preserve the friendship and esteem of your husband. You are married to a man of good education and learning, of an excellent understanding, and an exact taste. It is true, and it is happy for you, that these qualities in him are adorned with great modesty, a most amiable sweetness of temper, and an unusual disposition to sobriety and virtue. But neither good-nature nor virtue will suffer him to esteem you against his judgment; and although he is not capable of doing you ill, yet you will in time grow a thing indifferent, and perhaps contemptible, unless you can supply the loss of youth and beauty with more durable qualities. You have but a very few years to be young and handsome in the eyes of the world: And as few months to be so in the eyes of your husband who is not a fool; for I hope you do not still dream of charms and raptures, which marriage ever did, and ever will put a sudden end to. Besides, your's was a match of prudence and common good liking, without any mixture

ture of that ridiculous passion which has no being but in play books and romances

You must therefore use all endeavours to attain to some degree of those accomplishments which your husband most values in other people, and for which he is most valued himself. You must improve your mind, by closely pursuing such method of study as I shall direct or approve of. You must get a collection of history and travels which I will recommend to you, and spend some hours every day in reading them, and making extracts from them, if your memory be weak. You must invite persons of knowledge and understanding to an acquaintance with you, by whose conversation you may learn to correct your taste and judgment; and when you can bring yourself to comprehend and relish the good sense of others, you will arrive in time to think rightly yourself; and to become a reasonable and agreeable companion. This must produce in your husband a true rational love and esteem for you, which old age will not diminish. He will have a regard for your judgment and opinion in matters of the greatest weight; you will be able to entertain each other without a third person to relieve you by finding discourse. The endowments of your mind will even make your person more agreeable to him; and when you are alone, your time will not lie heavy upon your hands for want of some trifling amusement.

As little respect as I have for the generality of your sex, it hath sometimes moved me with pity, to see the lady of the house forced to withdraw immediately after dinner: And this in families where there is not much drinking; as if it were an established maxim, that women are incapable of all conversation. In a room where both sexes meet, if the men are discoursing upon any general subject, the ladies never think it their business to partake in what passes, but in a separate club entertain each other with the price and choice of lace and silk, and what dresses they liked or disapproved at the church or the play-house. And when you are among yourselves, how naturally, after the first compliments, do you apply your hands to each others lappets, and ruffles, and mantua's? As if the whole business of your lives, and the public concern of the world, depended upon the cut or colour of your dresses. As divines say, that some people take more

Conclusion of the

LETTER from Dr. SWIFT to a young LADY on *Marriage*.

more pains to be damned, than it would cost them to be saved; your sex employs more thought, memory, and application to be fools, than would serve to make them wise and useful. When I reflect on this, I cannot conceive you to be human creatures, but a sort of species hardly a degree above a monkey; who has more diverting tricks than any of you, is an animal less mischievous and expensive, might in time be a tolerable critic in velvet and brocade, and, for ought I know, would equally become them,

I would have you look upon finery as a necessary folly, as all great ladies did whom I have ever known. I do not desire you to be out of the fashion, to be the last and least of it. I expect that your dress shall be one degree lower than your fortune can afford; and in your own heart I would wish you to be an utter contemner of all distinctions which a finer petticoat can give you; because it will neither make you richer, handsomer, younger, better-natured, more virtuous, or wiser, than if it hung upon a peg.

If you are in company with men of learning, though they happen to discourse of arts and sciences out of your compass, yet you will gather more advantage by listening to them, than from all the nonsense and frippery of your own sex: and if they be men of breeding as well as learning, they will seldom engage in any conversation where you ought not to be a hearer, and in time have your part. If they talk of the manners and customs of the several kingdoms of Europe, of their travels into remoter nations, of the state of their country, of the great men and actions at Greece and Rome; if they give their judgment upon English and French writers, either in verse or prose, or of the nature and limits of virtue and vice; it is a shame for an English lady not to relish such discourses, nor to improve by them, and endeavour, by reading and information, to have her share in those entertainments, rather than turn aside, as is the usual custom, and to consult with the woman who sits next her about a new mode of fans.

It is a little hard, that not one gentleman's daughter in a thousand should be brought to read or understand her own native tongue, or be judge of the easiest books that are written in it; as any one may find, who can have the patience to hear them, when they are disposed to mangle a play or novel; where the least word out of the common road is sure to disconcert them. It is no wonder, when they are not so much as taught to spell in their childhood, nor can even attain to it in their whole lives. I advise you therefore to read aloud, more or less, every day, to your husband, if he will permit you, or to any other friend (but not a female one) who is able to set you right. And as for spelling, you may compass it in time, by making collections from the books you read, and remembering the difference betwixt the printing and pronouncing words.

I know very well, that those who are commonly called learned women, have lost all manner of credit by their impertinent talkativeness, and conceit of themselves. But there is an easy remedy for this, if you once consider, that after all the pains you may be at, you never can arrive, in point of learning, to the perfection of a school-boy. The reading I would advise you to, is only for improvement of your own good sense; which will never fail of being mended by discretion. It is a wrong method, and ill choice of books, that makes those learned ladies just so much worse for what they have read. And therefore it shall be my care to direct you better, a task for which I take myself to be not ill qualified; because I have spent more time, and have had more opportunities than many others, to observe and discover from what sources the various follies of women are derived.

Pray observe what insignificant things are the common race of ladies, when they have passed their youth and beauty; how contemptible they appear to the men, and yet more contemptible to the younger part of their own sex; and have no relief but in passing their afternoons in visits, where they are never acceptable; and their evenings at cards among each other, while the former part of the day is spent in spleen and envy, or in vain endeavours to repair by art and dress the ruins of time. Whereas I have known ladies of sixty, to whom all the polite part of the court and town paid their addresses, without any farther view than that of enjoying the pleasure of their conversation.

I am ignorant of any one quality that is amiable in a man, which is not equally so in a woman: I do not excite even modesty, and gentleness of nature. Nor do I know the vice or folly which is not equally detestable in both. There is indeed one infirmity which seems to be generally allowed you, I mean that of cowardice. Yet there should seem to be something very suspicious, that when women profess their admiration for a colonel or a captain on account of his valour, they should fancy it a very graceful, becoming quality in themselves to be afraid of their own shadows; to tremble in a barge when the weather is calmest, or in a coach at the ring; to run from a cow at a hundred yards distance; to fall into fits at the sight of a spider, an earwig, or a frog: at least, if cowardice be a sign of cruelty (as it is generally wanted) I can hardly think it an accomplishment so desirable, as to be thought worth improving by affectation.

And as the same virtues equally become both sexes, so there is no quality whereby women endeavour to distinguish themselves from men, for which they are not just so much the worse, except that only of reservedness; which, however, as you generally manage it, is nothing else but affectation or hypocrisy. For as you cannot too much discountenance those of our sex who presume to take unbecoming liberty before you, so you ought to be wholly unconstrained in the company of deserving men, when you have had sufficient experience of their discretion.

There is never wanting in this town a tribe of bold, swaggering, rattling ladies, whose talents pass among cocknicks for wit and humour. Their excellency lies in rude, shocking expressions, and what they call, Running a man down. If a gentleman in their company happens to have any blemish in his birth or person; if any misfortune hath fallen his family or himself, for which he is ashamed, they will be sure to give him broad hints of it without any provocation. I would recommend you to the acquaintance of a common prostitute, rather than to that of such termagants as these. I have often thought, that no man is obliged to expose such creatures to be women; but to treat them like violent rascals disguised in female habits, who ought to be whipped and kicked down stairs.

I will add one thing, although it be a little out of place; which is, to desire, that you will learn to value and esteem

your husband for those good qualities which he really possesseth, and not to fancy others in him which he certainly hath not. For although this latter is generally understood to be a mark of love, yet it is indeed nothing but affectation or ill judgment. It is true, he wants so very few accomplishments, that you are in no great danger of erring on this side; but my caution is occasioned by a lady of your acquaintance, married to a very valuable person, whom she is so unfortunate as to be always commending for those perfections to which he can least pretend.

I can give you no advice upon the article of expence: Only I think you ought to be well informed how much your husband's revenue amounts to; and be so good a computer as to keep within it, in that part of the management which falls to your share; and not to put yourself in the number of those politic ladies, who think they gain a great point, when they have teized their husbands to buy them a new equipage, a laced head, or a fine petticoat, without once considering what long scores remain unpaid to the butcher.

I desire you will keep this letter in your cabinet, and often examine impartially your whole conduct by it. And let God bless you, and make you a fair example to your sex, and a perpetual comfort to your husband and your parents. I am, with great truth and affection,

MADAM, &c.

PUNCTILLIUS. A TALE.

IT is indeed, a melancholly truth,
That age must mourn the lawless freaks of youth,
Wishing again the precious hours were lent,
Which have in riot, and debauch, been spent:
This is the common lot of all;---but most
Of those to reason, to reflection lost,
Who by intemperance find their nerves unstrung,
Yet doom'd to drag a load of life along.

PUNCTILLIUS was not destitute of parts,
The knowledge of mankind or lib'ral arts,
Gen'rous, humane, and social, of his trust
Tenacious, and to each engagement just;

But yet his friends were sorely mortified,
 To find such parts and knowledge misapplied;
 His health consum'd, his credit nearly sunk,
 While he (but in good company) got drunk.

A full debauch PUNCTILLIUS had sustain'd,
 Where half-pint bumpers were in triumph drain'd.
 Pot-valiant, now he wanders through the streets,
 Nor long before a wand'ring nymph he meets,
 Plying the usual corner, whence she may
 Best fall forth, and fasten on her prey.
 He knows the consequence—but on he must;
 Thus drunkenness shall minister to lust.

Darkness, seven times, since that unhappy night,
 By turns supplanted, and gave place to light;
 He at his cups, as many nights was found,
 And held it sometimes while the clock struck round.
 What should he do? his spirits were so low,
 Till he is got about half-cock, or so.----

But cordials, when they promise most, deceive,
 Requiring by and by what helps they give.
 He, who so frolic o'er a bottle seem'd
 The very soul of conversation deem'd,
 With sickness visited, of life despairs,
 Unpurged his crimes, unsettled his affairs,
 A surfeit past the reach of art to cure,
 And love's envenom'd shaft he must endure.

These, first the stream of life contaminate,
 Then drink his marrow up—of strength the seat.
 Friendless, unpitied for his follies past,
 He lingers in a hospital at last;
 Where shunn'd of all, abhor'd of all, he lies
 A woeful spectacle, rots, stinks and dies.

Thus form'd by nature, either to excite
 Pleasure in others, or receive delight;
 The young, the strong, the generous, the gay,
 Are in the prime of manhood snatch'd away;
 While children of the earth, a sordid race!
 Live long, get wealth, and often see good days.

From the LONDON CHRONICLE.

The HISTORY of ENGLAND, from the Accession of King James I. of Scotland, to that of the Brunswick Line. By Catherine Macaulay. The authoress, we are told, is an English woman of birth and fortune, and wife of a physician.

THE History of England by a Lady, seems such an extraordinary phenomenon, that every one eagerly asks the reasons of its appearance. Here they follow in her own words:

THOUGH the rectitude of my intention has hitherto been, and, I trust in God! ever will be my support, in the laborious task of delineating the political history of this country, yet I think it incumbent on me to give the Public my reasons for undertaking a subject which has been already treated of by several ingenious and learned men. From my early youth I have read with delight those histories that exhibit Liberty in its most exalted state, the annals of the Roman and the Greek republics. Studies like these excite that natural love of freedom which lies latent in the breast of every rational being, till it is nipped by the frost of prejudice, or blasted by the influence of vice.

The effect which almost constantly attends such reading, operated on my inclinations in the strongest manner, and Liberty became the object of a secondary worship in my delighted imagination. A mind thus disposed can never see through the medium held up by party-writers! or incline to that extreme of candour which by colouring the enormous vices, and magnifying the petty virtues, of wicked men, compound together in one undistinguished groupe, the exalted patriots that have illustriously figured in this country, with those time-serving placemen who have sacrificed the most essential interests of the publick to the baseness of their private affections.

The societies of the modern ages of the world are not constituted with powers to bring to an impartial tribunal men trusted in the higher offices of the state. Fame is the only reward which, in the present times, true Virtue hath to hope; and the only punishment which the guilty Great have to apprehend, is eternal infamy. The weight of punishment ought ever to be determined by the importance of the consequences

sequences which attend the crime: In this balance the vices of men in public characters can admit of no alleviation. A good citizen is a credit to his country, and merits the approbation of every virtuous man. Patriots who have sacrificed their tender affections, their properties, their lives, to the interest of society, deserve a tribute of praise unmixed with any alloy. With regret do I accuse my country of inattention to the most exalted of their benefactors: Whilst they enjoy privileges unpossessed by other nations, they have lost a just sense of the merit of the men by whose virtues these privileges were attained; men that, with the hazard and even the loss of their lives, attacked the formidable pretensions of the Stewart family, and set up the banners of liberty against a tyranny which had been established for a series of more than 150 years; and this by the exertion of faculties, which, if compared with the barren produce of modern times, appear more than human. Neglect is not the only crime committed against these sacred characters. Party-prejudice, and the more detestable principle of private interest, have painted the memoirs of past times in so false a light, that it is with difficulty we can trace features, which, if justly described, would exalt the worthies of this country beyond the fame of any set of men, which the annals of other nations can at any one period produce.

To do justice therefore to the memory of our illustrious ancestors to the utmost extent of my small abilities, still having an eye to publick liberty, the standard by which I have endeavoured to measure the virtue of those characters that are treated of in this history, is the principal motive that induced me to undertake this intricate part of the English history. If the execution is deficient, the intention must be allowed to be meritorious; and if the goodness of my head may justly be questioned, my heart will stand the test of the most critical examination. In this country, where luxury has made a great progress, it is not to be supposed that the people of fortune will fathom the depth of politics, or examine the voluminous collections in which can only be found a faithful representation of the important transactions of past ages. It is the business of an historian to digest these, and to give a true and accurate sense of them to the public, and have ever looked upon a supposed knowledge of facts seen in the false mirror of misrepresentation as one of the great banes

banes of this country. Individuals may err, but the public judgment is infallible: They only want a just information of facts, to make a proper comment. Labour to attain truth, integrity to set it in its full light, are indispensable duties in an historian. I can affirm that I am not wanting in those duties. The invidious censures which may ensue from striking into a path of literature rarely trodden by my sex, will not permit a selfish consideration to keep me mute in the cause of liberty and virtue, whilst the doctrine of slavery find so many interested writers to defend it by fraud and sophistry, in opposition to the common reason of mankind and the experience of every age. Absurd as are the principles and notions, on which the doctrine of arbitrary power is established, there have been ever in this country found many to adopt it. The vulgar are at all times liable to be deceived, and this nation has ever produced a number of bad citizens, who, prone to be corrupted, have been the ready tools of wicked ministers and the zealous partizans in a cause big with the ruin of the state; and the destruction of that felicity which the individuals of this country have for some years enjoyed. It is justly remarked by an able writer, "That there may be a faction for the crown as well as against it, and conspiracies against freedom as well as against prerogative". Whosoever attempts to remove the limitations necessary to render monarchy consistent with liberty, are rebels in the worst sense; rebels to the laws of their country; the law of nature, the law of reason, and the law of GOD. Can there be such men? Was I to put the question to my own heart, it would answer, that it was impossible there should be such. But the annals of this country have a shameful tale to tell, that such a faction has ever existed in this state; from the earliest period of our present constitution.

This faction has not only prevented the establishing any regular system to preserve or improve our liberties, but lie at this time in wait for the first opportunity that the imperfections of this government may give them, to destroy those rights, which have been purchased by the toil and blood of the most exalted individuals that ever adorned humanity. To shew the cause of so great a malignancy it will be necessary to observe, that there are in every society a number of men to whom tyranny is in some measure profitable; men devoid

[To be concluded in our next.]

The Conclusion of

MR. MACAULEY'S PREFACE to her *History of England*.

void of every virtue and qualification requisite to rise in free state. The emoluments and favours they gain for supporting tyranny are the only means by which they can obtain distinctions, which in every equal government are the rewards of public service. The selfish affections of these men, exalted above worthier citizens, fancy a recompense in this exaltation ample enough for the sacrifice of their liberty. To avoid the censures of injured posterity their children are brought up in the doctrine of a necessary virulence, and are taught to regard the champions of liberty as the disturbers of the peace of mankind. Hence produced a numerous class of men, who having been educated in the principles of slavery, become the deluded instruments of all the villainous purposes of mean ambition.

Some there are, who envying the reputation which illustrious characters have acquired, bend their endeavours to destroy the genuine notions of virtue and public utility, on which the fame of great men is built. Others, whose affections are of so base an alloy, that they envy the independency which every individual of this country may enjoy, would willingly forfeit that natural privilege to superior talents, provided they might have the power of domineering over the lower class of people. Others again, who having edged through what is called a regular education, with much learning, or rather reading, but without judgment to have acquired any real knowledge, become a magazine of other men's conceits, and commence the disciples of the first doctrine which accident flings in their way. These scholars, in the pursuit of science, lose the distinctions of common sense, and are as obstinately fixed in the prejudices of the authors with whom they have conversed, as if these prejudices were the produce of their own imaginations. Hence proceed these opposite opinions among the speculative part of mankind in regard to popular and monarchical privileges. All can acquire the jargon of terms, but the depth of science is only to be attained by genius. The greater proportion

portion of ignorance, there may be in a disputant, the more reluctant he is to give way to reasoning that contradicts the borrowed opinions which he has taken in the gross; he looks with a sovereign contempt on his antagonist, not because he can confute his arguments, but because his arguments contradict the tenets that have been laid down by Hobbs, and other Writers of that stamp. Unequal to the combat, he skirmishes at a distance, wilfully converses in generals, and never enters into those particulars which may investigate the subject. Men like these, without the desire of attaining truth, wrangle but for victory; and if they have sense enough to see their mistakes, they never have candor enough to acknowledge them.

The general education of the English youth is not adapted to cherish those generous sentiments of independency, which is the only characteristic of real gentlemen. The business of the public schools is nothing more than to teach the rudiments of grammar, and a certain degree of perfection in the Latin and Greek tongues. Whilst the languages of these once illustrious nations are the objects of attention, the divine precepts which they taught and practised are totally neglected. From the circle of these barren studies, the school-boy is transplanted into the university. Here he is supposed to be initiated in every branch of knowledge which distinguishes the man of education from the ignorant herd; but here, as I am told, and have great reason to believe, are taught doctrines little calculated to form patriots to support and defend the privileges of the subject in this limited monarchy. "In these seats of education, says an ingenious author, instead of being formed to love their country and constitution, the laws and liberties of it, they are rather disposed to love arbitrary government and to become slaves to absolute monarchy. A change of interest, provocation, and some other considerations, may set them right as to the public; but they have no inward principle of love to their country and of public liberty, so that they are easily brought to like slavery, if they may be made the tools for managing it." The study of history is little cultivated in these seminaries, and not at all those fundamental principles of the English constitution, on which our ancestors founded a system of government, in which the liberty of the subject is as absolutely instituted

stituted as the dignity of the Sovereign*. Yet the knowledge of these fundamental principles are as necessary to understand this system of government, as the knowledge of them was necessary to construct it.

The form of the constitution may be preserved, when the spirit of it is lost; and nothing is more likely to happen, whilst those persons who are constituted to maintain it, are ignorant of those fundamental principles, on which the barriers, that defend civil liberty from prerogative, are founded.

Prejudiced with a love of slavery, or at least ignorant of the advantages of liberty, the last part of the education of the men of fortune in this country, is what is called the tour of Europe, that is, a residence for two or three years in the countries of France and Italy. This is the finishing stroke that renders them useless to all the good purposes of preserving the birth-right of an Englishman. Without being able to distinguish the different natures of different governments, their advantages, their disadvantages; without being able to comprehend how infinitely they affect the interest and happiness of individuals, they grow charmed with every thing that is foreign, are caught with the gaudy splendor of a superb court, the frolic levity of unreflecting youths, and thus deceived by appearances, are riveted in a state for servitude.

These are the causes which occasion the irrational inclinations of many of the English people in regard to government: And would to GOD that these, though very important in themselves, were the only ones that liberty had to fear. In forming of this government a latent evil crept into the vitals of the state, and hath in the course of time poisoned every part of the constitution. Corruption, that undermining mischief, hath sapped the foundation of a fabric, whose building was cemented with the blood of our best citizens. The growing evil hath spread far and wide, tainted the minds of men with such an incurable degeneracy, that the virtue of our forefathers is become the ridicule of every modern Politician.

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I take this opportunity of mentioning the late excellent institution in the university of Oxford; of a profession of the common law of England; which, if carried on with the same ability and spirit that Dr. Blackstone has begun it, must be productive of the greatest publick utility.

It is become an established maxim, That corruption is a necessary engine of government. There are some amongst us who have not been ashamed to say, That it is proper in the other parts of the legislature to depend on the Monarch by corruption. How opposite this is to the genius and spirit of our constitution, is too apparent to need a proof. That the consequences of it are already severely felt in the country, our debts and heavy taxes fatally demonstrate. How destructive it is to every virtue that preserves society or dignifies human nature is as apparent. This is a sad but certain truth, that corruption is so general amongst us that it has dissolved the sacred bonds of mutual trust. By the influence of bribery, every man in these days has a triple temptation to sin against his country: The emoluments of favour; the fear of being laughed at for his honesty; or being abandoned by his associates, and left single to stand the insults of a victorious faction.

If I have digressed from the subject I set out with, which was to inform the public of my intention in writing this history, they will, I hope, excuse a warmth which national evils have excited in a breast zealous in the cause of liberty and attached with a fervent devotion to the civil rights of my country. There remains nothing now but to assure my readers that I shall finish this morsel of history, to the accession of the Brunswick line, with the same indefatigable industry that I have executed this small part of it: And having nothing so much in view as the investigation of truth, I shall pursue it with an integrity that, I think, cannot justly be called in question by the most invidious inquisitors.

The inaccuracies of style which may be found in the composition, will, I hope, find favour from the candour of the public; and the defects of a female historian, in the points, not weighed in the ballance of severe criticism.

An ANECDOTE relative to the Duke of BEDFORD

THE present duke of B---df---d, who in the country has been as greatly extolled for his noble and generous acts of beneficence, as in town he has been censured for a frugality which has been thought unsuitable to his immense estate, was once walking with a book in his hand which he had been reading, and having been attentive to his

left, had rambled farther from home than usual; he was dressed exceeding plain, and was looking about him, in order as is supposed, to see where he was, and to return home, when he observed a woman standing in the corner of a field, wringing her hands, and expressing by her actions, signs of the deepest distress. The duke was moved, and going into the field, desired her to dry up her tears and tell him the cause of her affliction, promising at the same time to do her all the service in his power. The woman told him, that she and her family were ruined: That she had a husband who was sick, and several small children, but being behind-hand with their rent, the duke of B----df----d's steward had seized all they had, and that she was come into that field to look at her poor cows that had been taken from her, and which she should never see again. His Grace, at this melancholy tale desired her to be comforted, told her that he knew the duke to be a good-natured man, bid her drive the cows home, and offered to go and set open the gate; but at this request she burst again into tears, and refused to meddle with the cows, alledging that as they were no longer her husband's, if she drove them home she should be looked on as a thief, and, for what she knew, she might be hanged. The duke, who from the first had been greatly affected, could not help yielding to her reasons, and giving her money, desired her to take courage, telling her that he heartily pitied her, and would take the liberty to recommend her and her family to the duke of B----df----d, and desired her to go the next day to W----n----bbey, and ask for John R----ff----ll, when he would introduce her and speak in her behalf. This the good-woman promised, and having returned him thanks, they parted. The next day she dressed herself in her best cloaths, went as she was ordered, and having asked for John R----ff----ll, was immediately led into a room, and told that Mr. R----ff----ll would be with her presently. At last some gentlemen entered the room, all of whom were richly dressed, when recollecting the features of him who had talked with her the day before, whom she imagined to be the duke himself, she was ready to faint with surprise and fear, when his Grace walking up to her, recovered her spirits by assuring her that she had no cause to be afflicted; and instantly calling his steward, bid him write her a receipt in full, and see that every thing that had been taken from her husband was returned to him again.

again. The receipt was presently brought and put into her hands, when his Grace saying that he had inquired into her husband's character, and had heard that he was an honest man, and had been long his tenant, added to his former bounty by giving her thirty guineas, and then bid her go home and rejoice with her family.

From the ORIENTAL ECLOGUES,

ECLOGUE III.

A B R A; or, the Georgian Sultana.

S C E N E, a Forest.

T I M E, the EVENING.

IN Georgia's land, where Teflis' tow'rs are seen,
In distant view along the level green,
While ev'ning dews enrich the glitt'ring glade,
And the tall forests cast a longer shade,
What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray
Or scent the breathing maze at setting day;
Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
Empyra fung the pleasing cares of love.

Of *Abra* first began the tender strain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain:
At morn she came those willing flocks to lead,
Where lillies rear them in the wat'ry mead;
From early dawn the live-long hours she told,
'Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.
Deep in the grove beneath the secret shade
A various wreath of od'rous flow'rs she made:
* Gay-motley'd pinks and sweet jonquils she chose,
The violet blue that on the moss-bank grows;

* That these flowers are found in very great abundance in some of the provinces of Persia; see the Modern History of the ingenious Mr. Salmon.

All-sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there;
The finish'd chaplet well-adorn'd her hair.

Great *Abbas* chanc'd that fated morn to stray,
By love conducted from the chace away;
Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
And sought the vales and echoing groves among:
At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.

"Be ev'ry youth, like royal *Abbas* mov'd,
"And ev'ry Georgian maid, like *Abra* lov'd!"

The royal lover bore her from the plain;
Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain:
Oft as she went, she backward turn'd her view,
And bad that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair happy maid! to other scenes remove,
To richer scenes of golden pow'r and love!
Go leave the simple pipe, and shepherd's strain;
With love delight thee, and with *Abbas* reign

"Be ev'ry youth, like royal *Abbas* mov'd,
"And ev'ry Georgian maid, like *Abra* lov'd!"

Yet midst the blaze of courts she fix'd her love
On the cool fountain, or the shady grove;
Still with the shepherd's innocence her mind
To the sweet vale, and flow'ry mead inclin'd;
And oft as spring renew'd the plains with flow'rs!
Breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
The breezy mountains, and the forests green.
Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
Each bore a crook all-rural in her hand:
Some simple lay, of flocks and herds they sung;
With joy the mountain, and the forest rung.

"Be ev'ry youth, like royal *Abbas* mov'd,
"And ev'ry Georgian maid, like *Abra* lov'd!"

And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of state, attendant on the fair;
Oft to the shades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
Or sought the vale where first his heart was fir'd:

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A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore,
And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.

“ Be ev’ry youth, like royal *Abbas* mov’d,
“ And ev’ry Georgian maid, like *Abra* lov’d!”

Blest was the life, that royal *Abbas* led:
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble maid excel;
The simple shepherd girl can love as well.
Let those who rule on Persia’s jewell’d throne,
Be fam’d for love, and gentlest love alone;
Or wreath, like *Abbas*, full of fair renown,
The lover’s myrtle, with the warrior’s crown.
O happy days! the maids around her say:
O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away!

“ Be ev’ry youth, like royal *Abbas* mov’d;
“ And ev’ry Georgian maid, like *Abra* lov’d!”

EPI T A P H on General WOLFE,

In the Church of *Westerham*, in *Kent*:

J A M E S,

Son of Colonel *Edward Wolfe*, and *Henrietta* his Wife,

Was born in this Parish, *January 2, 1727,*

And died in *America*, *September 13, 1759,*

CONQUEROR OF QUÉBEC.

W HILE *GEORGE* in Sorrow, bows his laurell’d Head,
And bids the Artist grace the Soldier dead,
We raise no sculptur’d Trophy to thy Name,
Brave youth, the fairest in the Lists of Fame!
Proud of thy Birth, we boast th’ auspicious Year;
Struck with thy Fall, we shed the gen’ral Tear;
With humble Grief inscribe one artless Stone,
And from thy matchless Honours date our own.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

AMIDST the various classes of people, who are engaged in different businesses and handicraft trades, we may find a strange ambition in them to mix with the herd, and to act each his part on the stage of politics. As this thirst for political knowledge arises from that natural affection which every individual bears towards his country, and that share which each (as a member of the community, which he in his private capacity contributes to support) thinks himself entitled to, and interested in, to inspect into the conduct of public affairs; so that zeal for the public weal, the care of which is only entrusted to those in the highest sphere of life, we see often blaze out in the middling class of people. We shall hear the mechanic familiarly converse on politics when employed at his daily work, and adapt all the terms of his art to his political topics; the Shoemaker says, that his *sole* work and aim is directed to the one *point*, the good of his country; that there has been *pinching work* of late, and he knows well were the *shoe pinches*; that he will forfeit his *all*, if the work now *in hand* won't come to a bad *end*; that the enemy of his country is in snug and close *quarters*; that he who would offer to *tramp or pinch* his employer to his hurt, deserves to be *strapped*, nay, *quartered*; that all who gain an *easy step* into power, should take care how they *stretch*, lest a capture at the *heels* may ensue; that at long *running* all *bad work* will come to light, and at last shame the owners of it; that if trade goes on the same *footing* it does now, clogged as it is with all its incumbrances, we shall scarcely, when the year is out, bring *both ends to meet*; that *trade* has been of late very slack, through means of some S---e Coblers, *catchers*, and *Heel-piecers*, &c. who have endeavoured to undermine him, by *repairing* the tattered and worn out state of his work, who instead of healing and setting all to rights, have widened the breach, and imposed on their employers.

The Taylor also says, that wrong *measures* have been taken, and that in all *measures* for the nation, the *body*, with its several *members*, ought to be consulted and fitted, with the most regard, and most particular attention; that every man's coat should be cut according to his *cloth*; that scanty

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measures

measures have been of late pursued, which he attributes to the selfish and close principles of some disaffected people of this nation, who, for the general opinion had of Taylor to wit, of their *cribbing*, would not employ W. P---t, who has been some years *State Taylor*, and fitted the Nobility and Gentry of this nation with the most scrupulous nicety and punctuality; that he has served in that station with integrity, assiduity, and skill, by the approbation of the public voice, having acquired a thorough knowledge of his trade, and of the fashions of different nations, by long experience and application; that the good of the community is abused, and cut short. A foreign, or a French Taylor is sure to clip the skirts of an Englishman, to get all the jobs going, and trade the nation, and thereby retaliate the injuries and loss sustained by his nation in the last war. What Briton, with a thimble full of sense, will suffer the rights and privileges of his countrymen thus to be invaded; the shears of F---n are already open, some great personages are at present upon needles; a brood of vermin, blown by the gale of interest, from a Northern climate, invade our quarters; they are on the point of cutting in and preying on the Constitution; my legs are crossing for the prosperity of my country; and I comfort myself with the hope that W. P. will, through his M---y's favour, be restored to his former employment, and that he and his brethren will work for the nation on better and more advantageous terms; and that by sticking to the skirts of our enemies, and by tacking close all our scattered and disjointed articles, he will work out a firm and lasting union in this nation.

The Smith and Farrier say, there has been too close paring and the nail at the heel has been wrong driven, the quill touched, and the body endangered by the appearance of spreading mortification; that if he had the driving and direction, he would have ensured the safety of bodily state, and have clinched the work, if the iron was struck while it was hot and still gloweth, every article would have been modelled with safety and satisfaction; that the springs of some great personages carriages have been much relaxed, and want to be brought to a proper temper; that the wheels of a certain great St---n's machine have been clogged by much greasing and otherwise disordered by some evil-minded people; that the S---e is now on a bad footing, being much foundered and gravelled by hard driving, and through the misconduct of a Northern Farrier.

The Jockey says, there will be fine sport at the next general meeting; that there will be rare jostling in the Course preferment; that some noble personages, who slacken the reins and take head, bid fair for a fall, and consequently a disputation, while others, who lie on the lurch, may happen to be spattered, may come in foremost and beat them hollow, and the knowing ones thereby be taken in; that the race is not for the swift; but needs must when the devil drives.

The Glover says, there is rare work likely to be in hand on, and if the seam-work be not well supported, an irreparable rupture may ensue; that the custom of some Noblemen is greatly slackened, not daring to cover their hands, for some private reasons not so very proper to be told. The greater number of our noble countrymen may sit down and shew their fingers, if Canada, and the rest of our northern conquests, be not well secured, by stitching them close together, and thereby prevent their slipping through our fingers: Some meddling people, of a colder clime than ours, and who consequently would keep their hands warm, would fain rip them open.

The Confectioner says, there will be a great sale for sugar-lumps, at the next general meeting, to stop the mouths of many, to prevent a multiplicity of speech, and to palliate many unsavoury truths: Too great a torrent of eloquence may breed a confusion of tongues, and offend the organs of delicate ears. The candid sentiments and sugar'd eloquence of Mr. P---, he hopes, will preserve the trade of this nation, and secure those articles of trade which are necessary to this calling.

Thus have I gone through this metaphorical language of many of our political tradesmen and mechanicks, whose manner of phrase, however indelicate or gothick it may sound, yet is very opposite to their several professions and occupations, and will like a rude and gothick ruin, convey an idea of true native simplicity and elegance.

H. G. FABER.

RULES to make a GOOD TRADESMAN.

Endeavour to be perfect in the calling you are engaged in; and be assiduous in every part thereof:---Industry being the natural means of acquiring Wealth, Honour, and Reputation,---as Idleness is of Poverty, Shame, and Disgrace.

II. Lay a good foundation in regard to principle:—Be sure not wilfully to over-reach or deceive your neighbours; but keep always in your eye the golden rule of ‘Doing as you would be done unto.’

III. Be strict in discharging all legal debts: Do not evade your creditors by any shuffling arts in giving notes under your hand, only to defer payment. But, if you have it in your power, discharge all debts when they become due. Above all, when you are straitned for want of money, be cautious of taking it up at high interest. This has been the ruin of many, therefore endeavour to avoid it.

IV. Endeavour to be as much in your shop or warehouse, or in whatever place your business properly lies, as possibly you can. Leave it not to servants to transact; for customers will not regard them as yourself; they generally think they shall not be so well served: Besides, mistakes may arise by the negligence or inexperience of servants; and therefore your presence will prevent, probably, the loss of a good customer.

V. Be complaisant to the meanest, as well as the greatest: You are as much obliged to use good manners for a farthing as a pound; the one demands it from you as well as the other.

VI. Be not too talkative, but speak as much as is necessary to recommend your goods; and always observe to keep within the rules of decency. If customers slight your goods, and undervalue them, endeavour to convince them of their mistake, if you can, but not affront them: Do not be pert in your answers, but with patience hear, and with meekness give an answer; for if you affront in a small matter, it may probably hinder you from a future good customer. They may think that you are dear in the articles they want; but, by going to another, may find it not so, and probably may return again; but if you behave rudely and affront them, there is no hope either of their returning, or their future custom.

VII. Take great care in keeping your accounts well: Enter every thing necessary in your books with neatness and exactness; often state your accounts, and examine whether you gain or lose; and carefully survey your stock, and inspect into every particular of your affairs.

VIII. Take care, as much as you can, whom you trust: Neither take nor give long credit; but, at the farthest, settle your

your accounts annually. Deal at the fountain-head for as many articles as you can; and, if it lies in your power, for ready money: This method you will find to be the most profitable in the end. Endeavour to keep a proper sortment in your way, but do not overstock yourself. Aim not at making a great figure in your shop, in unnecessary ornaments, but let it be neat and useful: Too great an appearance may rather prevent than engage customers.

To the Reverend Dr. AYSCOUGH, at OXFORD.

Writ from P A R I S, Anno 1728.

SAY, dearest Friend, how roll thy hours away?
 What pleasing study cheats the tedious day?
 Dost thou the Sacred Volumes oft explore
 Of wise antiquity's immortal lore,
 Where virtue, by the charms of wit refin'd,
 At once exalts and polishes the mind?
 How different from our modern, guilty art,
 Which pleases only, to corrupt the heart;
 Whose curst refinements odious vice adorn.
 And teach to honour what we ought to scorn?
 Dost thou, in sage historians, joy to see,
 How Roman greatness rose with liberty?
 How the same hands, that tyrants durst controul,
 Their empire stretch'd from Atlas to the pole;
 Till wealth and conquest into slaves refin'd
 The proud, luxurious masters of mankind?
 Dost thou, in letter'd Greece each charm admire,
 Each grace, each virtue, freedom cou'd inspire,
 Yet in her troubled states see all the woes,
 And all the crimes that giddy faction knows;
 Till rent by parties, by corruption sold,
 Or weakly careless, or too rashly bold,
 She sunk beneath a mitigated doom,
 The slave, and tutress of protecting Rome?
 Does calm philosophy her aid impart,
 To guide the passions, and to mend the heart?
 Taught by her precepts, hast thou learnt the end
 To which, alone, the wise their studies bend;

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To which, alone, by nature were design'd
 The power of thought—to benefit mankind?
 Not like the droyler'd drone, to read and doze,
 In undeserving, undeserv'd repose;
 But reason's influence to diffuse, to clear
 The enlighten'd world of ev'ry gloomy fear;
 Dispel the mist of error, and unbind

Those pedant chains that elog the free-born mind,

Happy, who thus his leisure can employ!

He knows the purest hours of tranquil joy;

Nor vex'd with pangs that buster bosoms tear,

Nor less to social virtue's pleasing care;

Safe in the port, yet lab'ring to sustain

Those who still float on the tempestuous main.

So Locke, the days of studious quiet, spent;

So Boyle, in wisdom, found divine content;

So Cambray, worthy of a happier doom,

The virtuous slave of Louis, and of Rome!

Good * Worster, that supports his drooping age,

Far from court-flattery, far from party-rage;

He, who in youth a tyrant's frown defy'd;

Firm and intrepid on his country's side;

Her boldest champion then, and now her mildest guide—

O gen'rous warmth! O sanctity divine!

To emulate his worth, my friend, be thine:

Learn, from his life, the duties of the gown;

Learn not to flatter, nor insult the crown;

Nor, basely servile, court the guilty great;

Nor raise the church a rival to the state;

To error mild, to vice alone severe,

Seek not to spread the law of love by fear;

The priest, who plagues the world, can never mend;

No foe to man, was e'er to God a friend;

Let reason, and let virtue, faith maintain,

All force, but theirs, is impious, weak, and vain.

Me other cares, in other climes, engage,

Cares that become my birth, and suit my age;

In various knowledge to improve my youth,

And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth;

By foreign arts, domestic faults to mend;

Enlarge my notions, and my views extend:

* Dr. Hough.

The useful science of the world to know,
Which books can never teach, or pedants show.

A nation here I pity and admire,
Whose noble sentiments of glory fire;
Yet taught by custom's force, and bigot fear,
To serve with pride, and boast the yoke they bear;
Whose nobles, born to cringe, and to command,
In courts a mean, in camps a gen'rous band;
From priest and tax-jobber, content, receive
Those laws, their dreaded arms to Europe give;
Whose people, vain in want, in bondage blest;
Though plunder'd, gay; industrious, tho' oppress'd;
With happy follies rise above their fate,
The jest and envy of each wiser state.

Yet here the Muses deign'd a-while to sport,
In the short sun-shine of a fav'ring court;
Here Boileau, strong in sense, and sharp in wit,
Who from the ancients, like the ancients writ;
Permission gain'd inferior vice to blame,
By lying incense to his master's fame.
Here Moliere, first of comic wits, excell'd
Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld;
By keen, yet decent satire, skill'd to please,
With morals, mirth uniting; strength, with ease.
Now charm'd I hear the bold Corneille inspire
Heroic thoughts with Shakespear's force and fire;
Now sweet Racine with milder influence move
The soften'd heart to pity and to love.

With mingled pain and pleasure I survey
The pompous works of arbitrary sway;
Proud palaces that drain'd a people's store,
Rais'd on the ruins of th' oppress'd and poor;
Where e'en mute * walls are taught to flatter state,
And painted triumphs stile ambition great.
With more delight † those pleasing shades I view,
Where Conde from an envious court withdrew;
Where, sick of glory, faction, pow'r and pride,
(Sure judge how empty all, who all had try'd)
Beneath his palms the weary chief repos'd,
And life's great scene in quiet virtue clos'd.

With

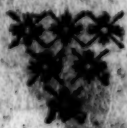
* The victories of Lewis XIV, painted in the galleries of
Versailles.
† Chamilly.

With shame † that other fam'd retreat I see,
 Adorn'd by art, disgrac'd by luxury;
 Where Orleans wasted ev'ry vacant hour
 In the wild riot of unbounded pow'r;
 Where feverish debauch, and impious love,
 Stain'd the mad table, and the guilty grove.

With these amusements is thy friend detain'd,
 Pleas'd and instructed in a foreign land;
 Yet oft a tender wish recalls my mind
 From present joys, to dearer left behind;
 With thee I long, in Oxford's silent wood,
 To trace the labours of the wise and good;
 To paint, with wonder and delight renew'd,
 Each rarer scene my wand'ring eyes have view'd;
 To open all my mind's collected store,
 To tell the joys I felt, the pains I bore;
 Pains, which thy presence wou'd have best allay'd,
 And joys, imperfect, by thy absence made.

O native isle, fair freedom's happy seat!
 At thought of thee, my bounding pulses beat;
 At thought of thee, my heart impatient burns,
 And all my country on my soul returns:
 When shall I see thy fields, whose plenteous grain
 No pow'r can ravish from th' industrious swain?
 When shall I kiss the sacred earth that bore
 A Russel, Hambden, Sidney, Cecil, More?
 When in the shade of laws, that long have stood
 Prop'd by their care, or strengthen'd by their blood;
 Of fearless independence wisely vain,
 The proudest slave of Bourbon's race, disdain?
 Yet, oh! what doubts, what sad presaging voice,
 Whispers within, and bids me not rejoice;
 Bids me contemplate ev'ry state around,
 From sultry Spain, to Norway's icy bound;
 Bids their lost rights, their ruin'd glories see,
 And tells me—these, like England—once were free.

† *St. Cloud.*



A S O N G.

COLLIN and JENNEY.

COLLIN.

AS grateful in spring are the flowers to the Bee,
So charming, so pleasing, is Jenney to me;
Thy absence seems to me a long winter's night,
Thy presence restores me to warmth and delight.

JENNEY.

Young Collin, stand off, for I'm quite out of breath,
We met the young Squire, he has teaz'd me to death,
He kiss'd me, he press'd me, he stroak'd up my hair,
And swore, in the village, that none was so fair.

COLLIN.

Last night at the wake, that was kept in yon dale,
Young Molly wou'd treat me with cakes and with ale,
He gave me these ribbons I wear in my hat,
And a kiss in the bargain, what say you to that?

JENNEY.

You'll pardon my doubts, but admit it was true,
Where you've had one kiss, I am sure I've had two,
Besides a fair promise, if I wou'd be kind,
Of such pretty things, that I'm half in the mind.

COLLIN.

Jenney thy words have struck death to my heart;
Adieu, fickle maid, let us instantly part;
And better that Collin shou'd flee from thy net,
Than stay to be trapp'd by a Jilt or Coquet.

JENNEY.

Recall, my dear Collin, this sentence severe,
For Jenney but try'd if your love was sincere;
From guilty enjoyments no pleasure can spring,
And Jenney for thee wou'd look down on a king.

BOTH.

Adieu, racking doubts, needless fears, and surmise,
Heart wounding thoughts that from jealousy rise;
For truth shall the cloud of suspicion remove,
And brighten the sunshine of virtue and love.

A RECIPE for an ASTHMA.

MARCUS, old Friend, accept from Me,
 The following Rules without a Fee.
 An Asthma is your Case, I think,
 So you must neither Eat nor Drink-----
 I mean, of Meats preserv'd in Salt,
 Nor any Liquor made of Malt:
 From season'd Sauce, avert your Eyes,
 From Hamis, and Tongues, and Pidgeon Pyes;
 If Ven'son Pasty's set before ye,
 Each Bit you eat---*Memento mori*:
 Your Supper, Nothing---if you please---
 But above all-----no Toasted Cheese,
 'Tis likely, you will now observe,
 What I prescribe will make you starve;
 No-----I allow you at a Meal,
 A Neck-----a Loin-----or Leg of Veal:
 Young Turkeys, I allow you Four-----
 Partridges-----Pullets-----half a Score:
 Of House Lamb boil'd eat Quarters Two---
 The Devil's in't---if That won't do.
 Now as to Liquor-----why, indeed,
 Might I advise-----it shou'd be Mead:
 Glasses of Wine, t'extinguish Drought,
 Drink Two, with Water---Three, without,
 Let constant Exercise be try'd,
 And sometimes Walk, and sometimes Ride;
 Health's oft'ner met on *Highgate Hill*,
 Than in th' Apothecary's Bill.
 Be not in haste, nor think to do
 Your Business with a Purge or Two:
 Some, if they are not well at once,
 Proclaim their Doctor for a Dunce;
 Restless, from Quack to Quack they range,
 When 'tis Themselves they ought to change.
 Nature hates Violence and Force-----
 By Method led, and gentle Course:
 Rules and Restraint you must endure,
 Ills brought by Time, 'tis Time must cure:
 The Use of Vegetables try,
 And prize *Pomona*-----in a Pye-----

Young *Bacchus*' Rites you must avoid,
 And leave fair *Venus* unenjoy'd:
 Whate'er you take, put somewhat Good in,
 And worship *Ceres*----in a Pudding----
 For Breakfast----it is my Advice----
 Eat Gruel----Sago----Barley----Rice:
 Take Burdock Roots----and by my Troth,
 I'd mingle Daifies in my Broth.

Thus, you with Ease may draw your Breath,
 Deluding, what you dread not, Death;
 Laugh with your Friends, be gay and thrive,
 Enrich'd by Those whom you survive.

An ANECDOTE relative to Sir EDWARD
 SEYMOUR and Sir JOHN MEADE.

SIR John Meade, the ancestor of the late Dr. Meade, was bred to the law in Ireland, and was deservedly distinguish'd as one of the finest orators that ever that nation produced. It happened that Sir Edward Seymour had an estate of 5000l. a year fell to him in Ireland; but this was a fortune too considerable to hope to get possession of without difficulty, as there were other claimants under the same title, and therefore he found his personal appearance at that kingdom absolutely necessary. It is to be observed that Sir Edward Seymour was accounted the proudest man in England; and Sir John Meade was no less remarkable for that same fault. Sir Edward landed at Dublin, filled with that sovereign contempt which Englishmen generally have for the whole country; and meeting with some of his friends who held the principal posts of honour there, enquired, *Whether there were any such creatures as lawyers to be met with in that damn'd place?* They answer'd, *Yes, and those very good ones;* but if he had any cause of importance to try, he must apply himself to Sir John Meade, who he hoped to carry it. *Well,* said he, *let one of my fellows go and fetch him.* Your fellows! Sir Edward, said one of the gentlemen; why 'tis odds if you can get access to him yourself. *What the devil!* return'd he, *do Irish lawyers take such notice upon them?* You are to consider, Sir Edward, said the other, he is a gentleman of family, has a noble fortune, and is so eminent in his profession, that should he be employ'd against you, you may bid farewell to your cause. This last

argument had such force with it, that Sir Edward condescended to wait on Meade the next morning; who being apprized of what the other had said, resolved to be as stately as himself, and accordingly sent him down word, *that he was very busy, but if he would please to stay till he was at leisure, he would see him*; so, Sir Edward was shewn into a parlour, where he remained for an hour, to mortify, before he could obtain audience. When Meade thought he had humbled him enough, he then sent to let him know, that he should be glad to see him; and received him with a politeness natural to him: but when Sir Edward went to open his case, he told him, *he must leave his brief, for he could not spare time to hear him*. Sir Edward laid down his brief with a purse of gold upon it; and then taking his leave, departed full of indignation that he had now met an Irishman prouder than himself. When the day appointed for trial came, there where several eminent council engaged on the opposite side; and Sir John, resolving to try the patience of his client to the utmost, permitted every one of them to speak before him, without interruption, and sat drawing of birds with a pencil, while Sir Edward could hardly dissemble his resentment, thinking himself betray'd, and judging from the pleadings that the cause must inevitably be determined against him. At length, however, Sir John stood up, and desired to be heard, and having made himself master of the subject he was to speak upon, he so fully refuted all Sir Edward's antagonists, and made his title to the estate so evident, and with so masterly eloquence, that he obtained a decree to be put in immediate possession. On the breaking up of the court, Sir Edward pressed Sir John to give him his company that evening; but he excused himself, telling his client he was that night engaged to a club. Well, then, said Sir Edward, let me accompany you, if you think it will not be disagreeable to your friends. Sir John made answer, they would all, he was sure, think he did them honour. So accordingly, Sir Edward met them. Some of his friends finding him in bed at twelve o'clock on the ensuing day, told them he had been up all night. With whom, Sir Edward? *Why*, return'd he, *with Homer, Plato, Socrates, Cicero, and all the ancient Greek and Latin poets, philosophers, and orators.*

On PUBLIC CREDIT.

PUBLIC Credit is a subject which deserves our serious thoughts.

Credit in general is the trusting another with our property, from our confidence in his integrity and ability to repay us.

Public Credit, therefore, is the confidence had in the public probity and power, to perform the conditions upon which we entrust to it our money.

If now we go a little back, and enquire into the origin of it, we shall easily understand its nature.

For many ages, the English Exchequer and Treasury were the offices of receipt and disbursement, for those sums which the Parliaments granted annually to defray the various expences of government; and as long as naval force, and an armed militia, secured us from foreign invasions, and the good sense of our Governors, from the more dangerous, because *more expensive*, foreign alliances, it was possible, if not to reduce expence within the income, to prevent, however, any great disproportion.

King William laid the foundation of our present system of Funds; but of him let us speak with reverence. If his aversion to the French King, and his jealousy of the power of France, excited him to dip this kingdom deeper in continental quarrels and subsidies, than either its interest or ability might require; let us remember, however, that we owe to those principles, and to his natural love of freedom, and hatred of tyranny, our deliverance from every kind of slavery. It is however necessary to the subject, to say, that he, partly from a supposed necessity, and partly from a supposed policy, increased the expence so much beyond the possible extent of our annual income, that a new method was adopted.

A loan was formed upon the common notions of mercantile credit; the principal was advanced for the purposes of the State, which was to be repaid; and in the interim the interest was ascertained. The Parliament, that is, the Nation by their Representatives, became sureties for the principal, and for the punctual payment of the interest; for which last purpose they imposed taxes, and appropriated the produce or the payment.

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This very plain and simple narration is the whole foundation of those immense edifices, the Bank, South-Sea, India-House, &c. in short, of all our public Funds, and consequently of our public Credit, which may be called a confidence in the power and honesty of the government, to discharge the interest, and give security for the principal intrusted to it.

The consequences of this account are obvious: One of the most material is, that public Credit depends absolutely and solely upon public Security, that the intrinsic value of the Stocks can never be really lessened, while the Security continues the same; as long as the produce of the Taxes continues appropriated; so long as the payments of the interests are regularly made; as long as Parliaments assemble, or any one idea of Liberty and Property is left in England, so long the real value of the funds must continue unaltered.

And so it actually continues to all those who, having their fortunes in the funds, then live on the produce of them. But there are others, who, from motives of necessity, convenience, avarice, and fraud, are perpetually *dabbling*, as it is called, in them. For the purposes of these it is necessary, that as many events as possible should give motion to these waters in which it is most advantageous for them to fish when they are troubled. And they have, by degrees, brought their art to such perfection, that events, which can never affect in any manner the real interests of Great Britain, do, however, give rise and fall to our Stocks.

Among these may be reckoned a change of Ministry, which indeed is much more nearly connected with them, than almost any thing that can be named. For as Credit is founded on our opinion of the ability and honesty of our Trustees, an opinion of frugality in the administration of the Treasury must increase Credit, and *vice versa*.

I confess, that I do not believe the present state of the Funds to have been affected, in any degree, by the present state of the Treasury; and if it were worth the while, and to the subject, reasons so adequate to their fall might be assigned, as to leave no room for others.

It was however to be expected, that an administration who had bound some of the most considerable monied men to them, by a long communication of ministerial advantages, should endeavour to profit, in their turn, by these connections; and at least to lay, by means of them, every possible obstacle

obstacle in the way of their successors; that they should claim to themselves the merit of the many millions which the whole kingdom so freely granted; that they should endeavour to make us believe, that the credit of the whole nation resides in them, and will stand or fall with them; that they should assert, that the city, and, I suppose, they must mean the very opulent and respectable Common Council, will not trust a new Ministry; and that they alone are able to carry on the business of the publick.

All this is natural; but it is just as natural that the people should by degrees begin to open their eyes, and to enquire whether the late Ministry, or any Ministry, have any thing to do with the public security; that they should remember, that Credit was never chained to names or families, to any clans or combinations of men or nations; that it is the honour, the justice, the fair dealing of individuals and societies which raise Credit among them. Wherever these are found, Credit will live, thrive, and increase; and therefore as long as the national honour and performance of engagements continue, the great wheel of publick credit will be kept in motion.

Credit depending on the opinion which is entertained of the honesty and ability of our Trustees, becomes liable to be more easily affected than it ought: I say more easily than it ought; because, unless it was our opinion of any Administration, that they designed to lessen our security, or stop the payment of our interest, the change of it ought not to affect Credit at all.

Some Account of The CONFERENCE, a Poem, just published by C. Churchill. 4to, pp. 19. Price 2s. 6d.

IT would have argued great want of taste should we have omitted taking some notice of this piece. It is supposed to be a dialogue between a Noble Lord and the Author; the subject is mostly a recommendation of that integrity of mind, which every honest man ought to possess; this our Poet strongly recommends to practice. The piece now before us abounds, like most of the productions of this eccentric genius, in masterly strokes of elegant and true satire, the characters, which are very naturally introduced, are strongly marked, and the descriptions are lively and spirited; the language

language is pure without being studied; the versification is pleasing if not harmonious, and the sentiments such as might have fallen with propriety from the mouth of a Roman Orator in the first ages of the Republic. Our Satyrist has been often deemed severe; in this piece he spares not himself; as a man, he owns he has foibles, but happily for him they seem greatly counterbalanced by his virtues; and amongst these, Gratitude stands foremost in the list. After enumerating the blessings he now enjoys, and observing that he cannot only supply his own wants, but those of others in distress, he says:

“These, and what other blessings I possess,
From the indulgence of the public rise;
All private patronage my soul defies.
By candour more inclin’d to save than damn,
A generous Public made me what I am.
All that I have, they gave; just mem’ry bears,
The grateful stamp, and what I am is theirs.”

After mentioning, towards the latter part of this poem, how precarious his situation might have been in *other times*, he has these lines,

“Whilst GEORGE is King, I cannot fear endure,
Not to be guilty is to be secure.”
The piece concludes with the following patriotic and manly invocation.

“Thou GOD of Truth, thou great, all-searching eye,
To whom our thoughts, our spirits, open lie,
Grant me thy strength, and in that needful hour
(Should it e’er come) when law submits to power,
With firm resolves my steady bosom steel,
Bravely to suffer, tho’ I deeply feel.
Let me, as hitherto, still draw my breath,
In love with life, but not in fear of death,
And, if Oppression bring me to the grave,
And marks him dead, she ne’er shall mark a slave.
Let no unworthy marks of grief be heard,
No wild laments, not one unseemly word;
Let sober triumphs wait upon my bier,
I won’t forgive that friend who drops one tear.
Whether he’s ravish’d in life’s early morn,
Or, in old age, drops like an ear of corn,
Full ripe he falls, on Nature’s noblest plan,
Who lives in reason, and who dies a man.”

RELATION of a very remarkable MURDER, for which an INNOCENT MAN was near being CONDEMNED upon Circumstances.

IN the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a person was arraigned before Sir James Dyer, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, upon an indictment for the murder of a man, who dwelt in the same parish with the prisoner. The first witness against him deposed, That, on a certain day, mentioned by the witness, in the morning, as he was going through a close, which he particularly described, at some distance from the path, he saw a person lying in a condition that denoted him to be either dead or drunk; that he went to the party, and found him actually dead, two wounds appearing in his breast, and his shirt and cloaths much stained with blood; that the wounds appeared to the witness to have been given by the puncture of a fork, or some such instrument, and looking about he discovered a fork, lying near the corpse, which he took up, and observed it to be marked with the initial letters of the prisoner's name. The witness at the same time produced the fork in Court, which the prisoner owned to be his, and waved asking the witness any questions.

A second witness deposed, That, on the morning of the day on which the deceased was killed, the witness had risen early with an intention to go to a neighbouring market-town, which he named---that as he was standing in the entry of his own dwelling-house, the street door being open, he saw the prisoner come by, dressed in a suit of cloaths, the colour and fashion of which the witness described---that he (the witness) was prevented from going to market, and that afterwards the first witness brought notice to the town of the death and wounds of the deceased, and of the prisoner's fork being found near the corpse---that upon his report the prisoner was apprehended, and carried before a Justice of Peace, whom he named and pointed at, he being then present in Court---that he (the witness) followed the prisoner to the Justice's house, and attended his examination, during which he observed the exchange of raiment which the prisoner had made, since the time when the witness had first seen him in the morning---that at the time of such examination the prisoner was dressed in the same
X
cloaths

cloaths which he had on at the time of the trial, and that on the witnesses charging him with having changed his cloaths, he gave several shuffling answers, and would have denied it---that upon the witnesses mentioning this circumstance of the change of dress, the Justice granted a warrant to search the prisoner's house for the cloaths described by the witnesses as having been put off since the morning---that the witness attended, and assisted at the search, and that after a nice enquiry for two hours and upwards, the very cloaths, which the witness had described, were discovered bloody, concealed in a straw bed.---He then produced the bloody cloaths in Court, which the prisoner owned to be his cloaths, and to have been thrust into the straw bed with an intention to conceal them on account of their being bloody.

The prisoner also waved asking this second witness any questions.

A third witness deposed to his having heard the prisoner deliver certain menaces against the deceased, from whence the prosecutor intended to infer a proof of *malice prepense*. In answer to which, the prisoner proposed certain questions to the Court, leading to a discovery of the occasion of the menacing expressions deposed to, and from the witnesses answer to those questions, it appeared, that the deceased had first menaced the prisoner.

The prisoner being called upon to make his defence, addressed the following narration to the Court, as containing all he knew concerning the manner and circumstances of the death of the deceased, viz. "That he rented a close in the same parish with the deceased, and that the deceased rented another close adjoining to it---that the only way to his own close was thro' that of the deceased, and that on the day the murder in the indictment was said to be committed, he rose early in the morning, in order to go to work in his close, with his fork in his hand, and passing thro' the deceased's ground, he observed a man at some distance from the path, lying down, as if dead, or drunk; that he thought himself bound to see what condition the person was in, and upon getting up to him he found him at the last extremity, with two wounds in his breast, from which a great deal of blood had issued---that in order to relieve him, he raised him up, and with great difficulty set him in his lap---that he told the deceased he was greatly concerned at his unhap-

py fate, and the more so as there seemed to be too much reason to apprehend he had been murdered---that he intreated the deceased to discover, if possible, the occasion of his misfortune, assuring him he would use his utmost endeavours to do justice to his sufferings---that the deceased seemed to be sensible of what he said, and, in the midst of his agonies, attempted, as he thought, to speak to him, but being seized with a rattling in his throat, after a hard struggle, he gave a dreadful groan, and vomiting a great deal of blood, some of which fell on his (the prisoner's) cloaths, he expired in his arms---that the shock he felt on account of this accident was not to be expressed, and the rather, as it was well known that there had been a difference between the deceased and himself, on which account he might possibly be suspected of the murder---that he therefore thought it adviseable to leave the deceased in the condition he was, and to take no farther notice of the matter---that, in the confusion he was in when he left the place, he took away the deceased's fork, and left his own in the room of it, by the side of the corpse---that, being obliged to go to his work, he thought it best to shift his cloaths; and that they might not be seen, he confessed he had hid them in the place where they were found---that it was true he had denied before the Justice that he had changed his cloaths, being conscious that this was an ugly circumstance that might be charged against him, and being unwilling to be brought into trouble, if he could help it--and concluded his story with a solemn declaration that he had related nothing but the truth, without adding or diminishing one tittle, as he should answer it to God Almighty." Being then called upon to produce his witnesses, the prisoner answered, with a steady, composed countenance and resolution of voice, *He had no witness but GOD and his own Conscience.*

The Judge then proceeded to deliver his charge, in which he pathetically enlarged on the heinousness of the crime, and laid great stress on the force of the evidence, which, although circumstantial only, he declared he thought to be irresistible, and little inferior to the most positive proof---that the prisoner had indeed cooked up a very plausible story, but if such, or the like allegations, were to be admitted, in a case of this kind, no murderer would ever be brought to justice, such bloody deeds, being generally perpetrated

in the dark, and with the greatest secrecy---that the present case was exempted, in his opinion, from all possibility of doubt, and that they ought not to hesitate one moment about finding the prisoner *guilty*.

The Foreman begged of his Lordship, as this was a case of life and death, that the Jury might be at liberty to withdraw, and, upon this motion, an Officer was sworn to keep the Jury.

This trial came on the first in the morning, and the Judge having sat till nine at night, expecting the return of the Jury, at last sent an Officer to enquire if they were agreed in their verdict, and to signify to them, that his Lordship would wait no longer for them. Some of them returned for answer, that eleven of their body had been of the same mind from the first, but that it was their misfortune to have a Foreman that proved to be a singular instance of the most inveterate obstinacy, who, having taken up a different opinion from them, was unalterably fixed in it. The Messenger was no sooner returned, but the complaining members, alarmed at the thoughts of being kept under confinement all the night, and despairing of bringing their dissenting brother over to their own way of thinking, agreed to accede to his opinion, and having acquainted him with their resolution, they sent an Officer to detain his Lordship a few minutes, and then went into Court, and by their Foreman brought in the prisoner *not guilty*. His Lordship could not help expressing the greatest surprize and indignation at this unexpected verdict, and, after giving the Jury a severe admonition, he refused to record their verdict, and sent them back again, with directions that they should be locked up all night, without fire or candle. The whole blame was publicly laid on the Foreman by the rest of the Members, and they spent the night in loading him with reflections, and bewailing their unhappy fate in being associated with so hardened a wretch---but he remained quite inflexible, constantly declaring he would suffer death, rather than change his opinion.

As soon as his Lordship came into Court the next morning, he sent again to the Jury, on which all the eleven Members joined in requesting their Foreman to go again into Court, assuring him they would adhere to their former verdict whatever was the consequence, and, on being reproached

th their former inconstancy, they promised never to desert, and recriminate upon their Foreman any more. Upon these assurances, they proceeded into Court, and again brought the prisoner *not guilty*. The Judge, unable to conceal his rage at a verdict which appeared to him in the most iniquitous light, reproached them with the severest censures, and dismissed them with this cutting reflection, *That the God of the deceased lay at their door*.

The prisoner on his part fell on his knees, and with upturned eyes and hands thanked God for his deliverance, and addressing himself to the Judge, cried out, *You see, my Lord, that GOD and a good conscience are the best of witnesses*.

These circumstances made a deep impression on the mind of the Judge, and, as soon as he was retired from Court, entered into discourse with the High Sheriff, upon what had passed, and particularly examined him as to his knowledge of this Leader of the Jury. The answer this Gentleman gave his Lordship was, that he had been acquainted with him many years---that he had an estate of his own above 50l. per annum, and that he rented a very considerable farm besides---that he never knew him charged with any ill action, and that he was universally esteemed in his neighbourhood.

For further information his Lordship likewise sent for the minister of the parish, who gave the same favourable account of his parishioner, with this addition, that he was a constant churchman, and a devout communicant.

These accounts rather increased his Lordship's perplexity, from which he could think of no expedient to deliver himself, but by having a conference in private with the only person who could give him satisfaction. This he desired the Sheriff to procure, who readily offered his service, and without delay brought about the desired interview.

Upon the Juryman's being introduced to the Judge, his Lordship and he retired into a closet, where his Lordship opened his reasons for desiring that visit, making no scruple of acknowledging the uneasiness he was under, and conjuring his visitor frankly to discover his reasons for acquitting the prisoner. The Juryman returned for answer, That he had sufficient reasons to justify his conduct, and that he was neither afraid nor ashamed to reveal them, but as he had hitherto locked them up in his own breast, and was under

no compulsion to disclose them, he expected his Lordship would engage upon his honour to keep what he was about to unfold, as secret as he himself had done; which his Lordship having promised to do, the Juryman then proceeded to give his Lordship the following account: "That the deceased being Titheman of the parish where he (the Juryman) lived, he had, the morning of his decease, been in his (the Juryman's) grounds amongst his corn, and had done him great injustice, by taking more than his due, and acting otherwise in a most arbitrary manner---that when he complained of this treatment, he had not only been abused with scurrilous language, but that the deceased had likewise struck at him several times with his fork, and had actually wounded him in two places, the scars of which wounds he then shewed his Lordship---that the deceased seeming bent on mischief, and he (the Juryman) having no weapon to defend himself, had no other way to preserve his own life, but by closing in with the deceased, and wrenching the fork out of his hands, which having effected, the deceased attempted to recover the fork, and, in the scuffle, received the two wounds, which had occasioned his death---that he was inexpressibly concerned at the accident, and especially when the prisoner was taken up on suspicion of the murder---that the former assizes being but just over, he was unwilling to surrender himself, and to confess the matter, because his farm and affairs would have been ruined by his lying in a goal so long---that he was sure to have been acquitted on his trial, for that he had consulted the ablest Lawyers upon the case, who had all agreed, that, as the deceased had been the aggressor, he would only be guilty of manslaughter at the most---that it was true he had suffered greatly in his own mind on the prisoner's account, but being well assured that imprisonment would be of less ill consequence to the prisoner, than to himself, he had suffered the law to take its course---that in order to render the prisoner's confinement as easy to him as possible, he had given him every kind of assistance, and had wholly supported his family ever since---that, in order to get him cleared of the charge laid against him, he could think of no other expedient than that of procuring himself to be summoned on the Jury, and set at the head of them, which, with great labour and expence, he had accomplished, having

along determined in his own breast, rather to die himself, than to suffer any harm to be done to the prisoner."

His Lordship expressed great satisfaction at this account, and after thanking him for it, and making this further stipulation, that in case his Lordship should happen to survive him, he might then be at liberty to relate this story, that it might be delivered down to posterity, the conference broke up.

The Jurymen lived fifteen years afterwards; the Judge required after him every year, and, happening to survive him, delivered the above relation.

SHENSTONE'S GARDENS.

AN ELEGY.

Written in the Autumn, 1763.

Addressed to Mr. HODGETTS, at the LEASOWES.

LONG silent lies the Muse's lyre,
By careless negligence unstrung,
Or can we boast poetic fire,
To warm, or animate the song.
The meads no more refresh the swain,
With pleasing Nature's gayest trim,
But darkness broodeth o'er the plain,
And frowns * *fuliginously grim*.
The sons of Riot, lawless train,
The more we sue, deny access,
Who never knew to grieve at pain,
Or felt that happiness---To bless.
But still in Shenstone's vernal bowers,
The Muse a solace oft might find,
To spend in thought the fleeting hours,
And read her history---Mankind.
Chance as near each mossy dell,
The pensive wailer oft did rove,
In list'ning woods the Bard would tell
The cares and fears of anxious love.

Ye

locate at a particular place, in Worcestershire.

est solliciti plena Timoris Amor. TIBUL.

Ye sacred groves! that have inspir'd,
 A pleasing sadness o'er my mind,
 How oft my bosom have ye fir'd,
 Or kill'd me sweetly---sweetly kind!
 But now in pensive, wailing strains,
 Each Hamadryad's heard to say,
 'Th' accustom'd master's from the plains,
 ' And tunes no more a rural lay,
 ' The nightingale that greets the shade,
 ' And watch'd him near her fav'rite bower;
 ' (For lonely contemplation made
 ' At solemn, serious, midnight hour)
 ' Alas! no more inspires the grove
 ' Nor trills again her nightly song,
 ' No more complains of faithless love
 ' These sacred groves, and woods among:
 ' The widow'd blackbird in distress,
 ' In artless sorrow learns to flow,
 ' And mute-filence does possess,
 ' Each feather'd mourner, smit with woe:
 Canst thou the son of Science, hear
 This modest, wailing, pensive tale,
 And grudge the tribute of a tear
 As oft thou stray'st along the vale?----
 Within the vernal shade retired
 May † Hodgetts then, prolong the day,
 Nor sacrifice these groves that fir'd,
 A tuneful Shenstone's polish'd lay!
 For oh! the richest gems that glow,
 On farthest India's sunny coast,
 Compar'd, are but as mean, and low,
 When once a sweet idea's lost.----
 Then may we view the smiling bowers,
 Each purling brook, and fav'rite tree,
 Where chearful past the happy hours,
 O Shenstone, best-belov'd, with thee.

Worcestershire.

PHILANDER

† The present owner, who, proposes in a laudable manner
 to keep the walks in the same order---to whom the literary world
 in general, we presume, is greatly obliged.

ANECDOTE relative to OLIVER CROMWELL; containing an Account of an extraordinary political Stratagem.

CARDENAS, when he was ambassador in England from the court of Spain, though he had been treated with common respect by Cromwell, yet could never be brought to betray any of the secrets of his court, or enter into any measures whatever to the prejudice of his nation, in favour of the protector's views; yet in point of policy the protector was too cunning for him; for while he was making odigious naval preparations for the war against Spain, he used the address to make its minister believe, that the fleet which was fitting out was to be sent to succour the Spaniards against the duke of Guise; and in this manner he abused him, till the burning the galleons by Blake opened his eyes. Cardenas resented this so much that when he was afterwards recalled, he traversed every proposal of Cromwell's at the court of Madrid; so that while he remained there in office, the protector found he was not likely to yield on any point. He therefore determined his destruction, though it was no easy matter to effect it, as his credit was not only with the king his master, but with the whole Spanish court. Cromwell had conceived a way, however, which he thought would accomplish his ruin; and to put it in execution he sent for the keeper of Newgate, and privately bringing with him into his closet, asked him many questions concerning the several qualifications of his prisoners, and among the rest if he had any in his custody remarkable for lock-breaking. The goaler told him, there was a fellow under sentence of death, that he believed could get in or out of any house in the world, if his hands were at liberty: the protector desired to see, and him the goaler went instantly and fetched. The fellow was such a miserable begon wretch that Cromwell stood astonished at the sight of him, and more so at the specimens of his art which he practised at the instance of his keeper, on locks of the most curious contrivance; these, though of different forms, he readily opened, and said, there was no lock ever made which he would not undertake to open in the same manner. The keeper was then ordered to withdraw, and the protector after some private discourse with the fellow, remanded him

him back to Newgate under the same guard that brought him. But at the dead of night he sent a trusty person to Newgate, with a warrant signed in form to the Keeper, for his releasement, and with orders to bring him again into his presence to receive some instructions. When the fellow came the second time, the protector then shewed him a plan of a garden and pavilion, into which he was to make his way by opening a certain number of locks, each of which had three keys; and then he asked him if he thought he could effect it, promising him not only a free pardon but a considerable reward for his pains. The fellow said he could. The protector told him he should be conducted to the place where the service was to be perform'd and then he would give him a letter given him, which he was to drop under a table that he would find in the middle of the pavilion there represented in the plan. This was all the fellow was entrusted with, and care had been taken to provide him suitable apparel, and every thing necessary for his journey and the service he was to perform; so that he no sooner received his instructions than he was hurry'd off immediately and put on board the vessel that carried him to Spain. The person to whose conduct he was intrusted had his instructions likewise; but as the one did not know where he was to be carried, so the other was not acquainted with the business of his companion when he had brought him to the design'd place and given him the letter; but was instantly to leave him to himself, and repair to Venice with another letter which he was to deliver to the English envoy there. The fellow performed his service punctually. The letter the felon carried was directed to Don Cardenas, secretary of state to the Spanish king; and was written in English in Cromwell's own hand, thanking him for the care he had taken to perform his engagements, and acquainting him that 20,000*l.* sterling which had been stipulated was lodged in the bank of Venice for his use, and that he might draw for it whenever he pleased. This letter, as Cromwell had foreseen, was picked up by the king, whose custom was to repair to that pavilion every morning to deliberate on the weighty affairs of the nation, and to read dispatches, as well as to receive the advice and assistance of his council. The king knowing the hand, but not understanding the contents, was greatly alarmed, and immediately sent for the English agent, who read the contents to his majesty, but pro-

ignorance as to any secret intelligence between Cardenas and his master, who, he said, was of such a temper as never entrust a second person with things of that nature. This increased his majesty's apprehensions, and when the council assembled, Cardenas was ordered to withdraw, and the letter produced by the king, with an account of its contents and the manner of finding it; adding, that Cardenas was indeed the last man that sat there except his majesty, the morning before it was found. All unanimously pronounced him a traitor; and his whole conduct, while at the English court, was recalled to mind, and urged in proof of it; but his majesty, whose affection for him was sincere, was unwilling to judge so rashly of him without further evidence, and knowing the artifices of courtiers to disgrace or supplant another in their princes favour, and that it might not be impossible that some other of the council might counterfeit such a letter, and drop it there with a design to ruin Cardenas, proposed to trace the affair to the bottom before passing sentence, by sending to Venice to know if such a premeditated sum was lodged in the bank there, by whom lodged, and for whose use. His majesty's proposal was thought reasonable, and a messenger was immediately dispatched to the Spanish minister at Venice to make strict inquiry into the above particulars. The messenger returned, and brought him the original order, dated the same day with the letter to Cardenas, written with the same hand, and to remove all suspicion, sealed with the protector's own seal and the great seal of England annex'd.---There now remained no other doubt. Cardenas was infamously degraded, and his estate confiscated; but his majesty, by reason of his age and long services, thought fit to spare his life.

ANECDOTE relative to the late king of PRUSSIA.

THE late king of Prussia was remarkable all over Europe for an extravagant humour of supporting at a vast expence a regiment of the tallest men that could be pick'd up throughout the world; and would give a fellow of six feet and a half or more high, to list, perhaps eighty or a hundred guineas advance, besides the charge of bringing him from the farthest part of the globe, if it so happened. The day when his Majesty was reviewing that regiment, attended by all the foreign ambassadors and most of the great officers of rank both in the court and army, he took occasion

sion to ask the French minister, who stood near him, if he thought his master had an equal number of troops in his service able to engage those gallant men? The Frenchman who was no soldier, said, *He believed not.* The king pleased with such a reply from a native of the vainest nation in the world, asked the Emperor's ambassador the same question. The German frankly declared his opinion, *That he did not believe there was such another regiment in the world.* Well, my lord Hyndford, said his Majesty to the British ambassador, *I know you have brave troops in England; but would an equal number of your countrymen, do you think, beat these?-----I will not take upon me absolutely to say that,* reply'd his excellency; *but I dare be bold to say, that half the number would try.*

An ANECDOTE relative to Abp. TILLOTSON.

A Regiment of horse in K. William's time being quarter'd at Canterbury, and archbishop Tillotson being then at his palace in that city, invited all the officers of the regiment to dinner, giving them a day's notice before-hand. One of the cornets, an unlucky youth, whose turn it was to be upon duty, and who for that reason could not have the honour to attend the archbishop, thought of a stratagem to get himself off. A brother-officer, when the invitation came, happened to be on a party of pleasure and heard nothing of it; and therefore he took care to be the first that inform'd him; adding, that all were to be catechised that went, and those that were perfect were to dine with the bishop, but if they were not, the punishment was, to dine with the servants. Then, by G--d, said the captain, *I'll march out of town directly.*----No, reply'd the other, *if you'll mount guard for me I'll go in your room, for I am perfect enough.* That he would do, he swore; accordingly the youth went to dinner along with his brethren. His Grace, who was one of the polite churchmen in his time, and knowing very well the customs of the army, enquired of the colonel, Who the gentlemen were that were upon duty, intending to send them a separate invitation the next day. The colonel said, that captain Forbes, a Scots gentleman, was the only absent officer, who that day mounted guard by his own choice; and then took occasion to relate the story; with which the archbishop was highly diverted. His grace made no use of the hint however, but sent, as he had designed, a servant to the absent gentleman.

gentleman, desiring his company by himself. The captain hurried to his friend, to know how he had come off, and whether he had best to go or not; telling him that now the archbishop had sent a particular message to him, and he could not with good manners excuse himself. The cornet, by all means advised him to go. *For,* said he, *we were only asked a question or two, and all was over.* The captain, thus confirmed in his resolution, went accordingly; and being introduced to his Grace, paid his civilities with some confusion, expecting every moment to be examined, and longing to have his task over. *Sir,* said the archbishop, *I am sorry I could not have the pleasure of your company yesterday.* The captain excused himself very politely, by representing the necessity of discharging the duties of his post. *May I crave your name,* said his grace. *Thomas,* reply'd the captain in a cold sweat. *What countryman?* said his Grace. *My godfathers and godmothers,* answered Forbes. *I do not mean to catechize you,* said the archbishop with a smile; *gentlemen of the army are apt to be witty with each other; but churchmen must not indulge it.* The captain was glad to find it a jest, and sat down with his Grace and laughed heartily.

THE AUTHOR. A POEM. By C. CHURCHILL,

OF this Poem we need only say, that it does honour to the pen of a Churchill; the latter part is remarkably severe against some writers of the present age.-----We give the following lines to our Readers, as a specimen of the merit of the piece, at the same time earnestly recommending the whole to their attentive perusal.

“HOW do I laugh, when men of narrow souls,
Whom folly guides, and prejudice controuls;
Who, one dull drowsy track of business trod,
Worship their Mammon, and neglect their GOD;
Who, breathing by one musty set of rules,
Dote from the birth, and are by system fools;
Who, form'd to dullness from their very youth,
Lies of the day prefer to GOSPEL TRUTH,
Pick up their little knowledge from Reviews,
And lay out all their stock of faith in News:
How do I laugh, when Creatures, form'd like these,
Whom Reason scorns, and I should blush to please,
Rat! at all lib'ral arts, deem verse a crime,
And hold not truth, as truth, if told in rhyme?

“How

How do I laugh, when Publius, hoary grown
 In zeal for Scotland's welfare, and his own,
 By slow degrees, and course of office, drawn
 In mood and figure at the helm to yawn,
 Too mean (the worst of curses Heav'n can send)
 To have a foe, too proud to have a friend,
 Erring by form, which blockheads sacred hold,
 Ne'er making new faults, and ne'er mending old,
 Rebukes my spirit, bids the daring Muse
 Subjects more equal to her weakness chuse;
 Bids her frequent the haunts of humble swains,
 Nor dare to traffic in ambitious strains;
 Bids her, indulging the poetic whim
 In quaint-wrought Ode, or Sonnet pertly trim,
 Along the church-way path complain with Gray,
 Or dance with Mason on the first of May?
 All sacred is the name and pow'r of Kings,
 All States and Statesmen are those mighty things
 Which howsoever they out of course may roll,
 Were never made for Poets to controul.

"Peace, Peace thou dotard, nor thus vilely deem
 Of sacred numbers, and their pow'r blaspheme;
 I tell thee, wretch, search all creation round,
 In earth, in heav'n, no subject can be found
 (Our GOD alone except) above whose weight
 The Poet can rise, and hold his state.
 The blessed Saints above in Numbers speak
 The praise of GOD, tho' there all praise is weak;
 In Numbers here below the Bard shall teach
 Virtue to soar beyond the villain's reach;
 Shall tear his lab'ring lungs, strain his hoarse throat,
 And raise his voice beyond the trumpets note,
 Should an afflicted Country, aw'd by men
 Of slavish principles, demand his pen:
 This is a great, a glorious point of view,
 Fit for an English Poet to pursue,
 Undaunted to pursue, tho' in return,
 His writings by the common hangman burn.

"How do I laugh, when men, by fortune plac'd
 Above their betters, and by rank disgrac'd,
 Who found their pride on titles which they stain,
 And, mean themselves, are of their fathers vain,

Who

Who would a Bill of Privilege prefer,
 And treat a Poet, like a Creditor,
 The gen'rous ardour of the Muse condemn,
 And curse the storm they know must break on them.
 ' What, shall a reptile Bard, a wretch unknown,
 ' Without one badge of merit but his own,
 ' Great Nobles lash, and *Lords*, like common men,
 ' Smart from the vengeance of a Scribler's pen?"

" What's in this name of *Lord*, that we should fear
 To bring their vices to the public ear?
 Flows not the honest blood of humble swains
 Quick as the tide which swells a Monarch's veins?
 Monarchs, who wealth and titles can bestow,
 Cannot make virtues in succession flow.
 Would'st thou, proud man, be safely plac'd above
 The censure of the Muse deserve her love,
 Act as thy birth demands, as nobles ought;
 Look back, and by thy worthy father taught,
 Who *earn'd* those honours, thou wert *born* to wear,
 Follow his steps and be his Virtue's heir.
 But if, regardless to the road of Fame,
 You start aside, and tread the paths of Shame,
 If such thy life, that should thy Sire arise,
 The sight of such a son would blast his eyes,
 Would make him curse the hour which gave thee birth,
 Would drive him, shudd'ring, from the face of earth
 Once more, with shame and sorrow, 'mongst the dead
 In endless night to hide his Rev'rend head;
 If such thy life, tho' Kings had made thee more
 Than ever King a scoundrel made before,
 Nay, to allow thy pride a deeper spring,
 Tho' GOD in vengeance had made thee a King,
 Taking on virtue's wing her daring flight,
 The Muse shall drag thee trembling to the light,
 Probe thy foul wounds, and lay thy bosom bare
 To the keen question of the searching air.

" GODS! with what pride I see the titled slave,
 Who smarts beneath the stroke which Satire gave,
 Aiming at ease and with dishonest art
 Striving to hide the feelings of his heart!
 How do I laugh, when, with affected air,
 (Scarce able thro' despite to keep his chair,

While

Whilst on his trembling lip pale anger speaks,
 And the chaf'd blood flies mounting to his cheeks)
 He talks of Conscience which good men secures
 From all those evil moments guilt endures,
 And seem to laugh at those, who pay regard,
 To the wild ravings of a frantic Bard.

' Satire, whilst envy and ill-humour sway
 ' The mind of man must always make her way,
 ' Nor to a bosom with discretion fraught,
 ' Is all her malice worth a single thought.
 ' The wise have not the will, nor fools the pow'r
 ' To stop her headstrong course; within the hour,
 ' Left to herself, she dies; opposing strife,
 ' Gives her fresh vigour, and prolongs her life.
 ' All things her prey, and ev'ry man her aim,
 ' I can no patent for exemption claim,
 ' Nor would I wish to stop that harmless dart
 ' Which plays around, but cannot wound my heart:
 ' Tho' pointed at myself, be Satire free;
 ' To her 'tis pleasure and no pain to me.'

" Dissembling wretch! hence to the Stoic school,
 And there amongst thy brethren play the fool,
 There, unrebuk'd, these wild, vain doctrines preach;
 Lives there a man whom Satire cannot reach?
 Lives there a man, who calmly can stand by,
 And see his conscience ripp'd with steady eye?
 When Satire flies abroad on falsehood's wing,
 Short is her life indeed, and dull her sting;
 But when to truth allied, the wound she gives
 Sinks deep, and to remotest ages lives.
 When in the tomb thy pamper'd flesh shall rot,
 And e'en by friends thy mem'ry be forgot,
 Still shalt thou live, recorded for thy crimes,
 Live in her page, and stink to after-times.

" Hast thou no feeling yet; come, throw off pride,
 And on those passions which thou shakt not hide.
 S-----, who, from the moment of his birth,
 Made human Nature a reproach on earth,
 Who never dar'd, nor wish'd behind to stay,
 When folly, vice, and meanness led the way,
 Would blush, should he be told, by truth and wit,
 Those actions, which he blush'd not to commit;
 Men the most infamous are fond of fame,
 And those who fear not guilt, yet start at shame.

PAPAL ANECDOTE, from VOLTAIRE.

SIR,

THE assassination of the Medicis, at Florence, in the 15th century, by order of the Pope, enables us to form very just notions of the genius and manners of those times. Sixtus the IVth, (otherwise La Rovera) was Sovereign Pontiff. It will be needless in this place to examine, with Machiavel, whether the Riario's (brothers) whom he passed for his nephews, were in reality his children; or, with Michael Brutus, whether they were born to him, while yet but a *Cordelier*. It is sufficient to observe, for the better illustration of facts, that he sacrificed every thing to aggrandize Jerom Riario, one of these his pretended nephews. We have already taken notice that the *Territory* of the *Apostolic Chair*, or, as they are now called, the *Lands of the Church*, were not near so extensive as they are at this day. Sixtus IV. endeavoured to dispossess the Lords of Imola and Forli of their estates, to enrich thereby this Jerom. The two brothers of the family of Medicis assisted these oppressed petty Princes with considerable sums of money, in such manner as effectually supported them against papal tyranny and encroachment. The Pope soon perceived, that in order to rule despotically in Italy, it would be necessary for him to exterminate the whole Medicean family. A Florentine Banker established at Rome, called Pazzi, the declared enemy of these two noble brothers, proposed to the Pope to assassinate them. Cardinal Raphael Riario, Jerom's brother, was sent to Florence to direct the conspiracy, and the whole plan of it was formed by Salviati, Archbishop of that city. The Priest Stephen, (Stefano) a creature of that Prelate's, undertook to be one of the assassins. The massacre of the Medicis and their friends was fixed to be during the solemnity of an approaching great festival in the church of Santa Reparata, in like manner as the assassins of Duke Galeas Sforza chose the cathedral of Milan, and the feast of St. Stephen, to murder that Prince at the foot of the altar; the Elevation of the Host was to be the signal for perpetrating this horrid deed, as it might be more successfully executed in that moment, the people being then generally prostrated, and, like the Sibyls,

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entirely

entirely carried beyond imagination, by the *overflowings* of Enthusiasm*. In fine, in the very instant of which we are speaking, Julien of Medicis was killed by one of Pazzi's brothers, assisted by other conspirators. Laurence of Medicis was dangerously wounded by the Priest Stefano, but had sufficient strength to secure his retreat into the vestry room.

"When one sees a Pope, an Archbishop, and a Priest, contriving such a crime, and chusing for its execution the identical moment in which *their GOD* manifests himself in the Temple, one cannot doubt the extensive prevalence of *atheism* in those times. Certainly, if they believed their Creator appeared to them under the form of the *consecrated bread*, they would not dare to insult him in this outrageous manner; but there are some men who would brave even GOD himself: Of this class were these now before us. The common people adored this mystery; the Statesman and great folks laughed at it; all the histories of those days evince this truth. Their notions were such as were held at Rome in the time of Cæsar; that is, their passions concluded there was no religion. They all reasoned in this detestable manner: Men instructed me in *errors*, consequently there is no GOD. Thus the religion of nature was extinguished in almost all those who then governed; and never was an age more fertile in assassinations, poisonings, treasons, and the most monstrous debaucheries.

"The Florentines, who *really* loved the Medicis, revenged the outrage offered to them, by the ignominious punishment of all concerned in that affair, whom they could lay hold on.---The Archbishop was hanged out of one of the windows of the public Palace. Lawrence had the generosity, or perhaps the prudence, to save the life of the Cardinal-Nephew, whom they were just going to poignard at the foot of that very altar he had profaned but a moment before, and to which he fled for refuge.

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* In Roman Catholic countries one, it seems, may chatter all kind of nonsense, or even b-----, during the time of Mass by only observing to be a little more reserved and seemingly attentive than ordinary, at the Elevation of the Sacrament. They have appearances of piety, I observed, are of infinite service in those parts: Hence we may reasonably infer, that Hypocrisy is a very flourishing weed there.

"One of the singular circumstances relative to this conspiracy, is worth our notice: Bernard Bandini, one of the murderers, escaped into Turkey, and was afterwards delivered up to Lawrence of Medicis---Thus Sultan Bajazet was made the instrument of Providence, to punish the crime that Sixtus IV. caused to be committed. But what was less extraordinary, the Pope *excommunicated* the Florentines for having punished the author of the conspiracy; and even waged war against them, which was happily terminated by the prudence of Medicis. Hence we may plainly see, in this well-attested glaring instance, to what *base* purposes Religion and her *Anathema's* were prostituted by those who arrogantly affected to be her chief guardians. I defy the worst disposed imagination to invent any thing nearly approaching to these detestable abominations.

"Lawrence of Medicis equalled the great Cosmus in benevolence, and surpassed him, by far, in magnificence. It was truly then, that Florence might be said to emulate with old Athens. She had at one time within her walls Prince Picus of Mirandola, Politiano, Marcillo Ficino, Landino, Lascaris, Calcondila, Marcilla, whom Lawrence assembled about him, and who, perhaps, were superior to those Sages that ancient Greece so much boasts of.

"His son Peter had likewise the principal, and indeed, almost the Sovereign authority in Tuscany, at the time the French invaded Italy; but he held this power with much less credit than his predecessors or descendents." Thus far Voltaire.

I could make a whole volume of pertinent reflections on this anecdote, but to what purpose? While men have passions there will be no *infallible* Popes.---Few mortals can bear, without giddiness, the investiture of supreme temporal power; how much less can they keep within the proper bounds, when overloaded with the divine and temporal together? We will, however, admit, princes, and even over-dignified Priests might possibly make a much more *upright* use of power than they generally do, had *flattery* been less essential to the interests of human kind.---For a proof of the force of *Court-incense*, we refer you to the *impartial, unadultering* Belarmin's dedication of his voluminous works to the *Sturdy Beggar* who threw his crutches away when he found him self the supreme disposer of the souls of mankind!

O Constantine; how many millions have reason to ex-
 crate thy memory in the grave! Was it to invalidate, or
 perplex the *good things* that should result (without any over-
 doing) from the grand *purpose* of our redemption, when the
flaming Cross appeared to you in the Heavens, that you *suffered*
 yourself to *do*, in the superabundance of your zeal, or rather
 enthusiasm (by some, we know, called *first-rate piety*)
 MORE for the establishing of its *influence*, than our great
Lawgiver required? O blind, ill-founded *ravings* of the
 most *refined*, most *sanctified* wisdom!---Are not all the *Here-*
sies, and the almost innumerable religious devastations that
 have set men by the ears, and spread desolation through the
 earth since your days, to be attributed to the boundless au-
 thority you inconsiderately lodged in the *Priesthood*?

The grateful returns these *impurpled Demi-Gods* of your
 own creating have since made, innumerable abominations
 testify. We will select only one instance, out of thousands,
 offered to your memory in the person of one of your best
 successors.

Turn then, thine eyes, O Constantine, a moment towards
 earth, and behold the unburied carcase of the once celebrated
 Emperor Henry IV! Ask Paschal II, the *thrice* holy Paschal
 II, why he *piously* stirred up the Emperor *Henry V.* to rebel
 against his good old father, who gave not the least provo-
 cation to either. Or to answer what political purpose did
 he assist in driving him from the throne, to oblige him to
 beg his bread, to live the remainder of his days in great
 misery, and die *almost for want*? O shame to the *anointed*
scarlet-robed servants of the servants of GOD!---Ask, we
 say, O Father of Christianity! that *tender-hearted Pontiff*,
 why he was not content with the intoxicating power of
 destroying a great Emperor, and stopping there? Desire
 him to inform us, what species of hatred he would gratify,
 when he ordered the body of that unfortunate Prince, by
 his *infallible*, especial command, to lye rotting five years
 above ground?---Alas! Those who should now answer for
 Paschal, would do it perhaps,---but by a like conduct.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

☞ The Verses signed B C D F G, have not Merit enough to
 obtain a place in this Magazine.

Why a BLOCKHEAD generally succeeds better in Business than a MAN OF WIT.

A Letter from Mr. DENNIS to Mr. WYCHERLY,

DEAR SIR,

THE last time I was at Wills, I had the mortification to hear, that our friend Mr. ---- had met with a disappointment in ----; at which, some who were present were glad, affirming that success wou'd have thrown him out of his element; for that a *Man of Wit* is not qualified for business so well as a *Blockhead*. I have since had some thoughts concerning that matter, which I here send you, and of which I desire your opinion. Upon reflection I have found out the following reasons, why *Blockheads* are thought to be fittest for business, and why they really succeed in it.

First, As their brains are a great deal colder, than those are of *Men of Wit*, they must have but very strait imaginations, and very barren inventions, from whence it follows that they have but few thoughts, and that a few objects fill their capacities.

Secondly, It is reasonable enough to believe, that since they are incapable of many thoughts, those few which they have, are determin'd by their necessities, their appetites, and their desires, to what they call their fortunes and their establishments.

Thirdly, It is not very hard to conceive, that since a *Blockhead* has but a few thoughts, and perhaps but one all his lifetime, which is his interest, he should have it more perfect, and better digested, than *Men of Wit* have the same thought, who perhaps have a thousand every hour.

Fourthly, It is easy to comprehend, that since such a one has but a few thoughts, or perhaps but one, which by often revolving in his mind, he has digested, and brought to perfection, he should readily pass from thought to action. For he must grow weary of thinking so often of one and the same thing; and since the nature of the soul requires agitation, as soon as his little speculation ceases, he must of necessity act to divert himself.

Fifthly, It will be certainly found, that as a little thought often makes a man active in Business, so a little judgment often makes him diligent; for he may well be eager in the pursuit of those things, on which, seduced by passion and vulgar opinion, he sets an exorbitant Value; and concerning whose Natures and uncertainty he is not very capable of making solid reflections. For tho' Prudence may oblige a Man to secure a Competency, yet never was any one by right Reason induced to seek Superfluities.

Sixthly, Penury of thought supposes Littleness of Soul, which is often requisite for the succeeding in Business: For a *Blockhead* is sordid enough to descend to trick and artifice, which in business are often necessary to procure success, unless they are more than supplied, by a prudence derived from a consummate experience, or from a great capacity.

Thus have I endeavoured to give the reason, why a fool succeeds better in business than a *Man of Wit*, who has a multitude of thoughts, and which fly at the noblest objects; and who finds that there is something so pleasing, and so noble, in thinking rightly, and more especially in the sublime speculations, of exalted reason, that he finds it intolerably irksome to descend to action, and abhors the very thought of being diligent in things, for which he has an extreme contempt.

Thus you see, that in some measure a fool may be said to be better fitted out for business, than a *Man of Wit*. But it is high time to *distinguish*. For first, When I say that a *Blockhead* is fitted for business, I mean only for *little businesses*: For to affirm, that he is qualified for affairs that require extent of capacity, would be a contradiction in terms. Secondly, When I affirm, that a *Man of Wit* is less capacitated for business, I mean that he is less so, as long as he keeps in his natural temper, and remains in a state of tranquillity.

But if once he comes to be thrown out of that by the force of a violent passion, and fir'd with zeal for his country's service, or enflamed by ambition, and business can be made subservient to the gratifying of those passions, then I dare boldly affirm, that *one Man of Wit* will go further than a thousand of those who want it: Of which it would be easy to give more than one instance amongst our present ministers: But I will be contented with putting you in mind, that none of the Romans had more wit than Cæsar, and none of the French than Richlieu.

Before I conclude, I must give you a caution: Which is that by the word *Blockhead*, I do not mean one that is stupid, but that I apply that word according to the language of *Men of Wit*, to one who thinks but a little: And that on the other side, by a *Man of Wit*, I do not mean every coxcomb whose imagination has got the ascendant of his little reason, but a man like you, Sir, or our most ingenious friend, in whom fancy and judgment are like a well-matched pair; the first like an extraordinary wife, that appears always beautiful and always charming, yet is at all times decent, and at all times chaste; the second like a prudent and well-bred husband whose very sway shews his complaisance, and whose very indulgence shews his authority. I am, dear Sir,

Your most humble servant,

JOHN DENNIS

From the ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE IV.

AGIB and SECANDER; or, the FUGITIVES.

SCENE, a Mountain in CIRCASSIA.

TIME, Midnight.

IN fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,
 Each swain was blest, for ev'ry maid was kind;
 At that still hour, when awful midnight reigns,
 And none, but wretches, haunt the twilight plains;
 What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
 And past in radiance thro' the cloudless sky;
 Sad o'er the dews, two brother shepherds fled,
 Where wild'ring fear and desp'rate sorrow led:
 Fast as they prest their flight, behind them lay
 Wide ravag'd plains, and vallies stole away.
 Along the mountain's bending sides they ran,
 Till faint and weak *Secander* thus began.

SECANDER.

O stay thee, *Agib*, for my feet deny,
 No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
 Friend of my heart, O turn thee and survey,
 Trace our sad flight thro' all its length of way!
 And first review that long-extended plain,
 And yon wide groves, already past with pain!
 Yon ragged cliff, whose dang'rous path we try'd!
 And last this lofty mountain's weary side!

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet hapless must thou know
 The toils of flight, or some severer woe!
 Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind,
 And shrieks and sorrows load the sadd'ning wind:
 In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
 He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.
 Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
 Droops its fair honours to the conqu'ring flame:
 Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
 And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

SECANDER.

Unhappy land, whose blessings tempt the sword,
 In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord!
 In vain thou court'st him, helpless to thine aid,
 To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid!

Far off in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
Soft dreams of love and pleasure sooth his mind:
'Midst fair Sultanas lost in idle joy,
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

AGIB.

Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
Sweet to the sight is Zabran's flow'ry plain,
And once by maids and shepherds lov'd in vain!
No more the virgins shall delight to rove,
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove;
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flow'ry vale:
Fair scenes! but, ah! no more with peace possess'd,
With ease alluring, and with plenty blest.
No more the shepherds' whit'ning tents appear,
Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;
No more the date with snowy blossoms crown'd:
But ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair!
Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send;
Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

AGIB.

Ye Georgian swains that piteous learn from far
Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war;
Some weightier arms than crooks and staves prepare,
To shield your harvests, and defend your fair:
The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
Fix'd to destroy, and stedfast to undo.
Wild as his land, in native desarts bred,
By lust incited, or by malice led,
The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way;
Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inur'd, and nurs'd in scenes of woe.

He said; when loud along the vale was heard
A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd:
Th' affrighted shepherds thro' the dews of night,
Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.

Some *HINTS, by Way of Caution to the PUBLIC, to prevent or detect the Designs of Thieves and Sharpers.*

Left in a Manuscript, by CHARLES SPECKMAN, alias BROWN, executed at TYBURN, LONDON, the 23d of NOVEMBER last, for robbing Mrs. DIXON, in Broad-street, Carnaby-market, of some Lace.

1. **N**EVER place many different articles on the counter at one time; nor turn your back on the customers, but let some other persons put the different articles up, whilst you are intent upon the business before you.

2. It is in general to be suspected if a person pulls out a handkerchief, lays it down, and takes it up often, that some ill is intended. This was my constant practice with Milliners and others, with regard to what lay in a small compass. It never failed of success. The following is one instance of my manner of using it: At Reading, in Berkshire, I went to a Milliner's shop, under pretence of buying some lace, to go round a cap and handkerchief, for my sister. The Milliner asked me if I was not too young a man to be a judge of lace? I replied, being young, I should hope for better usage, and left it entirely to her generosity to serve me with that which was best of the kind. At this moment I fixed my eye on a particular piece. Pretending to have a bad cold, I took my handkerchief out to wipe my nose, laid it down on this piece of lace, which repeating again, I took the lace up with my handkerchief, and put it in my pocket, and then told the Milliner I would stay till I was grown older; though it is clear I was too old for her now. I took my leave, and marched gravely off, without the least suspicion; and went directly to the Crown Inn, hired a horse for Maidenhead, but pushed on for London.

3. The Shopkeeper, on seeing such methods as this made use of, should remove the handkerchief from off the goods; which will make the Sharper suspect his design is seen through.

4. It is common at Haberdashers and other shops, which deal in small articles, that for every article which is wanted to be paid for, the Tradesman applies to his till for change;

his eyes being fixed thereon, then is the time something the nearest at hand on the counter is moved off.

5. Watchmakers and Silversmiths are imposed on principally thus: In a morning or evening the Sharper, well dressed, as a Sea-officer, will go to their shops, to look at watches, buckles, rings, &c. when a variety of these are laid on the counter, if opportunity offers, the handkerchief is made use of; should this fail, then the goods are ordered to a tavern, coffee-house, or private house, as best suits for elegance or honesty; then the person is instantly sent back for something omitted, whilst the prize is secured, and the Sharper moved off another way. Though this is an old and stale trick, it is amazing how successful the practitioners in it still are.

The following is Part of the affecting Account which this unhappy Young Man gives of himself:

“DURING my long course of wickedness, I never was addicted to common or profane swearing, to excess in eating, or to drunkenness, and but little to women. I never was fond of even conversing with thieves and robbers, tho’ at accidental meetings I have met with several, who, guessing I was of their profession, would set forth the advantage of associates, or appearing in company to rob and plunder the honest and unwary. Pallister and Duplex, lately executed at Coventry, who called themselves the heads of a great gang, pressed me to go on the highway with them and their companions, but all they could say was in vain. I never would make use of, or indeed knew, the flash or cant language, in which these two men were very expert. My father, who lived in good reputation in London, where I was born, put me to a boarding-school, and bestowed more money on my education than on all the rest of my brothers and sisters (I was the eldest of 18) for all which I never made any grateful return, which gives me now great affliction, and the most pungent remorse. The misfortunes I have undergone have been, *I am certain*, entirely owing to the continual state of rebellion that I lived in with my parents; and God, for such unnatural practices, has been pleased to bring me to the most just and deserved punishment

ment I am now shortly to suffer. If children did but properly consider, the very fear of bringing their innocent parents to disgrace and shame, it would prevent them from pursuing those wicked practices which end in being publicly exposed to a censorious world, and suffering an ignominious death."

This youth finished his career at the age of 29: he was about five feet nine inches high, thin and genteel in his person, and affable in his behaviour, with much seeming innocence in his countenance.

To the *PRINTER* of the *MERCHANT'S* and *TRADESMAN'S* *MAGAZINE*.

Mr. WHITWORTH,

December 26, 1763.

Having lately meeting with the following Thoughts on Manufactures, and on Charity, and thinking them likely to be useful, especially in this trading Country, I send them to be inserted in your improving and entertaining Magazine. If you are of the same Opinion, I know you will readily give them a Place.

I am, &c.

A Friend to Trade and the Industrious Poor.

ON MANUFACTURES.

WE ought not by any means to think we are in no danger of the trade of this nation decreasing, whilst observation proves what other nations are able to perform. In the year 1700, only 3000 pieces of cloth were manufactured in Languedoc; in 1740, 80,000. It's very clear from this great progress of the French, though Great Britain abounds most in materials, skill and industry can bring other nations to rival, and, in some instances, to excell us, especially at some markets:

If our very great success argues the great importance of preserving our Manufactures, it is deeply incumbent on us to keep the Manufactures to a just standard: In this the interest of Gentlemen who have large pasture lands is intimately concerned, as well as that of the trader, and indeed the whole nation: We ought therefore to be watchful not only to afford these Manufactures on easy terms, but to improve and adapt them to every country; and upon this,

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next to the materials, the contest will chiefly rest. The peculiar advantages some nations enjoy can hardly be forfeited, without their own faults; we have seen the complaint of the Levant traders with regard to their cloth; and it cannot be entirely from the connexion there is between the French and Polanders, that the latter only take of us coarse cloths---France and Aix-la-chapelle annually furnish them with 100,000 l. value in cloth, inferior to ours in substance and duration; but its softness, colour, and lightness, give it a preference in their esteem. We are every day making new fabricks, and shew great art and fertility of invention in matters of less moment. No nation can make such excellent cloth as the British; why then do we not employ our skill and industry to accommodate every taste, and to come in for a share at every market, whilst our natural advantages secure some to us entirely, is what I do not comprehend, unless we are glutted with riches?

How inconsiderate are our clothiers, who from a presumption of being sure of a demand regard only the present moment, and who generally make the quality of the goods inferior in proportion as the demand is large. The consequence is, that when the demand slackens, the manufacturer [weaver, I suppose] can't be easily brought back to his proper standard. Besides the excesses to which our common people are addicted have increased the price of their labour beyond the due proportion of the value of provisions; so that the clothier is tempted to increase the quantity, rather than increase the quality of his goods.

The nation whose luxury at home raises the value of all its productions most will have the least foreign trade; and if at the same time it makes a great consumption of foreign productions it will certainly decline into poverty.

It may be justly allowed, as one argument of the great opulency of this nation, that many artificers, mechanics and even persons of laborious professions, have by their industry acquired great fortunes, and live in splendor. This is hardly to be found in any other nation. France, which is our great competitor, can scarce produce an instance of a dyer, packer, or other mechanic, employed in preparing and finishing manufactories, who is arrived to such a condition of life. Luxury in France does not appear yet to have reached to near the height as it is in England among

the middling or laborious orders of the people; and whilst they can procure the necessary parts of labour much cheaper than we do, they must have the advantage over us.

Labour is the parent of wealth and the nurse of happiness; not only our riches but our safety, our liberty, and all our domestic joys are founded on this basis; it gives strength and vigour to the individual and renders the state firm, prosperous and flourishing. The most necessary productions of the earth are not spontaneous; our mines of lead, tin and coal, demand the assistance of the laborious hand; happy were it for us if we had more of the diligent and laborious, and fewer of the idle, especially in the lower class, who are still greater prodigies in nature than those, who because they are born to the enjoyment of wealth give themselves up to indolence and dull inactivity. If a life spent in generous and beneficent actions is the glory and honour of human nature, the community of which we are a part ought to partake of that generosity and beneficence. Where is the boasted superiority of a large fortune, if this great end is neglected? And how can this end be so effectually answered as by employing the poor? This may be difficult in regard to things of real use; but such as are calculated for employment can never be wanting; thus no one object will be distressed; nor human nature disgraced by the pernicious consequences of idleness; To instance in one particular; a Pair of Silk Gauze Stockings weighs about two ounces and an half of silk, which with the breakage and other contingencies comes to about five shillings before manufactured, and after sell for nine, ten, or twelve shillings.

ON CHARITY.

THE Dutch are distinguished for the number and economy of their useful Charities, which seem to exceed those of England; not in extent; for in beneficence, the *English* have hardly any bounds; as if they meant in good earnest to *cover a multitude of Sins*; but in regard to discipline and wholesome severity we have not supported it so well as the Dutch, who make all their poor perform some useful labour. It does not, indeed, seem possible to engage the lowest sort of the people, of any nation, to work from

from a mere force of duty. If they are left to their choice, or the materials of labour withheld from them, can it be expected they will? But if the make and constitution of man renders labour necessary to his support, it must follow, that he who can work and will not, should not have food given him. Charities founded on principles not consistent with this rule, instead of drawing down blessings, produce calamities, as has been often experienced.

A PARAPHRASE on the LORD'S PRAYER.

GREAT *Father!* King and only LORD!
Which dost in Heav'n abide,
 Thee will we praise with one accord,
Thy Name be sanctify'd.

Thy Kingdom come at thy good time,
 And may thy grace's ray,
 Soon emanate on ev'ry clime,
 And make eternal day.

Thy glorious Will on Earth be done,
As it is done in Heav'n;
 For what can mortals do alone,
 Unless thy help is giv'n.

Still in thy goodness, gracious LORD,
Our daily Wants supply;
 Nothing we can ourselves afford,
 But on our GOD rely.

Teach us, O Father! to forgive
Our unrelenting Foes,
 That in thy presence we may live,
 Discharg'd from sins and woes.

Mortals by nature are but weak,
 And prone to ev'ry ill,
Let us not then temptation seek,
 But strive t' obey thy Will.

*Guard us from ev'ry wicked thing,
To Thee does Pow'r belong;
The Praises of our heav'nly King
Be evermore our Song.*

An EPISTLE to Lord H-----Y.

FAV'RITE of Venus, and the tuneful Nine,
H-----y ----- by nature form'd in courts to shine-----
Whose beauteous mind, well pictur'd in thy face,
Beams with each winning, soft, resistless grace;
Wilt thou once more a kind attention lend,
To thy long absent, and forgotten friend?
Who, after seas and mountains wander'd o'er,
Return'd at length to his own native shore,
From all that's gay retir'd, and all that's great,
Beneath the shades of his paternal seat,
Has found that happiness, he sought in vain
On the fam'd banks of Tybur----- and of Seine.

'Tis not to view the well-proportion'd pile,
The charms of Titian's, and of Raphael's stile,
At soft Italian sounds to melt away,
Or in the fragrant groves of myrtle stray,
That calls the tumults of the soul to rest,
Or makes the fond possessor truly blest'd;
In our own breasts the source of pleasure lies,
Which all our wishes, all our wants supplies;
But, ah! so ill is nature understood,
We lose the near ---- to grasp the distant good ----
So idle, yet so restless are our minds,
We climb the Alps, and brave the raging winds,
Thro' various toils, to seek content we roam,
Which easier labour might obtain at home.
But not the ceaseless change of shifted place
Can from the heart a settled grief erase;
Nor can the purer balm of foreign air
Heal the distemper'd mind of aching care.
The wretch, whom angry fates have doom'd to rove,
Toss'd with the pangs of ill-requited love,

From

From pole to pole the fatal arrow bears,
 Whose rooted point his bleeding bosom tears;
 With equal pain each diff'rent clime he tries,
 And is himself, that torment, which he flies:
 For how shou'd ills that from our passions flow,
 Be chang'd by Afric's heat, or Russia's snow?
 Or how can ought but pow'rful reason cure
 What from unthinking folly ----- we endure? .

Happy is he, and he alone, who knows
 His heart's uneasy discord to compose;
 To bound his wishes in their proper sphere,
 To nourish pleasing hope----and conquer anxious fear---
 This was the wisdom ---- Epicurus taught, ----
 This was the sov'reign good ---- he justly fought:
 This to no place, no climate, is confin'd,
 But the free, native produce of the mind.

Nor think, my Lord, that even courts deny
 The useful practice of philosophy;
 Horace, the wisest of the tuneful choir,
 Not always chose from greatness to retire,
 But, in the palace of Augustus, knew
 The same unerring maxims to pursue,
 Which in the Sabine, or the Velian shade,
 His study and his happiness, he made.

May you, my Lord, by his example taught,
 View all the giddy scene, with sober thought;
 Undazzled, ev'ry glitt'ring folly see,
 And in the midst of slavish forms ----- be free;
 On its own center poise your steady mind,
 Let prudence guide you, and let honour bind;
 In shew ----- in manners ---- act the courtier's part---
 But be a Country Gentleman ----- at Heart.

THE SCOLD.

JOVE quite tir'd out with a Scold of a Wife,
 And with mortals on earth ----- for ever at strife,
 Resolv'd for the future, whene'er things went wrong,
 To lay by his THUNDER ----- and borrow her TONGUE.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

THE novelty of a letter from a man three months after Marriage, upon that subject, will, I hope, be a sufficient recommendation to a place in your entertaining Magazine.

*Such hearts as ours were never pair'd above;
Ill-suited to each other; join'd, not match'd;
Some sullen influence, a foe to both,
Has wrought this fatal Marriage, to undo us.*

I Was brought up in the city of London to a genteel business, and early in life was settled upon a very good foundation: Trade succeeded beyond expectation; my substance of course daily increased; elevated with success, and as I could well afford to enjoy life, I did it in a proper manner; that is, kept good company, frequented public diversions, and, upon the whole, lived innocently gay: The generality of men, in my then situation, would have married, but, to speak sincerely, I never seriously thought of the matter; on the contrary, being very happy, I determined not to risque content for an uncertainty: A single life seemed to me a perfect state of freedom. This notion prevailing, time merrily passed on till I found myself on the wrong side thirty, when my opinion began to alter, and things, heretofore my only joy, now afforded little satisfaction; there was a *something* wanting I was unacquainted with: Home was tiresome, and most of my old companions had wives and children, for whose interest they pursued their various occupations with pleasure, while I was heaping up riches for relations who very probably wished me dead, to share my fortune. These reflections made me at last resolve upon Matrimony; but, as my dancing days were over, I went the sure way to work, and declared my intention to a Gentleman I was acquainted with, and at the same time made a proposal to marry one of his daughters: He thanked me for the honour I intended his family, invited me to his house, and introduced me to the Lady. Sylvia was then in her twentieth year; and, to abbreviate her external perfections, was possessed of every charm to make herself admired and beloved: For some time

I concealed my business, to observe whether my company was agreeable; but meeting with no very warm reception, I confessed my passion, and Sylvia declared she was at her father's disposal: Overjoyed at this reply, I hastened to her father, who was equally pleased to find his daughter so dutiful; nothing now remained but to agree about the dowry, &c. which being settled, the day was fixed, and our nuptials consummated.

After the customary visits were received and returned, I had leisure to reflect on my wife's behaviour, which was very uncommon, having never yet observed her in a good humour; nay, she would scarce converse with me, unless she wanted some unnecessary piece of furniture, or new cloaths: all such demands I gladly supplied, nor even thought any thing expensive that purchased her the least satisfaction. In short, being willing to be content at any rate, I took all in good part, and strove to oblige her in every thing; but she, instead of endeavouring to merit my regard, repaid (and still repays) my kind treatment with scorn and ill-nature. In one of her gloomy fits I desired she would inform me of the cause of her discontent; adding, that if any thing in my power would make her happy, she might command both me and my fortune: She sighed, and said, neither could afford her any content, for she could not love me, and all my officious endeavours to please were to no purpose. Surprized at such an answer, I asked why she married me?—She replied because her father represented the necessity of accepting so advantageous an offer, and also the happiness that would attend a life of affluence; that long before she knew me, a young fellow of small fortune had gained her affections, but that her father had, at my appearance, commanded her to forbid his visits, and declared, he never would give her a Shilling unless she accepted me for a husband. Thunder-struck with this declaration, I asked no more questions, nor longer wondered at her uneasiness; but pity her wretched fate, and condemn myself for being so inconsiderate to take a woman's hand, without being sure that her heart consented to the gift.

No station in life can surely be more miserable than mine; master of a woman, and not of her affections; fond of her to the highest degree, yet I have the mortification to find all my kindness is repaid with cold indifference: Could I
but

but hate her, I should be happy; but that is impossible. How do I envy many poor couples, who can scarce procure the common necessaries of life, yet enjoy a heaven, if compared to my wretched lot! They are never miserable, unless subsistence is wanting; while I, though possessed of every thing I desire, that wealth can purchase, am ever tormented with a troubled mind, which renders the benefits of fortune insipid. Experience has now confirmed me in the opinion of contentment, communicated to mankind in former ages by the wisest inspired Writer: *Better is a dinner of herbs, where love is, than a stalled ox, and hatred therewith.*

I am, &c.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

THE following is a copy of a remarkable, and I may assuredly say, original, Receipt, for rent actually given on Christmas Day 1762: It was to a sub-subtenant, and as its possessor permitted me to take a copy of it, at the same time informing me, that its Author was clearly of opinion, it would be of excellent use to all Landlords, Stewards, Tenants, &c. I have carefully examined its chronological characteristics, and find them strictly true; and have ventured to present it to the Public for a New Year's Gift, begging leave (as I do it without consent) to suppress the parties names.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

TIMOTHY BLAB.

Dec. 27. 1763.

RECEIVED, this Anniversary Day of CHRIST's Nativity, according to vulgar Chronology, December the 25th New Style; in the 62d year of the XVIIIth Century of the Christian Æra, synchronizing or coinciding with the 6475th year of the Julian period; the 2870th year from the foundation of the truly ancient city of London; the second year of the 635th Olympiad; the 2515th year from the building of the ancient city of Rome; the 2511th year

year of Nabonasar, or the 2087th year of the Philippic Epoch; on Saturday the 9th day of the Egyptian *Wandering Month, Phamenoth*; the 1817th year and 110th day from Julius Caesar's Invasion of England; the 1479th year of the Dioclesian Radix, or *Æra* of the Coptic Martyrs; the 18th day of the *fixed* Egyptian month *Chæac*; the 1176th year of the Turkish Hegira, or Flight of Mahomet; the 8th day of the month *Guimadi the 11d.* two years and 61 days from the Accession of King GEORGE III. to the Crown of Great Britain, &c. 54 days after a Lunar partial Eclipse, which fell out in the 2511th year of Nabonasar; on Monday the 15th day of the *Wandering Month Tybi*, at the interval or distance of 2484 Egyptian years, and 106 days, or 2482 Julian years and 216 days from the most ancient [Lunar] Eclipse, recorded by Ptolemy to have been celebrated at Babylon the 29th of Thoth in the 27th year of Nabonasar, and in the first year of the reign of Mardokempad, the 5th Chaldean King (in Scripture stiled Merodach-Baladan, the son of Baladan, King of Babylon) ---- of Mr. S. R. of ----, in the county of Middlesex, Goldsmith and Jeweller, by the hands of Mr. J. K. in the presence of Mr. R. F. one piece of gold coin of the proper coin of this Realm of Great Britain, called an Half Guinea, of the value of Ten Shillings and Six-pence, in full for 43 days and 12 hours rent, due this day, for two rooms next the firmament, lately my tenure and occupation, in the dwelling-house of Mrs. H. situate in ----, in the parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the said county, and in full of all demands,

per me,

Witnesses,

R. F.
J. K.

T. F. alias the Conjuror, alias Jack Ketch's Præcurfor.

Under the RECEIPT.

MEMORANDUM, This 25th day of December, 1762, this Receipt was duly signed and attested in the presence of me,

D. S. Notary-publick.

An ANECDOTE relative to Captain HARDY.

IN the reign of queen Ann, captain Hardy, whose ship was stationed at Lagos-bay, happened to receive undoubted advice of the arrival of the Spanish galleons under the convoy of 17 men of war, in the harbour of Vigo; and without any warrant for so doing set sail, and made such expedition that he came up with Sir George Rook, who was then admiral and commander in chief in the Mediterranean, and gave him that intelligence, which engaged him to make the best of his way to Vigo, where all the before-mentioned galleons and men of war were either taken or destroy'd. Sir George was sensible of the importance of the advice, and the successful expedition of the captain; but after the fight was over, the victory obtained, and the proper advantages made of it, the admiral ordered captain Hardy on board; and with a stern countenance, *You have done, Sir,* said he, *a very important piece of service to the queen; you have added to the honour and riches of your country by your diligence; but don't you know that you are at this instant liable to be shot for quitting your station?---He's unworthy to bear a commission under her majesty,* reply'd the captain, *who holds his own life as aught, when the glory and interest of his queen and country requires him to hazard it.* On this heroic answer, the admiral dispatched him home with the first news of the victory, and letters of recommendation to the queen, who instantly knighted him, and afterwards made him a rear-admiral.

An ANECDOTE relative to the Prince of CONTI.

THE prince of Conti being highly pleased with the intrepid behaviour of a grenadier at the siege of Phillipburgh, in 1734, threw him his purse, excusing the smallness of the sum it contain'd, as being too poor a reward for his courage. Next morning the grenadier went to the prince with a couple of diamond rings and other jewels of considerable value. *Sir,* said he, *the gold I found in your purse I suppose your highness intended me; but these I bring to you as having no claim to them. You have, soldier, answered the prince, doubly deserved them by your bravery, and by your honesty; therefore they are yours.* At

At the earnest Request of some of our Customers, the following POEM, tho' long since printed, is inserted; but we desire nothing may be sent us for the same purpose, unless new and elegant; and those who are not judges, would do well to consult some proper person before they put us to unnecessary trouble, on these accounts; and they are also desired to pay the Postage.

THE UNKNOWN WORLD;

Occasion'd by hearing a PASSING BELL.

HARK! my gay friend, that solemn toll
Speaks the departure of a soul;
'Tis gone; that's all we know; but where,
Or how, the unbody'd ghost does fare,

In that mysterious world, God knows,
And God alone, to whom it goes;
To whom departed souls return
To know their doom, to smile or mourn.

Ah! by what glimm'ring light we view
The UNKNOWN WORLD we're hast'ning to!
God has lock'd up the future page,
And planted darkness round the stage.

Wise Heav'n has made it all perplex'd,
And drawn 'twixt this life and the next
A dark impenetrable screen,
And all behind is all unseen.

We talk of heaven, and talk of hell;
But what they mean no tongue can tell.
Heaven is a place where Angels are,
And hell of horrible despair.

But what these awful words imply,
None of us know before we die;
Whether we will or no, we must
Take the succeeding life on trust.

This hour, suppose, our friend is well,
Death-struck the next, cries out---Farewell:
I die,---and then, for all we see,
Ceases at once to breath and be.

Thus launch'd from life's ambiguous shore,
Ingulph'd in death, appears no more;
T' immerge where ghosts unseen repair,
In distant worlds, we know not where.

Spirits fly swift, perhaps 'tis gone
A thousand leagues beyond the sun,
Or twice ten thousand more twice told,
Ere the forsaken clay is cold.

And yet who knows? the friends we lov'd,
Tho' dead, may'nt be so far remov'd;
Only this veil of flesh between,
Perhaps glide by us, tho' unseen.

While we their loss lamenting, say,
They're out of hearing far away;
Guardians to us perhaps they're here,
Conceal'd in vehicles of air.

And yet no notices they give,
Nor tell us where, or how they live;
Tho' conscious, while with us below,
How they themselves desir'd to know.

As if bound up by solemn fate
To keep this secret of their state.
To tell their joys or pains to none;
That man might live by faith alone.

Well; let my sovereign, if he please,
Lock up his marvellous decrees;

Why

Why shou'd I wish him to reveal
What he thinks proper to conceal?

It is enough that I believe
Heav'n's brighter than I can conceive;
And he who makes it all his care
To serve GOD here, shall see him there.

But, oh! what worlds shall I survey,
The moment that I leave this clay?
How sudden the surprize! how new!
GOD grant it may be happy too!

F I D E L I T Y.

F I D E L I T Y, though now no more
Was highly priz'd in days of yore;
With tory, whig, or any one,
An upright firm companion;
Whether dull mortals turn'd her out,
Or whether she mistook her rout,
The nymph no curious search could find
Among the haunts of human kind:
But to the world's disgrace and cost,
Th' unhappy fugitive was lost.
In vain the papers advertise
Her name, apparel, shape, and size;
In vain thro' ev'ry market town
The Cryer bawl'd it up and down.
Rewards were offer'd all in vain;
None bring the wanderer back again.
At length meer accident betray'd
The lurking of the frighted maid,
----- Where can you guess the nymph was found?
In kennel, with the yelping hound.
For men she saw were apes or hogs,
And none were faithful brutes, but Dogs.

I N G R A T I T U D E.

O U R GOD and SOLDIERS we alike adore,
Ev'n at the brink of danger, not before;
After deliv'rance both alike requited,
Our GOD's forgotten, and our SOLDIERS slighted.

An ANECDOTE relative to the late reverend
BASIL KENNET.

THE late reverend Basil Kennet was once chaplain in a ship of war; and as his place was to mess with his brother officers, he found they were so addicted to the immodest and nonsensical vice of swearing, that he thought it not becoming his character to continue any longer among them, unless he could prevail upon them to leave it off; but conceiving at the same time that any grave remonstrance would have but little effect, he bethought himself of a stratagem which might answer his purpose. One of the company having entertained the rest with a story agreeable enough in itself, but so interrupted and perplexed with *lamme! blood and wounds!* and such like shocking expletives as made it extremely ridiculous. Mr. Kennet then began a story himself, which he made very entertaining and instructive, but interlarded it with the words *bottle, pot, and glass*, at every sentence. The gentleman who was the most given to the silly vice, fell a laughing at Mr. Kennet, with a great air of contempt. *Why*, said he, *G---d d---mme, Doctor, as to your story, it is well enough; but what the d---l have we to do with your d---d bottle, pot, and glass?* Mr. Kennet very calmly replied, Sir, *I find you can observe what is ridiculous in me, which you cannot discover in yourself; and therefore you ought not to be offended at my expletives in discourse any more than your own.*—*Oh, oh! d---mme, parson, I smoke you; you shall not hear me swear another oath whilst I am in your company, nor did he.*

An ANECDOTE relative to Lord ORFORD.

WHEN Lord Orford was upon his travels, during his stay at Rome he appeared in a private manner, but yet took care to see every thing that was curious in a place so much the admiration of the whole world. It happened, however, that notwithstanding all his precautions, his quality came to be known to the present pope Lambertini, who, perhaps, is the most sensible man that ever filled the Roman see; his Holiness immediately upon this notice, sent a most friendly

friendly invitation to his lordship to come and see the curiosities in his own palace, acquainting him at the same time, *That he should take a particular satisfaction in shewing him some things that he was sure he would be pleased with.* His Lordship returned a suitable answer, excusing himself in a polite manner for not visiting his Holiness in form, and thanking him for the great honour done him, which he knew not how to testify better than by a ready acceptance of his invitation. Accordingly his Lordship, next morning, attended by two friends, who were likewise upon their travels, went to the palace, and was received by the Pope with particular marks of honour and respect, as being the son of a person whose character was so well known throughout Europe; and after conducting them himself through every room in his palace, and shewing them many things that hardly any protestant had ever been permitted to see at Rome before; when they were preparing to take their leave, he said to them with a most familiar, open, and unreserved countenance, *Gentlemen, I know you want no indulgences, pardons, or absolutions, at my hands, because your religion teaches you to laugh at those things; but the blessings of an old man CAN do you no harm; and so clapping his hand respectfully on their heads, he said, God bless you; God bless you; God bless you.*

In the MEMOIRS of the Family of ORRERY, there is this remarkable STORY.

ONE time when lord Broghill was riding, with Cromwell on one side of him, and Ireton on the other, at the head of their army in Ireland, they fell into discourse about the death of Charles I. Cromwell declared, that if the King had followed his own mind and had had trusty servants about him, he had fooled them all; and added, that once they had a mind to have closed with him, but upon something that happened, they fell off from that design. Lord Broghill asked the reason. We found, replied he, that the Scots and the Presbyterians began to be more powerful than we, and if they made up matters with the King, we should have been left in the lurch; therefore we thought it best to prevent them, by offering first to come in upon reasonable

reasonable conditions. But while we were busied in these thoughts, there came a letter from one of our spies, who was of the King's bed-chamber, which acquainted us, that on that day our final doom was decreed; that he could not possibly tell what it was, but we might find it out if we could intercept a letter from the King to the Queen; which letter he said was sewed up in the skirt of a saddle, and the bearer of it would come with the saddle on his head, about two o'clock that night, to the Blue-Boar-Inn in Holbourn, for there he was to take horse and go to Dover with it. This messenger knew nothing of the letter in the saddle, but some persons in Dover did. We were at Windsor when we received this advice, and immediately Ireton and I resolved to take one trusty fellow with us, and in troopers habits to go to the inn in Holborn, which we accordingly did, and set our man at the gate of the inn, where the wicket only was open to let people in and out. Our man was to give us notice when any person came there with a saddle, while we, in the disguise of common troopers, called for cans of beer and continued drinking till about ten at night, when our centinel gave notice, that the man with the saddle was come in. Upon this we immediately rose, and as the man was leading out his horse saddled, came up to him with drawn swords, and told him we were to search all that went in and out there, but as he looked like an honest man we would only search his saddle. Upon that we ungirt the saddle, and carried it to the hall where we had been drinking, leaving the horseman with our centinel; then ripping up one of the skirts of the saddle, we there found the letter, and having got it into our hands, we delivered the saddle to the man, telling him he was an honest man, and he might go about his business. The man not knowing what had been done, went away to Dover. As soon as we had read the letter, we found the King had acquainted the Queen, That he was now courted by both the factions, the Scotch-presbyterians and the army, and which bid fairest for him should have him; but he thought to close with the Scots sooner than the other. Upon this, added Cromwell, we took horse and went to Windsor, and finding we were not likely to have any tolerable terms from the King, we from that time forward resolved his ruin.

This lord Broghill was the first earl of Orrery, so created by king Charles II. for the share he had in the restoration; though during Cromwell's administration he had been employed by that usurper, and served him faithfully in Ireland and Scotland.

Ireton was brother-in-law to Cromwell, and the principal officer in whom he most confided,

To the P R I N T E R.

SIR,

I Am a person, ordered by my physicians to travel for my health. This gives me an opportunity of visiting most parts of this kingdom. As I am of a contemplative disposition, I have the greatest pleasure in making my observations upon places, persons, and things; and nothing heightens it more, than to see the vast improvements that are made within these few years, by gentlemen in their respective estates, gardens, and habitations. This will afford to themselves a rational satisfaction as long as they live, and be of infinite advantage to their posterity. But what displeases and astonishes me much, is to see the vast track of commons in this kingdom lie barren and uncultivated, which might, with little expence, be a great part of them improved for public utility.

The advantages that would accrue from inclosing them are so obvious in every respect, that it would be needless to mention any, and endless to mention all. Give me leave, therefore, to intimate only in one instance, wherein the community in general, and every parish that has large commons in it in particular, might receive the greatest benefit imaginable, from such inclosures. The yearly increase of the Poor, I believe, is a general complaint thro' the kingdom: How easy, then, might this complaint be, in a great measure, removed, by taking in as much commoning in every parish, as would maintain their Poor? And as the Legislature is now sitting, with what facility might a proper scheme be formed, and a general law made, for this laudable intention? There are a great many gentlemen and freeholders in the nation, I make no doubt would be glad to inclose at their own expence, and pay such rents for the land upon long renewable leases, and under the sanction of an act of parliament.

liament, for the use of the Poor, as should be thought adequate, by persons mutually chose by trustees, and themselves to put a value upon the land.

To say that such a scheme would contribute to sink the value of other land, already inclosed, I apprehend, is not a true suggestion; for we every day see lands increase in their value, and application enough made for tenements, whenever they become vacant. To object likewise, that it would be injurious to persons who keep sheep on the commons, is also, I think, a vague objection; for there will be sufficient left for that purpose, in most places, of commoning not worth inclosing; and it is well known that sheep kept in inclosures are much sooner fed, and their wool much preferable to the wool of those sheep that are pastured upon commons. It must, therefore, be some little, private interest of their own, or some sordid inclination to obstruct all publick good, that can induce any person to oppose a plan, so generally useful; and I imagine that lords of manors would not be against it, because all their rights and liberties would be properly and amply secured to them, by an act of parliament.

This is an observation that has occur'd to me in my travels, and if you think it worthy a place in your *useful magazine*, or that it may induce a more able pen to put it in more extensive, and better light, you are welcome to insert it.

I am, Sir, Your

PHILANDER.

A METHOD to preserve POTATOES from being destroyed.

IT has been discovered by some Naturalists, that fruits penetrated by frost, such as pears, apples, &c. receive no injury thereby, provided the nitre or frosty particles are extracted, by putting the fruit into cold water when a thaw approaches, and letting it remain there a convenient time, until it is purged; as it were by degrees, of all the nitrons particles, which the air by its activity would agitate with such violence in a thaw, as to lacerate the substance of the fruit, and reduce it to a soft pulp or liquid. The water seems in this instance, as a lixive to suck away those minute thorns, by

by slow degrees, and without offending the solids of the fruit. This experiment may be extended to roots, and particularly to Potatoes: The knowledge of this experiment may be the means of preserving the food, and consequently the lives of thousands in this kingdom, where the loss of that root by frost, in the year 1740, had caused the greatest famine and sickness known in the memory of man; but it would be highly imprudent for those who have a store of Potatoes, not to guard them with the utmost care from frost; as it is better to keep off an enemy, than be at the trouble of driving him out.

ADVICE to BELINDA.

THE counsels of a friend, BELINDA, hear,
 Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear;
 Unlike the flatt'ries of a lover's pen,
 Such truths as *Women* seldom learn from *Men*.
 Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I shew
 What female vanity might fear to know:
 Some merit's mine, to dare to be sincere,
 But greater your's sincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
Women ----- like *Princes* ----- find few real friends;
 Most who approach them their own ends pursue;
Lovers and *Ministers* are seldom true;
 Hence oft from reason heedless beauty strays,
 And the most trusted guide, the most betrays;
 Hence, by fond dreams of fancy'd pow'r, amus'd,
 When most you *tyrannize*, you're most *abus'd*.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
 Your heart's supreme ambition? ----- to be fair.
 For this the *Toilet* every thought employs;
 Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys:
 For this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to school,
 And each instructed feature has its rule;
 And yet how few have learnt, when this is giv'n,
 Not to disgrace the partial boon of heav'n:
 How few, with all their pride of form, can move?
 How few are lovely, nature form'd for love?

Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess
 An elegance of *Mind*, as well as *Dress*;
 Be that your ornament, and know to please
 By graceful nature's unaffected ease.

Nor make to dang'rous wit a vain pretence;
 But wisely rest content --- with modest sense:
 For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
 Too strong for feeble woman to sustain;
 Of those who claim it, more than half have none,
 And Half of those who have it --- are undone.

Be still superior to your sex's arts,
 Nor think dishonesty, a proof of parts;
 For you, the plainest is the wisest rule,
 A cunning woman --- is a knavish fool.

Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
 Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame;
 Prudes rail at *Whores*, as *Statesmen* in disgrace
 At *Ministers*, because they with their place.

Virtue is amiable, mild, serene,
 Without, all beauty, and all peace within;
 The honour of a prude, is rage and storm;
 'Tis ugliness, in its most frightful Form;
 Fiercely it stands, defying gods and men,
 As fiery *Monsters* guard a *Giant's Den*.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great,
 A woman's noblest station --- is retreat;
 Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
 Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

To rougher *Man* ambition's task resign;
 'Tis our's in senates, or in courts to shine;
 To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
 Or dare the rage of envy --- and be great;
 One only care your gentle Breasts should move,
 Th' important business of your life --- is *Love*;
 To this great point direct your constant aim,
 This makes your happiness, and this your fame.

Be never cool reserve, with passion join'd;
 Love not at all, or else be fondly kind;
 In this, extreams alone can truly bless,
 The *Virtue* of a lover is *Excess*.
 Contemn the little *Pride* of giving Pain,
 Or think that *Conquest* justifies *Disdain*;

Short

Short is the period of insulting pow'r,
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour;
Soon will relent the empire which he gave,
And soon the tyrant — shall become a slave.

Bless'd is the maid, and worthy to be bless'd,
Whose soul, entire by him she loves possess'd,
Feels every vanity, in fondness lost,
And asks no pow'r, but that of pleasing most:
Her's is the bliss, in sweet return, to prove
The honest warmth of undissembled love;
For her, inconstant man might cease to range,
And gratitude forbid desire to change.

Thus I, BELINDA, wou'd your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love:
The task were harder to secure my own,
Against the pow'r of those already known;
For well you twist the secret chains, that bind
With gentle force, the captivated mind;
Skill'd ev'ry soft attraction to employ,
Each flatt'ring hope, and each alluring joy:
I own your genius, and from you receive
The rules of pleasing, which to you I give.

To Miss S.

MY dearest Miss, with all submission,
I here present you a petition;
And humbly beg, you'll give admission
To my request, a coalition
Of hearts, I mean, then, blest condition!
A life of love is the fruition;
But, if you have the least suspicion
Of my poor heart, all my ambition
Will be to prove, with your permission,
That, during life, not one omission
Of due respect, or the commission
Of any crime, nay, opposition
To your dear will, shall cause division
'Twixt you and me, without contrition.
Then hold me not in cold derision,
Nor cruelly cause my perdition,
But to my joys give true completion.

PILOGUE To WHAT WE MUST ALL COME TO.

Spoken by Miss ELLIOT.

WHAT we must all come to?—What?—Come to what?
 O Mast broils and quarrels be the marriage lot?
 If that's the wife, deep meaning of our Poet,
 The man's a fool; a blockhead! and I'll shew it.
 What could induce him in an age so nice—
 To fam'd for virtue, so refin'd from vice,
 To form a plan so trivial, false, and low?
 As if a Belle could quarrel with a bean:
 As if there were—in these thrice happy days,
 One who from nature, or from reason strays?
 There's no cross husband now, no wrangling wife,
 The man is downright ignorant of life.
 'Tis the Millennium this—devoid of guile,
 Our gentle Truth, and white-rob'd Candour smile.
 From every breast the sordid love of gold
 Banish'd quite—no boroughs now are sold!
 May tell me, Sirs—(for I don't know I vow)
 Is there such a thing as gaming now?
 No Peers make laws against that giant vice,
 And then at Arthur's break them in a trice?
 No—no—our lives are virtuous all, austere and hard;
 Ay, Ladies, do you ever see a card?
 Those empty boxes shew you don't love plays;
 The Managers, poor souls! get nothing now-a-days.
 Where you come—by chance—but once a week,
 The Pit can witness that you never speak:
 Five attention sits with decent mien;
 No paint, no naked shoulders to be seen!
 And yet this grave, this moral, pious age,
 Can learn one useful lesson from the Stage.
 A strife, ye Fair, and once a contest d'er,
 To blaze the dying flame no more—
 A fierce debate fly all the tender loves,
 Venus cries, Coachman—Put to my doves,
 A genial bed no blooming grace prepares,
 Every day becomes a day of cares.

A NEVER-FAILING BEAUTY WASH to be used the Year round.

In a Letter from a Lady of Distinction to Mrs.

MADAM,

AS you seem so intent on improving the personal charms of your already amiable daughter, I can no longer delay answering your letter.---You would be glad, you say, of a receipt to make a Wash; but it must be perfectly innocent. What I recommend, Madam, is truly so, and will greatly beautify and preserve her complexion.

Pray let her observe the following Rules:---In the morning fair water is to be used as a preparatory; after which she must abstain from all sudden gusts of passion, particularly envy, as that gives the skin a fallow paleness. It may seem trifling to talk of temperance, yet must this be attended to both in eating and drinking, if she would avoid those pimples, for which the advertised Washes are a boasted cure. Instead of *rouge* let her use moderate exercise, which will excite a natural bloom in her cheeks, not to be imitated by art. Ingenuous candour, and unaffected good humour, will give an openness to her countenance that will make her universally agreeable. A desire of pleasing will add fire to her eyes, and breathing the morning air at sun-rise will give her lips a vermillion hue. That amiable vivacity, which she now possesses, may be happily heightened and preserved, if she avoids late hours and card playing, but not otherwise for the first gives the face a drowsy disagreeable aspect, and the last is the mother of wrinkles.---A white hand is a very desirable ornament, and a hand can never be white unless it be kept clean; nor is this all; for if the young lady does not excell her companions in this respect, she must keep her hands in constant motion, which will occasion the blood to circulate freely, and have a wonderful effect. The motion I would recommend, is working at her needle, or some other useful exercise. It was the industry of our grandmothers which gave Kneller an opportunity of gratifying his sterility with the view of so many fine hands and arms in incomparable portraits.---A few words more and I have done.---Let her preserve an unaffected neatness in her apparel; her fortune will permit her to dress elegantly; but her good sense should always prevent her from descending to gaudiness; which strikes the eyes of the ignorant,

disgrace

gusts those of true taste and discernment; besides, Ma-
 am, your daughter has so many natural charms, that she
 have no occasion to wear cloaths that will attract all
 the attention of the multitude. She possesses more beauties
 than she is acquainted with, which is no small addition to
 her merit; but how can it be otherwise, when she is your
 daughter and has your example to imitate? I am, &c.

MOROSUS REFLECTIONS on the *Instability* *of Wordly Grandeur.*

A N alehouse-keeper near Islington, who had long lived
 at the sign of the French King, upon the commence-
 ment of the last war with France, pulled down his old sign,
 and put up the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence
 of her red face, and gold sceptre, he continued to sell ale,
 and she was no longer the favourite of his customers: He
 changed her, therefore, some time ago for the King of Prus-
 sia, who may probably be changed in turn for the next great
 man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration.

Our Publican, in this, imitates the Great exactly, who
 call out their figures, one after the other, to the gazing
 crowd beneath them. When we have sufficiently wondered
 at one, that is taken in, and another exhibited in its room,
 which seldom holds its station long; for the mob are ever
 pleased with variety.

I must own I have such an indifferent opinion of the vul-
 gar, that I am ever led to suspect that merit which raises
 their shout; at least I am certain to find those great, and
 sometimes good men, who find satisfaction in such acclama-
 tions, made worse by it; and history has too frequently
 taught me, that the head which was grown this day giddy
 with the roar of the million, has the very next been fixed
 upon a pole.

As Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neigh-
 bourhood of Rome, which had been just evacuated by the
 enemy, he perceived the townsmen busy in the market-place,
 pulling down from a gibbet a figure which had been de-
 signed to represent himself. There were also some knock-
 ing down a neighbouring statue of one of the Orsini family,
 with whom he was at war, in order to put up Alexander's
 effigy, when taken down, in its place. It is possible a man,
 who knew less of the world, would have condemned the
 action of those barefaced flatterers; but Alexander

seemed pleased at their zeal, and turning to Borgia, his son, said with a smile, *Vides mi fili quoniam leve discrimen inter palibulum et statuum.* "You see, my son, the small difference between a gibbet and a statue." If the great could be taught a lesson, this might serve to teach them upon how weak foundation their glory stands, which is built upon popular applause; for as such praise that seems like merit, they quickly condemn what has only the appearance of guilt.

Popular glory is a perfect coquet; her lovers must feel every inquietude, indulge every caprice, and perhaps at last be jilted into the bargain. True glory, on the other hand, resembles a woman of sense; her admirers must play no tricks; they feel no great anxiety, for they are sure, in the end, of being rewarded in proportion to their merits. When Swift used to appear in public, he generally had the mob shouting in his train. "Pox take these fools," he would say, "how much joy might all this hollowing give my Lord Mayor."

A Chinese, who had long studied the works of Confucius, who knew the characters of fourteen thousand words and could read a great part of every book that came in his way, once took, it into his head to travel into Europe, to observe the customs of a people whom he thought not very much inferior even to his own countrymen, in the arts of refining upon every pleasure. Upon his arrival at Amsterdam, his passion for letters naturally led him to a bookseller's shop: as he could speak a little Dutch, he civilly asked the bookseller for the work of the immortal Ilixofos. The bookseller assured him, he had never heard the book mentioned before. "What! have you never heard of the immortal poet (returned the other, much surprized), the light of the eyes, that favourite of kings, that rose of perfection. I suppose you know nothing of the immortal P'sihihi, second cousin to the moon? Nothing at all, indeed Sir, (returned the other.) Alas! (cries our traveller) to what purpose, then, has one of these fasted to death, and the other offered himself up as a sacrifice to the Tartar enemy, to gain a renown which has never travelled beyond the precincts of China."

There is scarce a village in Europe and not one university that is not thus furnished with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who opposes the designs of a prince, who would tyrannically force his subjects to

their best cloaths for Sundays; the puffy pedant, who finds one undiscovered property in the Polype, describes an unheeded process in the skeleton of a mole, and whose mind, like his microscope, perceives nature only in detail; the rhymist, who makes smooth verses, and paints to our imagination, when he should only speak to our hearts; all equally fancy themselves walking forward to immortality, and desire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word: Patriot, philosopher, and poet, are shouted in their train. Where was there ever so much merit seen? No time so important as our own; ages, yet unborn, shall gaze with wonder and applause! To such music the important pigmy moves forward, bustling and swelling, and aptly compared to a *puddle in a storm*.

I have lived to see generals and patriots, who once had crowds hallooing after them wherever they went, who were bepraised by news-papers and in magazines, and yet they have long sunk into merited obscurity, with scarce even an epitaph left to flatter. A few years ago the herring-fishery employed all Grub-street; it was the topic in every coffee-house, and the burden of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the sea; we were to supply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At present we hear no more of this. We have fished up very little gold, that I can learn: Nor do we furnish the world with herrings, as was expected. Let us wait a few years longer, and we shall find all our expectations in herring-fishery.

Of the Dominion of the JESUITS in that Part of SOUTH AMERICA, called PARAGUAY, and their Quarrels with the PORTUGUESE.

THE conquest of Mexico and Peru are prodigies of audaciousness: The cruelties exercised in the reduction of those ill-fated countries, the total extermination of the inhabitants of St. Domingo, and of some other of the West-Indian Islands, depicture horror to us in its utmost excess; but the establishment of the Jesuits in the fine country of Paraguay, appears, in many respects, a great triumph over humanity: For this would seem as an invisible appointment of Providence to expiate, in some degree, the barbarities of its first Conquerors.

The Quakers in the Western, and the Jesuits in the Southern

ern parts of America, have exhibited a scene quite new to the world. The Primitives (or Quakers) have softened the manners of the Savages bordering on Pennsylvania: They have instructed them by example only, without infringing, in the least, on their liberty, and have procured them several of the comforts of life, with which they were before unacquainted, by the means of commerce. The Jesuits, it is true, made religion their instrument to deprive the plantations of Paraguay of liberty; but, in return, they polished and rendered them industrious, in such sort as to be enabled to govern a vast tract of territory, with the same ease and facility a convent can be governed in Europe. It hence appears, the Quakers have been the most just; the Jesuits the most politic. The first have considered the very idea of enslaving their neighbours, in a heinous light; the others have arrogated it as a great virtue, to overcome Savages by the ways of mildness and instruction.

Paraguay is an extensive country, situated between the kingdoms of Brazil, Peru, and Chili. The Spaniards rendered themselves masters of the coasts, and built the town of Buenos Ayres, a place of great commerce, on the banks of the River of Plate (Rio del Plata;) but however powerful they might have been, their number was too inconsiderable to reduce so many nations dwelling in the midst of forests. An acquisition of new subjects, in the reduction of these nations, was necessary to them, to facilitate the communication between Buenos Ayres and Peru. They were assisted more in that conquest by the Jesuits, than they could be by their own soldiers. These Missionaries penetrated, by degrees, into the interior parts of the country in the seventeenth century. A few Savages, taken in their infancy, and educated at Buenos Ayres, served them for Guides and Interpreters. Their hardships and fatigues equalled those of the Conquerors of the New World. Religious courage is, at least, equal to the Military. These are never disheartened by any danger: In short, they succeeded in the following manner.

The oxen and sheep that were brought from Europe to Buenos Ayres multiplied to a surprizing degree; of these they brought a great number with them, as also several carts loaded with implements of husbandry and architecture; sowed several plains with the different European corn, and bestowed all on the Savages, who were hereby rendered familiar,

familiar, like beasts taken by a lure. This people was composed of families separate from each other, without any religion, or social intercourse: They were early accustomed to society, by giving them new cares resulting from the productions lately brought amongst them. The Missionaries, assisted by some inhabitants of Buenos Ayres were obliged to instruct them in cultivating the earth, planting corn, burning brick, working up timber, and in framing and constructing houses, &c. so that these men were soon transformed into rational creatures, and became subjects of their benefactors. And if they did not embrace Christianity at once, which they could not comprehend, their children, educated in that religion, became entire good Christians.

The first establishment consisted of fifty families, which, in the year 1750, increased to one hundred thousand. In the space of one century, the Jesuits formed thirty districts, which they called the *Country of the Missions*; each of which contain, to this time, about ten thousand inhabitants. A Cordelier, named Florentin, who passed through Paraguay in 1711, and who, in every page of the account of his travels, testifies great admiration of this government, so new and uncommon, says, that the plantation of St. Xaverius alone, where he sojourned a considerable time, contains, at the least, thirty thousand souls. One may conclude, without being mistaken, that the Jesuits have gained themselves four hundred thousand subjects, by the sole expedient of religious persuasion.

If any thing can give us a proper idea of that colony, it is the ancient government of Lacedemon. In this country of the Missions every thing is in common. Their neighbours of Peru know nothing of gold or silver. The chief merit of a Spartan consisted in his obedience to the laws of Lycurgus, and that of a Paraguean to those of the Jesuits. Both States resemble each other nearly in every respect, except that the Paragueans have no slaves to sow their corn or cut down their timber, as the Spartans had, they being themselves all slaves to the Jesuits.

This country, in spiritual matters, is dependent indeed on the Bishops, and in temporals on the Governor of Buenos Ayres, and is subject to the Kings of Spain, in like manner as the countries of Plate (la Plata) and Chili; but the Jesuits, founders of the Paraguean colony, have hitherto maintained themselves in the absolute government of the people

people they civilized. They give the King of Spain a piaſtre annually for each of their ſubjects, which is paid to the Governor of Buenos Ayres, either in wares, or money, for they reſerve this precious metal to themſelves, never permitting their people to touch any. This is the only mark of vaffalage or ſubjection the Spaniſh government has thought proper to require. The Governor of Buenos Ayres can neither ſend amongſt them any officer civil or military, nor the Biſhop any Curate.

It was once endeavoured to ſend two Curates to the plantations of Our Lady of the Faith, and to that of St. Ignatius: The precaution was even taken to eſcort them thither by ſoldiers. The people inſtantly abandoned their habitations, and ſcattered themſelves throughout the other Cantons, ſo that the two Curates, being left quite alone, were obliged to return to Buenos Ayres.

A ſucceeding Biſhop, irritated at this adventure, reſolved to eſtabliſh the common Hierarchy, or Order of Prieſthood, all over the country of the Miſſions; he invited all the Eccleſiaſticks under his juriſdiction to repair to him, and receive their ſpiritual commiſſions: Not one durſt appear. Theſe notable tranſactions are related to us by the Jeſuits themſelves, in their apologetic Memoirs. They remain, then, abſolute maſters in the ſpiritual, and not leſs ſo in the more intereſting part of government.-----They permit the Governor to ſend his officers into Peru through the country of the Miſſions, but their ſtay in it muſt not exceed three days. They are not to ſpeak to any of the inhabitants; and, although they appear under the King's authority, they are, in reality, treated with the diffidence of ſuſpected ſtrangers. The Jeſuits, who have ever artfully worn the moſt ſpecious outward appearances, have made motives of piety their pretext to juſtify this conduct, which, however, might be more properly conſtrued into inſult and diſobedience. They declared to the Council of the Indies, at Madrid, that they could not receive a Spaniard into their provinces, leſt it ſhould corrupt the manners of the Paragueans; and that pretence, ſo little to the honour of their Mother Country, was admitted by the Kings of Spain, who have never been able to avail themſelves of any ſervices of this people, but on the ſingular terms juſt before-mentioned; terms diſhonouring to ſuch a haughty, yet faithful a nation as Spain.

[To be concluded in our next.]

CONCLUSION of the Government of the *Jesuits in Paraguay*,
in *South America*.

The manner in which this government (of Paraguay) the only one of the kind on earth, is administered, is as follows. The Provincial Jesuit (or Governor of each Province) assisted by his Council, digests the laws; and every Rector, aided by another Council, enforces the observation of them: An Attorney in behalf of the Government (*Procureur Fiscal*) to prosecute in all causes of a public nature, is chosen out of the inhabitants of each district. This Law-Officer has under him a Lieutenant. These too make every day the bounds of their Jurisdiction, and apprise the Superior Jesuit of every thing that passes.

All the people work; those of each trade or calling assemble and work together, in presence of Superintendants appointed by the Fiscal. The Jesuits supply the hemp, cotton, and wool, that the inhabitants fabricate. They also supply the grain that is sown and gathered in common. The crop is laid up in public magazines or granaries. What is necessary is distributed to each family; and the remainder sold at Buenos Ayres, or in Peru.

These people have also considerable flocks. They cultivate corn, pulse, indigo, cotton, hemp, sugar-canes, jamp, ipecacuana, but especially the plant called the Herb of Paraguay, a kind of tea, much in request in the southern parts of America, (in our colonies called South-Sea Tea) and with which there is a considerable traffic carried on. In return, they bring home money and wares: These last the Jesuits distribute, and employ the gold and silver in the decoration of their churches, and for the support of their government. In every district they have an arsenal; and on fixed days arms are given to such of the inhabitants as understand the use of them. A Jesuit directs the exercise, which is regularly performed, and the arms brought back to the arsenal; the inhabitants not being permitted to keep any in their houses. The same principles, that have conduced to make these people the most submissive subjects, have, at the same time, formed them into excellent soldiers, thinking it their indispensable duty both to obey and fight. Their assistance has been several times wanted, to check the incroachments

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of the Portuguese of Brasil, the depredations of a banditti called Mamelus, as also of a race of Indians called Mosquitos: The Jesuits always conducted them (acting as Generals) in these expeditions, and they have fought with order, courage, and success.

In 1662, when the Spaniards besieged the town of St. Sacramento, of which the Portuguese possessed themselves, and that was attended with such uncommon circumstances, a Jesuit led 4000 Paragueans to the assault, who soon carried the place. I cannot pass over an incident which shews that these Religious, accustomed to command, knew more of the art of war than the Governor of Buenos Ayres, who was at the head of the army. This General was desirous to have some rows of horses placed before the soldiers destined for the assault, to the end that the fire of the enemy's artillery, spending it's force on these animals, the men might present themselves at the breach with less risque: The Jesuit demonstrated the ridicule and danger of such an expedient, and caused the attack to be made according to the proper rules.

The manner in which these people have fought in behalf of Spain sufficiently evinces they could defend themselves against her power; and that it would be a dangerous experiment to endeavour altering their government. Nothing is more certain, than that the Jesuits have to this present time formed an empire in Paraguay, 400 leagues in circumference, and which is capable of being further considerably extended.

Though submitted in appearance to the King of Spain, themselves are the Kings in reality; and, perhaps, the best obeyed of any Princes on earth. They have been at once Fundators, Legislators, Pontiffs, and Sovereigns.

An Empire formed on such an odd, out-of-the way constitution in another hemisphere, displays an effect the more distant from its true cause, than hath ever yet appeared in the world. We have seen Monks become Princes time immemorial, here in our little Europe; but they have attained this elevated degree of grandeur, so opposite to their vocation, by progressive steps natural enough: They got at first extensive estates, which in time became fiefs and principalities, as other estates have done. But in Paraguay nothing was given to the Jesuits: They made themselves Sovereigns without affecting to be the proprietors of a single acre of land

and all this was of their own doing. They at last, however, abused their power, and lost a great part of it; for when Spain ceded the town of St. Sacramento, and its extensive dependencies, to Portugal, the Jesuits had the boldness to oppose that agreement. The people they governed refused submitting to the dominion of the Portuguese, so that they resisted equally their old and new masters.

If the *Abridged Relation* (Relacio Abbreviadi) is to be credited, the Portuguese General of the Jesuits (d'Andrada) wrote to him of Spain (Valderios) that "the Jesuits are the only rebels. Their Indians made two several attacks on the Portuguese fortress of du Pardo, with an artillery exceedingly well served, &c." The same account adds, that these Indians decapitated their prisoners, and brought their heads in triumph to the Jesuits who commanded them; but this is not probable. What is more certain is, that their province of St. Nicholas revolted in 1757, and sent 13,000 combatants into the field, under the orders of two Jesuits, Lamp and Thadeo. This was the origin of a report current that year, that a Jesuit made himself King of Paraguay, assuming the title of Nicholas the 1st.

Whilst these Monks waged war in America against the Kings of Spain and Portugal, their brethren in Europe were confessors to those Princes. But at last they were accused of rebellion and parricide at Lisbon, were expelled Portugal in 1758, and underwent violent storms at the Court of Madrid. They were also driven from all the Portuguese colonies in America; but they still remain the sole masters of the Spanish Paraguay, into which it is exceedingly difficult to penetrate. Thus they still divide the Sovereign authority with the Kings of Spain, in an immense extent of territory. It is perhaps the only example of dominion, as acquired, to be found in the history of the universe.

Extracts from the Dialogues on the Uses of Foreign Travel; considered as part of an Englishman's Education; between Lord SHAFTSBURY and Mr. LOCKE. By the Editor of Moral and Political Dialogues.

THE principal subject of these Dialogues is not travelling in general, but early travel, between the age of sixteen and twenty one; and the commendable drift of the

Author is to divert English parents, if possible, from sending raw, ignorant, ungovernable boys, under shallow, servile, interested tutors, either to travel, or to study at a foreign University. Lord Shaftesbury (Author of the *Characteristicks*) is made the advocate for early travel; and is opposed by Mr. Locke. The heads of Lord S's principal arguments are as follow.

Ignorance and barbarity are the parents of the most and the worst vices. Conceit, pride, bigotry, ferocity, inhumanity, cruelty, are the proper issue of the human mind, under these circumstances. And no method has been found so effectual to enlarge the mind and cure it, at once, of all prejudices, as a knowledge of the world, acquired in the way of society and general conversation. By a free prospect of the differences subsisting between different nations each gets quit of his own vices; and those of others, presenting themselves to our unbiassed observation, are not so readily entertained, or do not cling so fast to us, as what have grown up with us.

We of this country have a more than ordinary occasion for the benefits of foreign travel. And the reason of the thing shews, they cannot be obtained too soon. Young minds are the fittest to take the ply of civility and good manners. Can there be any thing more ridiculous than the idiot prejudices of our home-bred gentlemen; which shew themselves, whenever their own dear island comes, in any respect, to be the topic of conversation? What wondrous conceits of their own prowess, wisdom, nay, of their manners and politeness! Nay, their foolish prepossession extends to their very soil and climate.

But this is the least inconvenience of their home-breeding. How many low habits and sordid practices grow up in our youth of fortune, and even of quality, from the influence of their family, or at best provincial, education? They retain so much of their Saxon or Norman character, that their noblest passion is that of the chase; and their fond pursuit, a horse-race, or other rustic diversion. Their ideas are all taken from the stable or kennel; and they have hardly words for any other sort of conversation. In conjunction with this habit, or in direct consequence of it, they plunge themselves into the brutalities of the Boar and Table. Having little use of the faculty of thinking

or discoursing on any reasonable subject, they care not how soon they disable themselves for either. To this end, their Surloins are of sovereign effect: And if any spark of the divine particle be still unsubdued, they quench it forthwith in the strongest wines, or which suits their taste and design best, in their own country liquor. This sottish debauch leads to others. My young master will be denied no animal gratification. And thus low intrigues, and vulgar amours follow of course, in which the sum of his refined pleasures is at length compleated. The rest of his life runs on in this drowzy tenour; unless perhaps you except those intervals, which can hardly be called lucid, when his half-closed understanding seems stunned, rather than awakened, by party-rage, election-bustle, and the noise of faction.

But suppose our young gentleman to have escaped this sordid taste; suppose him to have been well whipped thro' one of our publick schools, and to come full fraught at length, with Latin and Greek, from his college. You see him now, on the verge of the world, and just ready to step into it. But, good heavens, with what principles and manners! His spirit broken by the servile awe of pedants, and his body unfashioned by the genteeler exercises! Bring but one of these grown boys into a circle of well-bred people, such as his rank and fortune entitle him, and in a manner oblige him to live with; his aukward attempts at civility would provoke laughter, if again, his rustic-painful bashfulness did not excite one's pity. What wonder if the young man, under these circumstances, is glad to shrink away, as soon as possible, from so constraining a situation, and to seek the low society of his inferiors, at least of such as himself among his equals, where he can be at ease, and give a loose to his unformed and disorderly behaviour!

The acquaintance and familiarity of men of eminent parts and genius, are another considerable benefit resulting from this way of foreign education.

But still there are higher things in view, from travelled culture and education. What say you to that supreme accomplishment, a Knowledge of the World? By a Knowledge of the World, I mean that which results from the observation of men and things; from an acquaintance with the customs, and usages of other nations; from some insight into their policies, government, religion.

I know

I know this science is too difficult to be perfectly acquired; but by long habit and mature reflection: But it must be allowed me at the same time, that so important a study cannot be entered upon too soon. Let a young man be taught to give an early attention to the manners of men, to observe their dispositions, to inspect and analyze their characters. What a field is here for an intelligent young man, assisted by the superior lights and experience of an able governor!

I shall be allowed, I hope to lay some stress on the Liberal Arts. It is notorious enough how backward we have been, and still are [in 1700] in all these elegant and muse-like applications? But the likeliest way to quicken the growth of these studies, is to turn our attention from the bad models of our own country, and enter into a free commerce and generous struggle, as it were, with our more advanced neighbours. Policy, as well as philosophy, is on the side of these studies. Who can doubt their virtue in softening and refining the manners of a people? Or, to take policy in its vulgar sense, where would be the hurt, if Britain were the seat of Arts and Letters, as well as of trade and liberty? Then might we be travelled to, in our turn, as our neighbours are at present; and our country amidst its other acquisitions, be also enriched; I use the word in its proper, not metaphorical sense, with a new species of commerce. Not to insist, that the ascendant which one nation takes over another in all public concerns, is very much owing to this pre-eminence of taste and politeness, to its acknowledged superiority, I may say, in the literate and virtuoso character.

The contemplation of these defects, carries me to the source and fountain of them all. Time was, when Philosophy herself could appear with grace even in courts; when the great and noble, nay, and Princes themselves, were not ashamed to be of her train, but frequented her studious schools and walks, and were even ambitious of her company in their hours of leisure and recreation. See now to what unpractised cells and ignoble societies she is degraded! her graceful form faded and shrunk; her ingenuous, sprightly air deadened into I know-not-what gloom and austerity of the cloister; her liberal manner soured into disdain and hate; her persuasive voice, which spoke the language of the Gods, broken into untuned numbers and discordant harshness; and her very sense corrupted into empty sophisms and unintelligible jargon.

[To be concluded in our next.]

WHEN their MAJESTIES were at *Covent Garden Theatre*, accompanied by their Serene and Royal Highnesses the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF BRUNSWICK, and others of the ROYAL FAMILY, to see the last *New Comedy*, called *No One's Enemy but his Own*, and the revived *Pantomime of Perseus and Andromeda*, it concluded with a *New Masque* of Singing and Dancing, called *The Arcadian Nuptials*, which was received with great Applause.

The following PASTORAL DIALOGUE, was sung, then, by Mr. BEARD and Miss HALLAM.

COLLIN and PHILLIS.

COLLIN.

HARK! Hark! o'er the Plains, what glad tumults we hear!
How gay all the *Nymphs* and the *Shepherds* appear!
With myrtles and roses new-deck'd are the bowers,
And every bush bears a garland of flowers.
I can't, for my life, what it means, understand;
There's some *Rural Festival* surely at hand.
Nor *Harvest* nor *Sheep-bearing*, now can take place----
But *Phillis* will tell me the truth of the case.

PHILLIS.

The truth, honest lad! ---- Why you surely should know
What rites are prepar'd in the village below;
Where gallant young *Thyrsis*, so fam'd and ador'd,
Weds *DAPHNE*, the sister of *CORIN*, our Lord.
That *DAPHNE*, whose beauty, good-nature, and ease,
All fancies can strike, and all judgments can please;
That *CORIN* ---- but praise must the matter give o'er,
You know what he is, and I need say no more.

COLLIN.

Young *Thyrsis* too claims; all that honour can lend;
His *Countryman's Glory*, their *Champion* and *Friend*;
Tho' such slight Memorials scarce speak his Deserts;
And, trust me, his name is engrav'd on their hearts.

PHILLIS.

PHILLIS.

But hence to the *Bridal*, behold how they throng;
 Each *Shepherd* conducting his *Sweetheart* along;
 The joyous occasion all nature inspires
 With tender affections, and cheerful desires.

DUETTO.

Ye pow'rs, that o'er conjugal union preside,
 All-gracious look down on the *Bridegroom* and *Bride*:
 That *Beauty*, and *Virtue*, and *Valour* may shine,
 In a race, like themselves, with no end to the line:
 Let honour, and glory, and riches, and praise,
 Unceasing attend them, thro' numerous days:
 And while in a *Palace* fate fixes their lot,
 Oh! may they live easy as those in a *Cot*.

SEMI-CHORUS of NYMPHS,

While the Dancers are winding the wreaths of flowers about the
Bridegroom and *Bride*.
 Fast the blooming *Virgins* tye,
 No thorns beneath the roses lye.

SEMI-CHORUS of SWAINS.

Round the *hero* swiftly move!
 Glory bind to sacred love.

GRAND CHORUS as the dance concludes.

Bless'd for ever may they be!
 Ever bound, yet ever free.

AN EPI TAPH.

BENEATH an Infant sleeping lies,
 To earth its ashes lent,
 But shall again more glorious rise,
 Tho' not more innocent:
 When the Arch-angel's trumpet sounds
 And souls to bodies join,
 What crouds would wish their lives below,
 Had been as short as thine

CONCLUSION of the Extracts from the Dialogues on the
Uses of Foreign Travel.

In some such way as this, were I at liberty to pursue the figured speech, and to adopt the higher tone of the ancient masters, would I presume to represent the present state of Erudition, as we see it managed in certain sublime seats and authorized nurseries amongst us. And would you invite our liberal and noble youth to resort thither? Could you expect that their minds could ever be formed and tutored by such pedants, in a way that could fit them for the real practice of the world and of mankind?

In the second Dialogue, Mr. Locke is the chief speaker, and answers his Lordship's arguments one by one.

You have laboured, my Lord, with much plausibility, to persuade us, That the only reasonable education is that which fits a man for the commerce of the world. Your Lordship it may be, in your sublime view of things, is projecting to make of your Pupil, what is called, in the widest sense of the terms, a Citizen of the world. But, first, if you please, let us provide that he be a worthy citizen of England. This small island of our's is that world, in which he is to play his part. I require, then, that his mind be early and thoroughly seasoned with the principles of virtue and religion: That he be trained, by a strict discipline, to the command of his temper and passions: That his ambition be awakened, or rather directed, to its right object, the Public Good; and, to that end, that his soul be fired with the love of excellence and true honour: Above all, That he have a reverence for the legal constitution of his country, and a fervent affection for the great community, to which he belongs. I require, in the next place, that he have a ready and familiar use, at least, of the Latin tongue (your Lordship I know will add, and of the Greek; but in this I am not so peremptory) That he be competently instructed in the elements of science, as well as what are called polite letters: That, especially, he be well grounded in the principles of morals, public and private: That he have made a thorough acquaintance with the history of his own country, and with its constitution Civil and

Ecclesiastical: That he have a general insight into the history of the world, antient and modern: Above all, That he have a well exercised understanding; I mean, that he be taught to reason clearly and consequentially upon any subject; and, farther, to put all these abilities to use, that he have a ready command of his own language, and the power of expressing himself, whether in writing or speaking, with ease and peripicuity, at least, if not with elegance. But these things, it is not possible to attain in the way of *foreign Travel*. Consider, first of all, the unavoidable waste of time; of that time which is the most proper for making the acquisitions I speak of. Consider, next, the dissipation of mind attending on this itinerant education. But were no account to be had of the loss of time, or of this dissipated turn of mind, his attention is wasted on things either frivolous or unimportant. His first business is to make himself perfect in the forms of breeding, which he finds in use among those he lives with. His next concern, is to acquire a readiness in the languages of Europe; or, to shorten his labour as much as possible, at least in the French language. If any thing farther employ his attention, it is perhaps a little virtuosity. He inquires after fine pictures, fine statues, fine buildings.

The first fire of your zeal, my Lord, is spent on that swarm of prejudices, with which our English, or at least provincial, youth are commonly over-run. If by prejudices you mean *vicious principles*, properly so called; these, it is certain, must be rooted up, and the sooner the better; But then there is no need of crossing the seas for the benefit of such an operation.

As to the low, sordid, and immoral habits, which strike into the lives and manners of our youth, your Lordship had done well to shew what there is in a foreign air that is so propitious to good habits, as that none but such can thrive in it; or, if there be a mixture of good and bad, as with us, how your traveller shall be secured against an ill choice?

The aukward bashfulness of a young man is a sin which, I know, admits of no expiation in good company. However, what good company will not pardon, it will soon remove. And, till that blessed time comes, let it *first* be considered that the modesty of an ingenuous youth, though a terrible

rible vice in itself, is yet favourable to some virtues. It is full of deference and respect; it preserves innocence; nourishes emulation; and, till reason be of age to take the rein into her hands, suspends and controuls all the passions. Bashfulness is but the passage from one season of life to another; and, as the body is then the least graceful, when the limbs are making their last efforts, and hastening to their just proportion, so the manners are the least easy and disengaged, when the mind, conscious and impatient of it's imperfections, is stretching all it's faculties to their full growth. They are the Ladies only, or chiefly, that have affixed such an idea of merit to this envied quality of good-breeding; and, as appearances are thought to sway full enough with that delicate sex, they may perhaps have advanced the credit of it something higher than such an accomplishment deserves. What there is of use or beauty in polite carriage will come of itself, with a little experience of the world and good company.

With regard to the *knowledge of the world*, can your Lordship seriously expect that a *young* boy should comprehend the effect which government, policy, institution, and other circumstances of life have on the pliant reason of mankind? or, that he should have the skill to disentangle the various folds and intricacies in which their real characters lie involved through the insidious and discordant working of the passions, even on the supposition that he were admitted into what is called, the best company? But how shall this privilege be obtained? In what country can it be thought that the politeness of eminent men will condescend to a free and intimate communication with boys, of whatever promising hopes or illustrious quality? Certain slight and formal civilities, your Lordship knows, are the utmost that can be looked for. But if, by uncommon sagacity and good luck, some acquaintance should be made with superior persons, and some little insight at length be gained into their real characters; of what mighty advantage will this be in life, when their business lies amongst other men; and when the same industry and attention had brought them acquainted with the characters of those, they must act and live with?

The affair of *knowing the world*, is, of all others, the nicest and most momentous step that it made in

Education. A young man, they tell us, must know the world; therefore, say they, push him into it at once, that he may acquire that knowledge, which his own experience, and not another's must teach him. I, on the other hand, take upon me to say, therefore keep him out of that world, as long as you can; and when you let him into some knowledge of it, do it seasonably, gradually, and circumspectly: Take the veil off from some parts, and leave it still upon others: Paint what he does not see, and hint at more than you paint: Confine him, at first, to the best company, and prepare him to make allowances even for the best: Preserve in his breast the love of excellence, and encourage in him the generous sentiments, he has so largely imbibed and so perfectly relishes; yet temper, if you can, his zeal with candour; insinuate to him the prerogative of such a virtue as his, so early formed and so happily cultivated; and bend his reluctant spirit to some aptness of pity towards the ill-instructed and the vicious: By degrees open to him the real condition of that world, to which he is approaching; yet so as present to him, at the same time, the certain inevitable misery of conforming to it: Last of all, shew him some examples of that vice, which he must learn to bear in others, though detest in himself; watch the effect these examples have upon him; and, as you find his dispositions incline, fortify his abhorrence of vice, or excite his commiseration of the vicious: In a word, inform the minds of youth with such gradual intelligence as may prepare them to see the world without surprize, and live in it without danger.

People speak of a knowledge of the world, as what may be acquired at any time, and, for its importance, cannot be acquired too soon. Alas! they forget that a long and careful preparation is necessary before we are qualified so much as to enter on this task. But where, you will ask, shall this mighty work of preparation be carried? Why, in his college; in a friend's, or his father's house; any where, in short, rather than in a foreign country, where every wholesome restraint is taken off, and the young mind left a prey to every ill impression.

The last argument your Lordship offered in behalf of foreign travel, arose out of the benefits, supposed to attend the cultivation of the fine arts. But I take these studies, when entered upon in early youth, and proposed as matters

of

of serious pursuit and application, to have the most pernicious tendency; as breaking the nerves and force of the mind, and inspiring I know not what of a trifling and superfluous vanity.

After all I have said, your Lordship is not to conclude that I am wholly bent against foreign travel. For, though I esteem it idleness, and something worse, for a young boy to waste his prime and most precious years in sauntering round Europe, yet I know what ends of wisdom and of virtue may be answered by a capable man's survey of it. But then, my Lord, I reckon that capacity at no vulgar rate. He must be of worth and consideration enough to be received into the wisest, nay the greatest, company. His natural insight into men and things must be quick and penetrating. His faculties must all be at their height; his studies matured; and his reading and observation extensive. With these accomplishments, if a man of rank and fortune can find leisure to employ a few years among the neighbouring nations, I readily agree his voyage may turn out to his own benefit, and to that of his country.

You conclude, upon the whole, my Lord, for the expediency of foreign travel, from the acknowledged defects of our authorized seats of learning; which, according to your Lordship's idea and representation of them, are so degenerate and depraved, that nothing of worth and value can be reasonably expected from that quarter. This, after all, is your main reason for advising a foreign education. Your spite is to our Universities.

[Here Mr. Locke proceeds to apologize for our Universities from the consideration of the time of their institution; and the inconvenience of departing from established rules: But, he adds, much of what was wrong in the constitution of our Universities has been remedied by time, and that desuetude which attends upon it; and all that is worth acquiring in foreign schools of learning, there is, at least, an equal chance of meeting with at home; and what should be avoided, may, nay must, with more probability, be encountered abroad. Mr. Locke next considers Lord S.'s objections to clergy-tutors for youth; and concludes with a prophetic delineation of what our Universities would one day be, and what we may suppose they, in a great measure, are

are now, after the lapse of above half a century.----But this part of the author's work will ill bear abridging; we therefore refer our readers for it to the book itself.]

THE late Lord Melcomb-Regis, when Mr. Doddington, having permitted a certain writer of verses to dedicate a volume of poems to him; and put the author to some expence in directing him to cancel the dedication, when the whole impression was printed off, and to draw up another with certain compliments, the heads of which his lordship was pleased to furnish; he took no further notice of him, except that he shewed him his house, at Hammer-smith, with great ostentation. The disappointed bard, to whose circumstances, and very good character, his lordship was no stranger, sent him the following copy of verses, which, being delivered to him by the hands of lady H-----, produced a handsome present.

To the Right Honourable GEORGE BUB DODDINGTON,

TIMOTHY TAGWELL, haberdasher of Dedications, and dealer in verse and prose, takes the liberty to bring in his bill---And his reasons for so doing

He thus humbly shews.

Right honourable, and so forth,

whereas 'tis confess'd,

By all men, that you have wit, learning and taste,
Beneficence surely, in certain degree,
On such worth should attend, and wait even on me;
But some cloud of forgetfulness, as it should seem,
Having shaded poor *Tim* from the warmth of it's beam;
He now craves your leave-----tho' it may make you stare-----
To send you in writing, your late bill of fare.

For poets, in this, bear a semblance to cooks,
'Tis for such as will pay, that they dish up their books;
I could bring still more reasons, but, Sir, -- *ne quid nimis*---
Here the articles follow, fairly stated--- *Imprimis*; ---

For

For the cost I am at to draw out such a bill,
You are debtor in equity ----- just what you will.
But, Sir, now alas! for a rhyme I must strain hard,
Serve me not as a cardinal once serv'd poor Maynard,
And in truth it would bring deep disgrace on the nation,
Should a Doddington fall into French imitation.

Then *Item*, for trudging in all sorts of weather;
Two hundred and fifty times, all put together;
To my friend, Dr. Thompson, up two pair of stairs,
Who with hopes of your bounty oft lull'd all my cares.

Item,
For dedications two, both which were receiv'd,
And read too, *in seeret*, or much I'm deceiv'd.

Item,
For bringing together, Young, Thompson, Voltaire,
As friends of your choice, and as plants of your care.

Item,
For speeches in parliament, prais'd upon trust,
Tho' hear them I cou'd not, yet praise them I must,
Since talk'd of with wonder----and echo'd around,
They came to my ears at the hundredth rebound.

Item,
For two books, all flaunting in silk and scarlet,
Tis confess'd a beau's finery may oft hide a varlet.

Item,
For charge of invention, to praise as I ought,
The pictures you've fram'd and the marbles you've bought,
And praises to match things so precious and rare,
Cost more than we *Poets*, for *nothing*, can spare.

Then last for the fame you already have gain'd,
Which must by the means it first rose be maintain'd,
It was that drew me in---I should sorely be griev'd,
To be the first creditor ever deceiv'd.

There are many more *Items*, besides, I could score,
But it would be tedious to teize you with more;
So I'll close with observing, that paper and print,
And stamping the whole in poetical mint,
Hath been very expensive----and yet not a cross,
We receiv'd to the credit of profit and loss.

An

An ELEGY on a TALLOW CANDLE.

Pensive I lay, e'en from the dead of night,
 Until the sun his daily course began,
 Reflecting on the Candle's wasting light,
 And moraliz'd the fate of mortal man.

White and unsully'd was that cotton wick,
 When from the chandler first to me it came;
 Behold how black! the greasy drops how thick!
 Such colour takes it from imparted flame.

Such is the youth, of manners strict and pure,
 Till led by vice he quits his reason's guide;
 By flattery drawn he slops to vice's lure,
 And from the paths of reason wanders wide.

His passions melt, his manly vigour faints,
 Nor mourns he ought his former vigour gone,
 For foul society his former moral stains,
 And mother Douglas marks him for her own.

The fool who sells his freedom for a smile,
 Or for a ribband barter peace of mind,
 Like wasting wicks just glimmers for a while,
 Then dies in smoke, and leaves a stink behind.

The many perils that ambition wait,
 When soaring high, we still the lower fall,
 Are but the Snuffers of expiring light,
 And Death's the grand Extinguisher of all.

EPITAPH on CLAUDY PHILIPS, MUSICIAN.

PHILIPS, whose touch harmonious cou'd remove
 The pangs of guilty pow'r, and hapless love,
 Here sleeps---distress'd by poverty no more---
 Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before:
 Rest undisturb'd, within this peaceful shrine,
 Till Angels wake thee ----- with a Note like thine.

The ATHEIST, an odd Story.

Captain *Mac-ap-Fitz*, had been every thing in his prime; he had kill'd his man, ruin'd his woman, broke his tailor, kick'd waiters out of windows, and humm'd the parsons: He had been, what the world calls a very fine gentleman—a free speaker; quite the thing, as a toast-master, and one of the highest fellows, formerly about Covent Garden. All the women of spirit, both on and off the town, were mad of him: There was not one remarkable club, fit for a genius, and a man of fashion to be admitted into, but he was made a member of that society.

But, alas! as the finest linen may, when grown old, and much worn, be made into tinder, so natural is it for bloods about town, when old, and worn out, with tinder-like constitutions, to twinkle to the last in the same rotten condition.

The Captain had for some time past been a casual dependant on a Publican, for board and lodging; but the poor gentleman, falling sick, was removed out of the ale-house street, and carried into an untenanted house, and an uncured bedstead, a flock bed, and two or three hospital blankets, laid for him to die in.

It is common for chimney-sweepers, to mark a house when is not inhabited, and steal up the first time they find the door open to get the soot away: The maid of the ale-house had, that morning, very early, been to see how the Captain was, because she had dream'd three times of him, the night successfully: Coming down carelessly, she left the jar a-jar; this two chimney-sweep boys saw, and up stairs they darted into the room, where the Captain was, who, the very instant, had taken up the chamber-pot, and kneeling on the bed; but at their appearance, down he fell, sadly frightened, over-set the earthen-ware urinal, and under the bed-cloaths, in a very wet, terrified, and piteous condition. The boys did not mind him, but went about their work up the chimney.

Doctor *Space*, presently came up stairs to see the Captain: they had been many years intimates; the Doctor was a Materialist, and disprover of revealed Religion; a Philosopher, Orator, and Syllogism-maker to the Farthing-fields

Society. Now, although the Physician was a fine Free thinker, because he was a Scholar; the Captain, who was fine gentleman, was no thinker at all, but took his friend's opinion, as he did his medicines, upon trust.

Space, walking up the room, with all imaginable quick consequence, like an over-salary'd Player's strutting Rehearsal, came to the bedside; called out, Captain, Captain Mac-Fitz; the Captain shoving up the the bead-cloaths with his head, discovered under a dirty night-cap his lank cheeks lengthened by the fright, like an optical picture, and large globules of sweat standing in the wrinkles of his forehead like pebbles in a plough furrow,---looking gashfully on his physical friend,---the Doctor seating himself on the bed-side taking hold of his patient's hand, the following Dialogue passed between them.

DOCTOR. My dear Captain Fitz, here is a foetid fume which intrudes itself upon my Olfactories: Pray how do you do?

CAPTAIN. Do---do---Why, I am damn'd, that's all, and you are damn'd, and we are both damn'd, and there are two little devils gone up the chimney, waiting 'till the wind rises, to carry away our souls.

DOCT. Captain, your ideas are coagulated; your Pineal Gland is obnubilated; the Valves of your imagination being too much relaxed to retain contact, you have no lucid Caput.

CAPT. Capot: Yes, yes, it is a Capot, and a Repique too; Lucifer will Repique us, and we are damn'd, I tell you; can't you say one prayer for us both? do, try; perhaps that would drive the devils off for an hour, or two. Stay, I can say some of the Belief myself ----- *As it was in the beginning, is now*---but I cannot go on with it.---Lord, what a Rogue have I been! I must be a fine gentleman, indeed, and cut jokes upon Heaven, just to make the ladies laugh; and now Belzebub will make me howl for ever---I have often said that women have no souls---I wish I had no soul---what will become of me?

DOCT. Captain, I will investigate the Non-entity of your ideas instantaneously,---the soul is nothing more than an exhilarated vapour, which arises from our organs, being in motion, as you will observe smoke issue from the axle-tree

broad-wheel waggon.---As to talking of Devils, it's all fable, and you have the whole romance of it in Paradise Lost.

CAPT. Yes, yes; I have lost Paradise, sure enough---that a miserable Mummer I am; the Devil fetch me.-----LORD forgive me, for saying such wicked words-----if I could live my time over again, before I'd be a Buck, or a blood, or a high Fellow, I'd black shoes. How many fine Women's reputations have I taken away wrongfully?-----I shall be tofs'd upon the points of their Pitch-forks, from the little Devil to another for that.-----How many people's pockets have I pick'd at Picquet, and Billiards.---The Imps will pick out my eyes for that.-----Then I debauch'd my friend's wife, and told of it afterwards.-----They'll pull at my tongue, with red hot pincers, for that.

DOCT. Captain, I intreat attention. ----- Corporeal infirmities are extinguish'd upon a dissolution of the material Organs; therefore succinctly will I elucidate discretely, that such Phantoms are Heterogeneous.

CAPT. O LORD! No more of your unintelligibleness; you used to tell me, there was no Hell, and I was such a fool as to believe you; for I was too fine a fellow to read myself.-----Now what signifies all your arguments, when your two little Devils come to confute them?----If you dispute with them, do:----You used to be an Orator, make Speeches;----do, talk to the brace of diabolical Ambassadors up the Chimney; if they'll take my Parole, three or four years; but they won't, for Belzebub has an action against both of us: I wish some good Christian would give Bail to it.

At that instant, the boys had filled their sack, and dropt it on the hearth:-----the room was instantly filled with foot-dust.-----The Doctor was struck speechless; the Captain once more retreated between the bed-cloaths; creeping out at the feet, bending like a Posture-master, that way under the bed, praying all the while, as well as he could, that they would carry his friend to Hell, without him.

The two boys lugg'd the sack along the room, which the Doctor observed; and turning down the blankets, and not seeing his friend in bed, firmly believed the Devils were carrying him off; and fearing that his turn would come

next, opened the sash, crept out upon the penthouse, and was sliding off into the street; but luckily for him, a baker's boy, with an empty basket on his shoulder, going by, received him; but the weight brought them all to the ground.-----The Doctor crying out, for GOD's sake, help, help, there are two Devils in that house flying away with my friend.

Away a croud run up the stairs, just as the two boys had brought the sack out of the room, to the landing-place but hearing people below, run up a pair of stairs higher and left the sack upright at the door.-----The mob seeing something black stand upon the stair-head, halted, and called a council.-----The Captain, who, by this time, had put his head and two hands from underneath the bed, and look'd like half an overgrown turtle;----at the sound of the human voices got out. His wet shirt was now dirt-dry'd, covered with woolly sweepings; his night-cap off, and hair all frizzled, he look'd like a mad Hottentot. In that figure, barefoot, he padded to the room door----the mob below, seeing him coming, call'd out the Devil, and run down stairs.----He tumbled over the sack, the foot came out after him and all covered with dust, tramped out of doors, and ran over the way. It happened to be a barber's shop, who had just lathered a customer: Confusion immediately took possession of the family----the man in the fluids run one way, the barber another, the prentice hid himself in the necessary house, and the wife crept into the washing-tub; while Captain Fitz, availing himself of this affright, unperceived crept up into the first floor, which was rented by a girl of the town, and she was dead drunk in bed.----Into the bed, however, in that miserable condition the Captain crept; what the girl said when she awoke, nay, the whole dialogue that pass'd between them, *perhaps*, will be published in the next edition of Joe Miller.

The PICTURE of a CHOICE SPIRIT

HAPPENING to be out a few evenings ago with my friends, according to the phrase, we kept it till between one and two; I being elevated with the wine, could not pass by a night-house, always being fond of life, as the term is.

I took my seat by the side of a young fellow of very singular appearance; he was tall and meagre, his countenance pale, his chin peaked, his nose prominent, his eyes red and watry; he seemed very dull and reserved, seldom spoke, and was as seldom regarded when he did.

Presently he was called on by one in an adjacent box, in this manner, *Frank, tip us a chaunt*, which he did, and was offered a draught of purl by way of payment. I was a good deal surprized, to hear an agreeable voice, some judgment, and tolerable expression, with a degree of humour. The company seem'd to treat him in a very free manner, which savour'd of contempt.

I entered into some discourse with him, and found him to be very sensible; from one thing to another, I ask'd him his business, told him I thought it was a pity a man of his sense should be, as he seemed, emaciated with filth and rags; when he began in the following manner;

Sir, I don't wonder at your reflections on my appearance; I am contemptible in my own eyes. My misfortunes are owing to some little natural qualities I possess, which made me what is called an agreeable companion. My friends were trades-people in good circumstances, who gave me an education suitable to the station of life I was intended for. I was put apprentice to a watchmaker, where the journey-men, liking my voice, took me early into company, to divert them and their acquaintance. The praise they bestowed, pleased my vanity so well, that I took more pains to pleasure them, than to learn my business; which being noticed by my master, I was reproved severely, which made me *break my indentures*, and run away. My companions applauded my spirit, and supported me some time; in return for which I exerted my abilities to entertain them, and soon acquired the honourable appellations of a *rum Duke*, a *queer Dog*, and a *choice Spirit*. With them I used to spend my time, and shared in all their Debaucheries, to the no small prejudice of my health and morals. Then my friends forsook me; others springing up, that pleased my old companions more than myself, I was soon discarded by them all.

Now it was, I began to awake out of my former dream, and found myself surrounded with wretchedness, and not able (from what cause is too plain) to support myself by my trade.

trade, and having gained the character of a dirty, lazy fellow, were I qualified, none would have employed me. I am now reduced to a servile dependance on any company I can get into, which is generally that of the lowest; my own reflections are severe, but alas! too late.

I have heard several women assert, that there is more of them ruined by their own sex than by the men; and I verily believe, there is more young fellows brought to want and misery, or even the gallows, by such company, than by that of women's.

What constitutes a TRUE CHRISTIAN.

IT is not the Ceremony used at Baptism, the sprinkling of Water, nor the Promises of our Sponsors in the Presence of God, which constitute the *Christian*: no, 'tis an actual Conformity to the Precepts of our BLESSED LORD, and a sincere Obedience to the Tenets which are laid down in the History of his Life and Miracles.---Nothing can be more absurd, nor in Reality more criminal, than for a Man to aspire at the glorious Title of a CHRISTIAN, who is regardless of the Duties which that Appellation renders indispensably necessary, or attends not to the Obligations which are particularly enjoined by the Name.

With what Propriety, I beg Leave to ask, Can the various Sects of Religion in this Kingdom call themselves CHRISTIANS, when, in the unremitting Hatred which they constantly entertain towards one another, they utterly destroy that universal Principle of Charity which ought to be the Foundation, nay the very Essence, of their Belief?---With what Propriety can he, who is blest with unbounded Affluence, stile himself a CHRISTIAN, if his Ear is turned away from the sigh of affliction, or his Heart unaffected with the Tear of Distress?---CHRISTIANITY obliges him to a constant Relief of the Wretched; and without a Behaviour entirely consonant to the Duties of this Belief, what possible Pretension can he have to a Name that exalts him to a Fellowship with Angels, and lifts him above the Stars?---Will a constant Attendance on the public Place of his Worship, exculpate the Oppressor of the Widow and the Fatherless, or intitle to the CHRISTIAN Name.

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the Villain who infamously lifts a Dagger to the Breast of his Benefactor, or basely strives to murder the Reputation of his Friend?---Can the Betrayer of unsuspecting Innocence think on the Pangs of some violated Virgin, left without assistance, without Comfort, without Bread, exposed to all the Upbraidings of a relentless World, to aggravate the Severity of her own Reflections, and possibly plunged in the additional Misery of having a helpless, little Innocent, and an unalterable Affection for the Monster by whom she is so cruelly undone? I say, can the Perpetrator of an Act like this, sit down calmly, satisfied with the Rectitude of his Behaviour, and think himself as a CHRISTIAN sincerely acquitted to his GOD? Alas! if any Man thus culpable can be so presumptuously daring as to think himself a CHRISTIAN, 'tis doubtful whether he is most a Reprobate or an Idiot.

In every Profession of the Christian Faith there is a Number of good-natured People, who are always uneasy about the Fate of the *Mahometans*, and terribly afflicted lest the ignorant Savages of *America* should not, at the last Day, be received into the Favour of the *Supreme Being*.---These People entertain strange Notions of the Deity, if they can suppose that Power *all-wise, all-merciful, and all-just*, will require, at the Hands of such ignorant Nations, a Knowledge which he has not thought proper to bestow: A Supposition of such a Nature is highly derogatory to the Divine Essence; 'tis a tacit Implication that the *great Father* of the Universe exercises a Severity, which would be cruel in his Creatures but to think of.---No, from such only, as have received much, much is expected; and perhaps at the last Day, Myriads of our *nominal* CHRISTIANS, who look upon the *American* Savages with Pity or Contempt, would give a Hecatomb of Worlds, had they Power to change Situations, and see so little to answer for as them.

The FALL of the LEAF.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd to the ground,
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling
In a sad and solemn sound.

Sons

So *Sons of Adam* once in *Eden*,

When like us he blighted fell,

Hear the lecture we are reading,

'Tis, alas! the truth we tell.

Virgins much, too much presuming,

On your boasted white and red,

View us, late in beauty blooming,

Number'd now among the dead.

Gripping misers nightly waking,

See the end of all your care,

Fled on wings of our own making,

We have left our owners bare.

Sons of honour, fed on praises,

Flutt'ring high in fancy'd worth,

Lo! the sickle air that raises

Brings us down to parent earth.

Learned *Sophs*, in systems jaded,

Who for new ones daily call;

Cease at length, by us persuaded,

Every leaf must have a fall.

Youths, tho' yet no losses grieve you,

Gay in health, and manly grace,

Let not cloudless skies deceive you,

Summer gives to autumn place.

Venerable, fires grown hoary,

Hither turn th' unwilling eye,

Think amidst your falling glory

Autumn tells a winter nigh.

Yearly in our course returning

Messengers of shortest stay,

Thus we preach the truth concerning,

Heaven and earth will pass away.

On the tree of life eternal,

Man, let all-thy hopes be stay'd,

Which alone, for ever vernal,

Bears those leaves that never fade.

III Consequences of eating Bread made of damaged Corn, and of what may be substituted in the Place of Corn-Bread.

IT appears by a Paper lately published in the Philosophical Transactions, that after a very strict enquiry into what might be the cause of the disorder in the family at Wattisham in Suffolk, whose limbs rotted off, the most probable cause that can be assigned is, their having eaten for some time of what is there called *Glog Wheat Rivets*, or Bearded Wheat, that had been damaged: It had been laid and gathered, and threshed separately; it was not mildewed or grown, but discoloured, and smaller than the rest. There is the greater reason to suppose that the dreadful calamity of this family was owing to eating Bread made of damaged Corn; because, according to a Paper lately published by the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, in one year no less than fifty patients were received into one hospital at Orleans, affected with a dry livid gangrene, which begun at the toes, as this in the family at Wattisham did, and advanced more or less, sometimes reaching to the thigh. Mr. Noel, the surgeon of the hospital, and all the Gentlemen of the Academy, were of opinion that the gangrene in these patients was occasioned by eating Bread made of damaged Corn.

These Instances are sufficient to shew how much the Poor may suffer by buying damaged Corn; for though it may not always shew itself in such terrible effects, yet it may well be feared that what corrupts the blood in so great a degree, brings on various and fatal disorders, though in but a few it comes to such a height as to produce gangrenes. It is then to be wished, that the Poor, for the sake of that which is the most precious of all worldly blessings, HEALTH, would take care how they purchase any damaged Corn. But they may reply, that in those seasons when the Corn is damaged, the good bears such a price they can't afford to purchase it: True; but if they are wise, they will make use of other kind of bread, which after a little use they will find as palatable, and which will be infinitely more wholesome.

A Gentleman, in a season when Corn was dear, had a quantity of Turnips pulled, washed clean, pared and boiled: When they were become soft enough to mash, he had the greatest part of the water pressed out of them, and af-

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terwards

terwards had them mixed with an equal quantity, in weight, of coarse wheat-meal: The dough was then made in the usual manner, with yeast or barm, salt, water, &c. it rose very well in the trough, and after being well kneaded, was formed into loaves, and put into the oven to be baked.

He had, at the same time, some other bread made with common meal in the ordinary way. He baked his Turnip-Bread rather longer than the other.

When they were drawn from the oven, he caused a loaf of each sort to be cut, and found, on examination, the Turnip-Bread was sweeter than the other, to be full as light, and as white, but had a little taste, though no ways disagreeable, of the turnip. Twelve hours after it had been drawn from the oven, he tasted the Turnip-Bread again, when he found the taste of the turnip in it scarcely perceivable, and the smell quite gone off. On examining it twenty-four hours after it came out of the oven, had he not known there were turnips in its composition, he would not have imagined it: It had, it is true, a peculiar sweetish taste, but by no means disagreeable; on the contrary, he rather preferred it to the bread made of wheat-meal alone.

After 48 hours it underwent another examination, when it appeared to him to be rather superior to the other; it eat fresher and moister, and had not at all abated in its good qualities: To be short, it was still very good for a week, and, as far as he could see, kept as well as the bread made of common wheat-meal.

In his trials of this bread by the taste, he was not satisfied with eating it by itself; he had some of it spread with butter; he tasted it with cheese; he eat of it toasted and buttered; and finally in boiled milk, and in soup: In all these forms it was very palatable and good.

Besides turnips, potatoes will make a good bread; parsnips, carrots, and Jerusalem-artichokes, it is probable will do the same. Carrot and potatoe puddings are both frequently seen at the tables of the great, and are much admired; they retaining no particular taste of the respective roots they are made of, and this would in all probability be the case, if they are made into bread.-----In fact, potatoes have been made into bread after the following manner, and little difference found in the taste from that made all of flour:

After

After washing and scraping the potatoes, they are boiled, for a quarter of an hour, in water, and are then reduced, by pounding them, into a kind of paste diluted in a great deal of water, in order to be strained through a searce, for separating the gross parts, the skins, &c. which remain in the searce. The liquor having settled, the farinaceous part of the potatoe remains at the bottom, and the water is decanted off; then the sort of paste that remains, being put into a coarse cloth, is laid under a press, or a large stone, for squeezing out all the water it contains. It is thus made dry and friable, and one third of it mixed with rye or barley meal, and the whole prepared as usual. Barley and rye bread receive but little alteration from it. A third of this meal, mixed with a third of wheat, and a third of rye, has yielded bread little different, in the taste, from that of mashing corn.

Be persuaded, my Countrymen of the poorer sort, in case corn should be dear this winter, as from the wet harvest and the damaged Corn it is likely to be, to try to substitute some of these things in the room of bread, rather than pine with hunger; or, what is still worse, yourselves and children suffer the most grievous misery of diseases from eating bread made of damaged Corn. Think not that bread made of corn is the only staff of life. No further than Ireland, the far greatest part of the people live, and are very hale and hearty, by eating potatoes instead of bread: And near three parts out of four of the world eat rice instead of it.-----Say not, Our forefathers eat corn-bread, and we will do the same; for every age ought to grow more experienced, and improve upon what has gone before. The better sort of people in this age have been wise enough to improve upon the customs of their forefathers, and have found great advantage in it: Why should not you do the same? At least, in case corn should be dear, make the tryal of substituting something in the place of corn-bread, or at least of mixing turnips, or the like, with your flour, to make it go the further. A trial cannot hurt you, and it may prove a great advantage to you.-----This, however, is published for your benefit, whether you will use it or not.

An ANECDOTE relative to Marshal BROGLIO,

WHEN marshal Broglie was in England, in the beginning of King GEORGE the first's reign, a debate arose in conversation between his Majesty and him, concerning the disposition of the troops at the famous battle of Ramelies, and likewise concerning the behaviour of the French household troops in that engagement; who, his Majesty insisted, were totally routed and put to flight. The Marshal took the liberty to differ from the King, by saying, *They behaved with their usual bravery, and were of infinite service in covering the retreat of the army, when the French gave way.* The King appealed to general Cadogan, who happened to be present, and he gave his sentiments in favour of his Majesty. But the Marshal said, *I must really beg leave to differ from your Lordship, because I was upon the field during the whole action, and I never saw troops behave with greater intrepidity in my life.* The General replied pleasantly, *I grant what your Excellency says to be true; but I was upon the field after the action, and I never saw troops in a greater panic since I knew what it was to pursue an enemy.* The Marshal was sensibly mortify'd, and his Majesty perceiving him to look grave, took occasion, upon the approach of some ladies, to turn the discourse into gallantry.

An original LETTER from a QUAKER to a WATCH-MAKER.

FRIEND JOHN,

I Have once more sent my erroneous Watch, which wants thy friendly care and correction; the last time it was at thy School, he was no ways benefited by thy instruction. I find by the index of his tongue he is a liar, and that his motions are wavering and unsettled; which makes me believe he is not right in the inward man, I mean the main spring. I would have thee prove and try him with thy adjusting tool of truth, that if possible thou mayest drive him from the error of his ways, imagining his body to be foul, and the whole mass corrupted; purge him with thy cleansing stick from all pollution, so that he may vibrate

and circulate according to truth: I will board him with thee a few days, and pay thee for his board when thou requirest it: In thy late bill thou chargest me with the one eighth of a pound sterling, which I will assuredly pay thee when thy work deserveth it. Friend, when thou correctest him, do it without passion, lest by severity thou drivest him to destruction.----I would have thee let him visit the Sun's motion, and learn him his true calculation table, and equation; and when thou findest him conformable to that, send him home with a just bill of moderation, and it shall be faithfully remitted to thee by thy true friend,

OBADIAH PRIM.

PRECAUTIONS *to PRESERVE SIGHT; and a REMEDY*
for WEAKNESS in the SIGHT.

FIRST, never sit in absolute gloom, or in a blaze of light, much less go suddenly from one into the other. A house situated North and South, is therefore wrong for any who are tender in their sight. Secondly, To avoid small print in reading, and all attention to minute objects. It is in vain to think of assisting the sight with glasses; they represent the objects plainer, but they commit a kind of violence upon the eye, and always hurt weak ones. Thirdly, Never read in the dusk; and when the eyes are at all disordered, nor by candle light. Fourthly, Never look into a bright fire. Fifthly, Avoid all glaring objects, especially in a morning at first waking: Therefore a bed-chamber should never be so situated, as for the sun to shine into it at that time; and there should be no red, nor too much white in it; and the degree of light should be moderate.----Those who have weak eyes, will find great advantage in green furniture in their room, and in admitting the light gradually to their eyes at the time of waking: And it is thus nature provides for all her creatures; the day-light comes by very slow degrees, and the first object is universal green.

For a weakness in the sight, take 2 ounces of leaves of rosemary, put them to a pint of brandy; let it stand three days, then strain and filter it through paper; mix a tea spoonful with four of plantain water; make it warm, and wash the inside of the eye every night going to bed, moving

ing your eye till some get between the eye and the lid. By degrees, put less and less water, 'till at length a tea spoonful of each be mixed for use.

An ANECDOTE relative to PETER WALTERS.

PETER WALTERS was one of those men who from a low beginning acquired an immense estate (chiefly) by attending to the follies and extravagancies of young noblemen and gentlemen of fortune, and taking the advantage of their necessities. He was first an under-steward to the late great earl of Uxbridge, whom he had the address to manage with such dexterity, that till his dying hour no man stood so well with that nobleman as Peter Walters. The earl himself was a great usurer, and Peter was privy to all his bargains. When they were alone and disengaged, their custom was to confer notes, and then a question arose, which of them had pocketed the most peers? Pope calls Walters, *A person eminent in the wisdom of his profession as a dexterous attorney, and a good, if not a safe conveyancer.* It happened then one night, that Anthony Henley, who was a man remarkable for wit, and this Peter Walters, who was as remarkable for money, met at an inn upon the road, and joined company. In the course of an evening's conversation Henley rallied his new companion sufficiently on his immoderate love of money, and his means of getting it; and Peter was no less severe upon Henley for his sovereign contempt of that precious metal, and his ways of squandering it. At last, said Henley, *Every body knows, Walters, how you got your money, but I want to know how you got your wit?---- Why, said Peter, I thank my stars, I'm not indebted to nature for a grain of it; but you must know, I have lately bought a good many estates of men of wit, and they gave me their wit into the bargain.*

ENQUIRY AFTER HAPPINESS.

THE midnight moon serenely smiles
O'er nature's soft repose;
No low'ring cloud obscures the sky,
Nor ruffling tempest blows.

Now

Now ev'ry passion sinks to rest,
The throbbing heart lies still:
And varying schemes of life no more
Distract the lab'ring will.

In silence hush'd, to reason's voice,
Attends each mental pow'r:
Come dear EMELIA, and enjoy
Reflection's fav'rite hour.

Come: While the peaceful scene invites,
Let's search this ample round,
Where shall the lovely fleeting form
Of *Happiness* be found?

Does it amidst the frolic mirth
Of gay assemblies dwell?
Or hide beneath the solemn gloom,
That shades the hermit's cell?

How oft the laughing brow of joy
A sick'ning heart conceals!
And thro' the cloister's deep recess,
Invading sorrow steals.

In vain thro' beauty, fortune, wit,
The fugitive we trace:
It dwells not in the faithless smile,
That brightens CLAUDIO's face.

Perhaps the joy to these deny'd,
The heart in friendship finds:
Ah! dear delusion! gay conceit
Of visionary minds!

Howe'er our varying notions rove,
Yet all agree in one,
To place its Being in some state,
At distance from our own.

O blind to each indulgent aim,
Of pow'r supremely wise,

Who

Who fancy Happiness in ought
The hand of heav'n denies!

Vain is alike the joy we seek,
And vain what we possess,
Unless harmonious reason tunes
The passions into peace.

To temper'd wishes, just desires
Is happiness confin'd,
And deaf to folly's call, attends
The music of the mind.

*To Miss *****.*

On a WATCH.

WHILE this gay toy attracts thy sight,
Thy reason let it warn;
And seize, my dear, that rapid time
That never must return.
If idly lost, no art or care
The blessing can restore:
And heav'n exacts a strict account
For ev'ry mis-spent hour.
Short is our longest day of life,
And soon its prospects end:
Yet on that day's uncertain date
Eternal years depend.
Yet equal to our being's aim
The space to virtue giv'n:
And ev'ry minute well improv'd
Secures an age in heav'n.

REIGNIER'S EPITAPH, made by himself.

GAILY I liv'd, as ease and nature taught,
And spent my little life without a thought,
And am amaz'd, that death, that tyrant grim,
Should think of me, who never thought of him.

OF CEREMONY AND COMPLAISANCE.

Ceremony is nothing more than the art of concealing our own faults in compliment to those of others, and the very use of it insinuates, that, without it, our company could seldom be tolerated, and never esteemed as our own pride desires it should. Hence it is grown into a science, and we make it first the study, and then the practice of our lives; and both gentlemen and ladies are often valued in proportion to this kind of good breeding, even more than for acquisitions of far greater moment. Indeed it is at least a necessary evil, and should be mingled with our correspondences as the sweetner of life. Among strangers it is the first step to recommend us to their favour, and make us pleased with their acquaintance; and even where there is the strictest friendship, it is not to be entirely laid aside: Neglects in this point, are apt to introduce such freedom unawares, as are neither forgiven or forgot.

Ceremony also serves to mark out the bounds of high and low life, and distinguish all the intermediate spaces. If place and power, birth and figure, were not to be adorned with ceremony and pomp, it is probable the vulgar would lose their distance, and by looking boldly into the merits of their superiors, break down the barrier at once, and set the world on a level.

But after all, Ceremony must be considered only as the decoration, and not the business of life; it is as possible to be too much in love with it, as too little; and those who devote themselves entirely to it, are seldom fit for any more than the honours of a ball, or a place at a lady's visiting day.

If Ceremony in the wisest and best of us serves only to set a gloss on our conduct, what must we esteem the overflow of it in those who cannot be ranged with either? Surely it can be thought no other than a sort of courtly hypocrisy, an affectation of humanity, that is foreign to the nature of him who wears it, and of course, a snare to delude the unwary.

There is likewise a false Complaisance, which men of sense and modesty are sometimes liable to, viz. agreeing to a wrong sentiment, rather than take the freedom to contradict

it, and indulging the folly at their own expence, which they might as easily cure.

Good Manners are founded on this single rule;

*To bear with the frailties of others, and take care that
our own shall not offend :*

If we should add a grace in doing trifles, and ease in affairs of moment, we finish the gentleman or lady at once, and ceremony can add no more.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

- I. *To make KNUCKLE BROTH; a most admirable Restorative for weak or decayed Constitutions, which, by long Experience in private Practice, has recovered Numbers when reduced to the lowest Degree.*

TAKE ten or twelve knuckles, such as are cut out of legs and shoulders of mutton, when the butchers sell them; put them into a pan of water for two or three hours, and rub them with a little salt, and wash them very clean; then boil them in a gallon of spring water for an hour, and scum it very clean; then put in two ounces of hartshorn shavings, and the bottom crust of a penny loaf; let it boil till it comes to about three pints, then strain it, and when it is cold take off the fat. An hour before you rise, take half a pint of it as warm as you can drink it, and the same at night when you are in bed. You must make it fresh three times a week in summer, and twice in winter.

N.B. No medicines to be used. No lambs bones are to be used, because they bring on a purging.

- II. *Dr. BARRY's Receipt for making the BEEF-TEA; an admirable strengthening Drink for all weak Constitutions, and hectic Disorders.*

CUT a pound of the lean part of the buttock of beef into very thin slices, and put it over a quick fire with two quarts of water; as it grows hot take off the rising scum, and do the same whilst it is boiling, which is to be continued

continued twenty minutes; when cold decant a pint, which will look like the infusion of green tea. Drink a quarter of a pint, two or three times a day, especially morning and evening. If in making it be too strong for the patient, let it be lowered with more water, to such a degree as the stomach will take.

III. *Of PEPPER-MINT WATER.*

PEPER-MINT is a very celebrated stomachic, and on that account greatly used at present, and it's simple water often called for.

Receipt for a Gallon of PEPPER-MINT WATER.

Take of the leaves of dried Pepper-Mint, one pound and an half; water, two gallons and an half; put all into an alembic, and draw off one gallon, with a gentle fire.

The water obtained from Pepper-Mint, by a distillation in Balneum Mariæ, is more fragrant and more fully impregnated with the virtues of the plant than that drawn by the alembic. The same may be said with regard to that extracted by the cold still; when the cold still is used the plant must be green, and if possible committed to the still with morning dew upon it.

IV. *To join CHINA.*

TAKE oyster-shell powder and the white of an egg, beat it as fine as possible; then mix the powder and the white of an egg, as thick as white paint; then take your china, and lay it on pretty thick; and then hold it close with your hands, before a good fire, till the china is dry, and it will be fastened in two minutes; then pour boiling water into it directly; then wipe it dry, and with a pen-knife scrape it clean on both sides, and it will appear only as black; you must be very quick in doing it, otherwise the remainder that is left to join the rest of the china will grow hard and be of no use, if either the heat of the fire or the water comes near it.

How to make the Oyster-shell Powder.

Take a large deep shell; put it in the middle of a very good clear fire, and burn it till it is red hot; then carefully take it out with a pair of tongs; scrape all the black away, and then pound it in a mortar till it is as fine as a powder; then sift it through a fine linen rag till you have made it as fine as possibly you can.

RULES and REFLECTIONS for the CONDUCT of LIFE.

PLATO often inculcates this great precept, *Do thine own work, and know thyself.*

If you will be happy, correct your imagination by reason; reject opinion and live according to nature.

Let reason go before every enterprize, and counsel before every action.

Be not diverted from your duty by any idle reflection the silly world may make upon you; for their censures are not in your power, and consequently should not be any part of your concern.

Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk of you what they please.

Pitch upon that course of life which is the most excellent; and custom will render it the most delightful.

Rather avoid those vices you are naturally inclined to than aim at those excellencies and perfections which you were never made for.

Live in peace with all men; nevertheless have but one counsellor of a thousand.

Never defer that till to-morrow which you can do to-day. Never do that by proxy which you can do yourself.

Deliberate long of what thou canst do but once.

When the idea of any pleasure strikes your imagination make a just computation between the duration of the pleasure and that of the repentance sure to follow it.

Be always at leisure to do good; never make business excuse to decline the offices of humanity.

Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.

Avoid all fowness and austerity of manners: Virtue pleasant and agreeable quality; and gay and civil wisdom always engaging.

Forget others faults, and remember thine own.

Whatever you dislike in another person, take care to correct in yourself, by the gentle reproof of a better Practice.

Hear not ill of a friend, nor speak any of an enemy: Believe not all you hear, nor report all you believe.

Approve yourself to wise men by your virtue, and take all the rest by your civilities.

Avoid popularity; it has many snares and no real benefit.

Imprint this maxim deeply in your mind, That there is nothing certain in this human and mortal state; by which means you will avoid being transported with prosperity, and being dejected in adversity.

Do nothing to-day that thou wilt repent of to-morrow.

Sell not virtue to purchase wealth.

If your means suit not with your ends, pursue those ends which suit with your means.

Be rather bountiful, than expensive: Neither make nor go to feasts.

Rise from table with an appetite, and you will never sit down without one.

Make yourself agreeable, as much as possible, to all; for there is no person so contemptible, but that it may be in his power to be your best friend or worst enemy.

Defer not charities till death; he that doth so, is rather liberal of another man's, than of his own.

In the morning, think what thou hast to do; and at night ask thyself what thou hast done.

Learn the art of entertaining thyself alone, without being weary or melancholy; and then thou wilt not be much put to it for want of recreation and company.

Use temporal things; but desire eternal.

Account it no disgrace to be censured of those men, whose favours would be no credit to thee: Thou thyself only knowest what thou art; others only guess at thee: Rely not therefore on their opinions, but stick to thine own conscience.

In all the affairs of human life, let it be your care, not to hurt your mind, nor offend your judgment.

Do no secret thing before a stranger; for thou knowest not what he will bring forth.

Set bounds to your zeal by discretion, to error by truth, to passion by reason, to divisions by charity.

Think

n when

Think before you speak, and consider before you promise.
Take time to deliberate and advise; but lose no time in executing your resolutions.

TO MR. WHITWORTH.

WIGAN, Feb. 14, 1764.

Several of your Readers would be much pleased if you would insert in your Magazine the CHARACTER of the LAWYER in CHURCHILL's DUELLIST. Some are pleased to say it is intended for a certain dignified Gentleman and Member for a neighbouring Town, noted for an Article, by which one of this Lawyer's Peculiarities is often characterised. But I hope it is in some Respects too bad for any of the Profession. However it may serve to hint what is practised by some or other of the Tribe, and the Hazards those who are so unhappy as to have any Dealings with them are liable to.

I am yours, &c.

A LOVER of PEACE.

NEXT sat a Lawyer, often tried
In perilous extremes; when pride
And pow'r, all wild and trembling, stood,
Nor dar'd to tempt the raging flood;
This bold, bad man, arose to view,
And gave his hand to help them through,
Steel'd against compassion, as they past,
He saw poor Freedom breathe her last,
He saw her struggle, heard her groan,
He saw her, helpless and alone,
Whelm'd in that storm, which, fear'd and prais'd
By slaves less bold, himself had rais'd.

Bred to the law, he from the first
Of all bad Lawyers was the worst.
Perfection (for bad men maintain
In ill we may perfection gain)
In others is a work of time,
And they creep on from crime to crime:

He,

He, for a prodigy design'd
To spread amazement o'er mankind,
Started, full-ripen'd, all at once
A perfect knave, and perfect dunce.

Who will for him may boast of sense,
His better guard is impudence.
His front, with ten-fold plates of brass
Secur'd, SHAME never yet could pass,
Nor on the surface of his skin,
Blush for that guilt which dwelt within.
How often, in contempt of laws,
To found the bottom of a cause,
To search out ev'ry rotten part,
And worm into its very heart,
Hath he ta'en briefs on false pretence,
And undertaken the defence
Of trusting fools, whom in the end
He meant to ruin, not defend?
How often, e'en in open court,
Hath the wretch made his shame his sport,
And laugh'd off, with a villain's ease,
Throwing up briefs, and keeping fees,
Such things, as, tho' to roguery bred,
Had struck a little villain dead?

Causes, whatever their import,
He undertakes to serve a court;
For he by heart this rule has got,
Pow'r can effect, what law cannot.

Bid all that nature, on a plan
Most intimate, makes near to man,
All that with grand and gen'ral ties
Binds good and bad, the fool and wife,
Knock at his heart; they knock in vain,
No entrance there such suitors gain.
Bid kneeling Kings forsake the throne;
Bid at his feet his country groan;
Bid Liberty stretch out her hands,
Religion plead her stronger bands;
Bid parents, children, wife, and friends;
If they come thwart his private ends,
Unmov'd he hears the gen'ral call,
And bravely tramples on them all.

AR

*An ANECDOTE relative to HUMPHRY, Duke of
GLOUCESTER.*

WHEN Humphry, duke of Gloucester, was regent of the kingdom, in the minority of Henry VI. there came to St. Alban's, (then the residence of the court) a poor, blind beggar and his wife; who for five or six days walked about the town, asking alms, and telling a plausible tale of his being warned in a dream to leave the town of Berwick, the place of his nativity, and seek St. Alban. This had a wonderful effect upon the minds of the people, and gave the priests of that time a fit opportunity to work upon their credulity. Great solemnity was used in presenting the man before the shrine of the Saint, and great multitudes were assembled to be witnesses of the issue: when instantly he received his sight, to the astonishment of all beholders. This miracle being noised abroad, people far and near came flocking to town, and happy was he who could gain admittance to the person who had been blest with so signal a mark of the divine favour. In short, every body spoke of this miracle with such an air of confidence, that the King desired the poor man to be brought before him, and the Duke took upon him to examine into the matter for his Majesty's satisfaction. In order to this, he looked upon the man's eyes, and asked him whether he ever had his sight before? He said he was born blind, and till the day of his presentment before the holy shrine, had never beheld the light; and this was confirmed by the man's wife. The Duke then looked more attentively at his eyes, and said, *He believed him: for friend, said his Grace, I hardly think you can see now.* The man with great devotion lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said, *He could see distinctly.* You can't said the Duke; *Then, what colour is thy garment?* The beggar told him. He tried him again, and again; and still the beggar was ready. The Duke then asked him, *If he could tell the names of every man present?* His answer was, *He could not.* --- *Take this impostor away,* said the Duke, *and let him be openly set in the stocks; though he could have been suddenly restored to sight so as to distinguish the difference of colours, yet he could no more tell the names of these colours by sight, unless he had known them before, than he could the names of every man here present.* The man upon this conviction acknowledged the fraud, and prayed for forgiveness.

The SAILOR and PEDLAR JEW, a true Story.

THE Concordia, a Spanish Register ship, was taken by the Solebay, and brought into Gibraltar; a great number of very rich suits of cloaths was on board the prize, which the Jacks rigged themselves with when they came on shore, and appeared in the most droll procession ever yet exhibited.

Let any person picture in fancy one hundred and sixty men marching along, dressed in such contrarieties; as for instance, one with a fine embroidered cloak, and an old ragged jacket underneath. Another with a fine Point d'Espagne hat, and beautiful plume of feathers in it, on an old flannel cap. A third with a fine brocade waistcoat on, and a gold laced belt, and a rich hilted sword, swinging against a pair of open-knee'd dirty tar'd trowsers: Another in embroidered breeches, gold-clock stockings, a pair of long-quartered pecked toe'd pumps, dancing a hornpipe with a check'd shirt on.

In this manner they appeared, and went about town, singing, dancing, fuddling; fiddling, and wenching, until all their money was gone; and then they were obliged, like many land beaus, to part from the covering of their backs, to furnish themselves with lining for their bellies.

One of them, whose name was Will Bob-Stay, had taken for a companion one of the soldiers in the garrison; they were townsmen; and while Jack's money lasted, they, like a couple of gay sparks in London, run through all the pleasures of life at Gibraltar; such as drinking, wenching, gaming, &c. and at last penniless were turned out of a tavern about twelve at night, at a house where the sailor had sold his fine cloaths, and spent most of his money. However, having no more to spend, the tavern man had no more room to spare; for most of the tavern-keepers are like the strumpets whom they admit; they will receive ready-money customers with open arms, but turn the insolvent out to starve upon a dunghill.

It was on a dunghill, on which dead drunk both the soldier and the sailor were carried; there they lay, and snored out half a dozen hours: At last, the sun striking pretty hot upon their faces, and thirst being very powerful, the sailor

heated both within and without, awoke, shook himself, looks about to see which way the wind was; then spying his partner along side of him, calls out, Hollo, messmate, why you are stowed in a warm birth there. Why you'll be clapt aboard by the sun, till you are all scorch'd to touch paper. Come, bear a hand, and let's go a-head a little. The soldier waking, enquired for a futler's tent for to get a drink.

Sailor. Why that would be no bad pilotage, brother; but where the devil shall we steer to, to get a scud of wine, do you know? for look here [*turning out his breeches pockets*] neither my starboard or larboard lockers have got a stiver aboard them.

The soldier was as pennyless, and they sat for some moments looking at one another, like the picture of poverty staring disappointment in the face.

The sailor got up, and kick'd the dirt about, in hopes of finding a piece of money there. As he turned the top of the dunghill about, he saw something shine among some ashes, the sun at that time bearing strongly upon the place. He pick'd it up, it was the cut top of the stopper of a glass decanter, the stopper part broke off smooth. It had lain in that muck heap so long, its surface was incrustated with a dark shell, except in one or two places about the bigness of a pea, where the polish was still bright, and which, as it was held in the sun, cast a very bright lustre. This appearance gave the sailor a hint for a scheme, which he resolved to put into immediate execution.

It was currently reported, that a very large diamond of prodigious value, which had been registered on board the Spanish prize, was missing. Strict search was made for it; a reward was offered of one hundred dollars to any who could give information about it, and a severe punishment threatened to them who it should be found had concealed it. These circumstances made the sailor thus open to his companion. I'll tell you what, messmate, I have shipp'd a thought on board my skull, that, mayhap, we may make a good voyage with.

Sold. Then let's hear it, in the Lord's name.

Sail. Why, you know the jew, that had the conscience to give me but three dollars for that fine velvet waistcoat, and what-do-ye-call-um-cloak, all done about with gold and silver; you know, we cou'dn't stay to make a better bargain, because we were both so dry then.

Sol.

Sold. Yes, yes, I do; and the dog wou'dn't give us a scud of wine yesterday, tho'f we axt him.

Sail. Why now, mind me, then only take my instructions; and if we don't get to windward of Smouse, why then I can't say my compass; but you must belay babbling, it must be done cunningly.

Sold. As to that, my boy, did you ever know me say a word?

Sail. Why no.

Sold. Well then; and as to any trick, do ye see, why you know me well enough for that too: For, though I say it, for doing any mischief in the way of roguery, why, if there is ever a soldier in all the garrison, can have a better character from all his officers than I can, why I'll be tied up to the halberds to-morrow morning, and take a cool hundred.

Sail. Why then go tell the jew, that I have got the great diamond out of our ship, and will sell it cheap.

Away went the land man of war, and brought the jew to the sailor. The tarr was so cunning, he wou'd not trust the jew with the diamond; he shewed it him, and held it in such a manner, that the sun beams struck upon the polish'd parts of it as he turn'd it round.

Over-eagerness is ever hood-wink'd. Thus the avarice of the jew wou'd not examine minutely into the stone, but agreed to give him seven hundred dollars for it, and his note for two thousand more.

The jew had brought with him the money in a bag, two hundred of which dollars belonged to a jew priest, which he was agent for, and was that day to bring the levite.

But the pedlar, as soon as he got possession of the diamond, was determined to bilk his own priest as well as the sailor; for he went down to the Mole, and enquired if there was not any ship bound into the Mediterranean to the Barbary coast, to England, or to any-where else, it was alike to him, so he could put out to sea.

It happened, that the person that had entrusted him with the two hundred dollars heard of it, and the priest flew to the governor, and obtained an order for apprehending the pedlar. When this diamond merchant was in custody, and interrogated, and threatened concerning what he had done with the two hundred dollars, fear at last made him confess how he had laid it out, and he showed his purchase.

The fraud was immediately discovered, the soldier apprehended, and the sailor sent for from on board; but the tarr, as soon as he heard his companion the grenadier was taken up, came honestly, and heart of oak like, to surrender himself, and begged to be carried before the governor.

Thither all parties were brought, and the principal persons in Gibraltar came to hear this examination.

After every thing was settled for a fair hearing, the sailor begged leave to tell his story.-----It was allowed him: whereupon he began.

And please your noble commodoreship, mr. Governor, that there sinouse dealt with me before for some cloaths; and he came athwart hawse with me, for he only gave me three dollars for some things, whereof he sold one of them things again, in half an hour afterwards, for 16 ducats.

The truth of this was deposed to by two creditable persons, who had informed the sailor of it, and were eye-witnesses of the bargain.

Sail. Now and please your honourableness, I had a mind to try if I could clap my helm hard a weather, and about ship with him again; so, finding this, I sent him word, I had found a diamond, it mought or it mought not be so, please your honour, how should I know, I'm no judge; and besides if so, I would let him have it, and he should fix a price on't; he did so, and he gave me so much money, and a ticket for so much more, when I could catch it, I suppose; but I beg your honour and glory will ax him, if he did not it think it was our great diamond, and what he judges our great diamond was worth.

These questions were put to the jew; and he confess'd he bought it for the great diamond-----that he imagined it worth 150,000 l. and he gave 700 dollars for it.

The sailor and his comrade were dismissed-----the priest had his 200 dollars again, 100 dollars could not be found, but the remiander 400 were distributed among the wives of the soldiers and sailors at Gibraltar, and the pedlar condemn'd to hard labour, and a twelvemonth's imprisonment.

To the P R I N T E R,

SIR;

HAVING seen an extract from *The History of Kamtschatka*, and being of a temper curious to enquire into the manners of such uncultivated nations as are only actuated by pure nature, I perused the work, and not only found my curiosity abundantly satisfied in the entertaining account given there of those Aborigines, if I may be allowed the expression, but was also agreeably surprized to meet with the Geography and natural history of a country situate in a part of the world to which all Europe, and even their present masters the Russians, have till now been strangers. The following account of their courtships and marriages having greatly pleased me on account of its novelty, I have inclosed sent you a transcript thereof, not doubting but it may be equally agreeable to some of your Readers as it has been to me. If it was not a general custom, yet there have been many examples that some of the primitive people of Asia obtained their wives by servitude: I am certain that this trial is, in the present case, an instance of their prudence, as they are thereby obliged to prove themselves capable of procuring support for their family, which can be purchased there by no other means than laborious exercises; and though the custom of being so roughly handled in the ceremony of seizing their brides may seem uncouth to a modern beau, yet it appears to me an indubitable proof of their affection for the bride, which few of the latter would have either the resolution or perservance to undergo for the finest woman in Europe.

When a Kamtschadale resolves to marry, he looks about for a bride in some of the neighbouring villages, seldom in his own; and when he finds one to his mind, he discovers his inclination to the parents, desiring that he may have the liberty of serving them for some time: This permission he easily obtains, and during his service he shews an uncommon zeal, in order to satisfy them of what he can do. After having thus served, he desires liberty to seize his bride; and if he happens to please the parents, his bride, and her relations, this is presently granted; but if they disapprove of it, they give some small reward for his services, and he departs. It sometimes happens, that these bridegrooms, without

out discovering any thing of their intentions, engage themselves in service in some strange village; and though every one suspects their design, yet no notice is taken of it, till either he or his friends declare it.

When a bridegroom obtains the liberty of seizing his bride, he seeks every opportunity of finding her alone, or in the company of a few people, for during this time all the women in the village are obliged to protect her; besides, she has two or three different coats, and is swaddled round with fish nets and straps, so that she has little more motion than a statue. If the bridegroom happens to find her alone, or in company with but a few, he throws himself upon her, and begins to tear of her cloaths, nets, and straps; for to strip the bride naked seems to constitute the ceremony of marriage. This is not always an easy task, for though she herself makes small resistance, (and indeed she can make but little) yet, if there happen to be many women near, they all fall upon the bridegroom without any mercy, beating him, dragging him by the hair, scratching his face, and using every other method they can think of to prevent him from accomplishing his design. If the bridegroom is so happy as to obtain his wish, he immediately runs from her, and the bride, as a proof of her being conquered, calls him back with a soft and tender voice: Thus the marriage is concluded. This victory is seldom obtained at once; for sometimes the contest lasts a whole year, and after every attempt, the bridegroom is obliged to take some time to recover strength and to cure the wounds he has received. There was an instance of one, who, after having persevered for seven years, instead of obtaining a bride, was rendered quite a cripple, the women having used him so barbarously.

As soon as the above ceremony is over, he has liberty next night to go to her bed to bed, and the day following, without any ceremony, carries her off to his own village. After some time the bride and the bridegroom return to the bride's relations, where the marriage feast is celebrated in the following manner, of which I was an eye-witness in 1739.

The bridegroom, his friends, and his wife, visited the father-in-law in three boats. All the women were in the boats, and the men, being naked, pushed them along with poles. About one hundred paces from the village to which they were going they landed, began to sing, and used com-

jurations

jurations with tow fastened upon a rod, muttering something over the head of a dried fish, which they wrapped in the tow, and gave to an old woman to hold. The conjuration being over, they put upon the bride a coat of sheep's skin, and tied four images about her; thus loaded she had difficulty to move. They went again into their boats, and came up to the village, where they landed a second time; at this landing place a boy of the village met them, and led the bride by the hand, all the women following.

When the bride came to the hut they tied a strap round her, by which she was let down the stairs, the old women who carried the head of the fish going before her; she laid down the head of the fish at the foot of the stairs, where it was trodden upon by the bride and bridegroom, and all the people present, and then thrown into the fire.

All the strangers took their places, having first stripped the bride of her superfluous ornaments. The bridegroom heated the hut, and dressed the victuals which they had brought with them, and entertained the inhabitants of the village. The next day the Landlord entertained the strangers with great superfluity, who on the third day departed; the bride and bridegroom only remained to work some time with their father. The superfluous dress which was taken from the bride was distributed among the relations, who were obliged to return them presents of far greater value.

On CHEARFULNESS.

FAIR as the dawning light! auspicious guest!
Source of all comfort to the human breast!

Depriv'd of thee in sad despair we moan,

And tedious roll the heavy moments on.

Though beauteous objects all round us rise

To charm the fancy, and delight the eyes;

Though art's fair works and nature's gifts conspire

To please each sense, and satiate each desire,

'Tis joyless all---till thy enliv'ning ray

Scatters the melancholy gloom away.

Then opens to the soul a heav'nly scene,

Gladness and peace, all spritely, all serene.

Where

Where dost thou deign, say in what blest retreat,
 To choose thy mansion, and to fix thy seat?
 Thy sacred presence how shall we explore?
 Can a'rice gain thee with her golden store?
 Can vain ambition with her boasted charms
 Tempt thee within her wide-extended arms?
 No, with content alone canst thou abide,
 Thy sister, ever smiling by thy side.

When boon companions void of ev'ry care,
 Crown the full bowl and the rich banquet share,
 And give a loose to pleasure---art thou there?
 Or when the eager swains pursue the chase
 With active limbs, and health in ev'ry face,
 Is it thy voice, that wak'ning up the Morn,
 Cheers the staunch hound, and winds the jolly horn?
 Oh when th' assembled great and fair advance
 To celebrate the mask, the play, the dance,
 Whilst beauty spreads its sweetest charms around,
 And airs extatic swell their tuneful sound,
 Art thou within the pompous circle found?
 Does not thy influence more sedately shine?
 Can such tumultuous joys as these be thine?
 Surely more mild, more constant in their course,
 Thy pleasures issue from a nobler source,
 From sweet discretion ruling in thy breast,
 From passions temper'd, and from lusts repress,
 From thoughts unconscious of a guilty smart,
 And the calm transports of an honest heart.

Thy aid, O ever faithful, ever kind,
 Thro' life, thro' death, attends the virtuous mind.
 Of angry fate wards from us ev'ry blow,
 Cures ev'ry ill, and softens ev'ry woe.
 Whatever good our mortal state desires,
 What wisdom finds, or innocence inspires;
 From nature's bounteous hand whatever flows,
 Whate'er our MAKER'S providence bestows,
 By Thee mankind enjoys, by Thee repays
 A grateful tribute of perpetual praise.

Of the MILDEW on CORN.

From a DUBLIN NEWS PAPER.

THE Tillage-farmer in *Ireland* is much to be pitied, from the poorness of his wheat-crop last year. It has been common for a man to thresh a barrel and an half of wheat a day, and seldom less than a barrel: But of the corn of last harvest, from six to ten stone is as much as I can hear any man can accomplish; we need not seek farther to prove the poorness of it.

The prevailing notion is, That the corn of this kingdom was mildewed last year, and that from the excessive rains we had before harvest. I examined many fields of wheat, but could not find one plant mildewed, neither did I expect it, since that distemper, I apprehend, arises not by rain, but from drought. Moderate moisture lubricates and keeps the plant in a flexible state, so as to perform its function of digestion with ease; but excessive drought parches and contracts the fibres of the plant, and consequently they become brittle and crack, by which the internal juices, it should seem reasonable to imagine, are emitted too abundantly; the sun immediately incrusts that glutinous matter, and forms what writers call rust or mildew; and there have been instances of its falling from the plants, and appearing visibly upon the ground. What seems to support this notion is, that the colour of this powder hath been found to vary on different plants in the same seasons, when the contagion has been general. The learned Mr. Tillet, director of the mint at Troyes, says, 'It will be red on beans, rusty on all kind of corn, greenish on the plumb, yellowish on the ash, white on the larch, &c.' It would take up too much room to give a full description of the mildew; I offer so much to shew it was not that distemper which injured the crop last year; and I found my opinion upon the following observation. Where the corn was thin upon the ground, there the grain was chiefly perfect, though not large; but where the ground was fully covered, there the grain never filled, but formed imperfectly, which consists of thick oats or bran, and yields but little flower. I very carefully, and that repeatedly, examined such fields as were heavily covered with straw, and found, that by the continual rain most of the straw was perished just at the surface of the earth, and all the

the thicker part or trunk of the straw was discoloured, except the upper joint; but in such fields as had a thin crop, the straw was considerably brighter, and found at the surface of the earth. Whence should arise this difference both in the grain and straw? It is plain, where the crops were thin the air had a freer passage, than it could possibly have where they were thick; and consequently dissipated the adhering water from the thin crops, which not being removed from the crowded ones, brought on a putrefaction in the straw, and consequently vegetable food could no longer pass to the nourishment of the grain, the canals for its passage being destroyed.

Hence we see how injudicious it is to sow corn thick on the ground, according to the common practice, since it is liable to many accidents, from the crowded occupation of the plants; but above all, that of being starved, which does not attend it, when sown in drills; to support which, we may introduce the acre of wheat raised by Billingham Boyle, Esq; last summer, from 16lb. of seed, from which he had 11 barrels, three stone, three pounds.

Few Farmers, if any in this kingdom, had the like produce from an acre, although they used a barrel of seed. Can we then have a greater proof of the rationality of the Drill Husbandry, which seems only to want a sufficient number of examples put in practice in the different counties, in order, by its apparent advantages, to invite the common farmer to the practice of a method which in every circumstance, has superior advantages to that commonly used; which are, that the work is cheaper, the ground is improved by it, the corn not so liable to lodge as in the common method, not so subject to mildew, blight, smut, &c. or to be washed out of the ground by heavy rains, as hath been the case in many parts this winter; and which I fear will be severely felt next year. Mr. Boyle's experiment proves what it seems to have been calculated for by the author of it, viz. that the Farmer throws away in his seed what would be a handsome profit to him, and is, undoubtedly, a great loss to the kingdom, at least 300,000l. a year.----- Professing myself an enemy to the importation of corn, and every other article our land is capable of producing. I am

Your constant Reader,

AGRICOLA.

7

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

I find the ingenious Mr. Ferguson is at Liverpool, reading Lectures in Experimental Philosophy, and proposes to do so at Manchester, before he returns to London, if he meets with proper Encouragement; that led me to desire you would insert in your Magazine, (for I think it will please many of your Readers) Mr. Ferguson's plain Directions for the Use of the Hydrostatic Balance, in weighing Gold, Silver, and other Bodies.

THE art of weighing different bodies in water, and thereby finding their specific gravities, or weights, bulk for bulk, was invented by Archimedes; of which we have the following account.

Hiero, King of Syracuse, having employed a goldsmith to make a crown, and given him a mass of pure gold for that purpose, suspected that the workman had kept back part of the gold for his own use, and made up the weight by allaying the crown with copper. But the King not knowing how to find out the truth of that matter, referred it to Archimedes, who having studied a long time in vain, found it out at last by chance. For going into a bathing-tub of water, and observing that he thereby raised the water higher in the tub than it was before, he concluded instantly, that he had raised it just as high as any thing else could have done, that was exactly of his bulk; and considering that any other body of equal weight, and of less bulk than himself, could not have raised the water so high as he did; he immediately told the King, that he had found a method, by which he could discover whether there was any cheat in the crown. For since gold is the heaviest of all known metals, it must be of less bulk, according to it's weight, than any other metal; and therefore he desired that a mass of pure gold, equally heavy with the crown when weighed in air, should be weighed against it in water; and if the crown was not allayed, it would counterpoise the mass of gold, when they were both immersed in water, as well as it did when they were weighed in air. But upon making the trial, he found that the mass of gold weighed much heavier in water than the crown did;

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and

and not only so, but that, when the mass and crown were immersed separately in one vessel of water, the crown raised the water much higher than the mass did; which shewed it to be alloyed with some lighter metal, that increased its bulk. And so, by making trials with different metals, all equally heavy with the crown when weighed in air, he found out the quantity of alloy in the crown.

The specific gravities of bodies are as their weights, bulk for bulk; thus, a body is said to have two or three times the specific gravity of another, when it contains two or three times as much matter in the same space.

A body immersed in a fluid will sink to the bottom, if it be heavier than its bulk of the fluid. If it be suspended therein, it will lose as much of what it weighed in air, as its bulk of the fluid weighs. Hence all bodies of equal bulk, which would sink in fluids, lose equal weights when suspended therein; and unequal bodies lose in proportion to their bulks.

The hydrostatic balance differs very little from a common balance that is nicely made; only it has a hook at the bottom of each scale, on which small weights may be hung by horse-hairs, or by silk threads. So that a body, suspended by the hair or thread, may be immersed in water, without wetting the scale from which it hangs.

If the body thus suspended under the scale, at one end of the balance, be first counterpoised in air by weights in the opposite scale, and then immersed in water, the equilibrium will be immediately destroyed. Then, if as much weight be put into the scale from which the body hangs, as will restore the equilibrium (without altering the weights in the opposite scale) that weight which restores the equilibrium, will be equal to the weight of a quantity of water as big as the immersed body. And if the weight of the body in air be divided by what it loses in water, the quotient will shew how much that body is heavier than its bulk of water. Thus, if a guinea suspended in air, be counterbalanced by 129 grains in the opposite scale of the balance; and then, upon its being immersed in water, it becomes so much lighter, as to require 7 1/4 grains to be put into the scale over it, to the equilibrium, it shews that a quantity of water, of equal bulk of the guinea, weighs

7 1 q. grains, or 7.25; by which divide 120, (the aerial weight of the guinea) and the quotient will be 17.793; which shews that the guinea is 17.793 times heavier than its bulk of water. And thus any piece of gold may be tried, by weighing it first in air, and then in water; and if upon dividing the weight in air by the loss in water, the quotient comes out to be 17.793, the gold is good; if the quotient be 18, or between 18 and 19, the gold is very fine; but if it be less than 17 1 q. The gold is too much allayed, by being mixed with some other metal.

If silver be tried in this manner, and found to be 11 times heavier than water, it is very fine; if it be 10 1 half times heavier it is standard; but if it be of any less weight compared with water, it is mixed with some lighter metal, such as tin.

By this method the specific gravities of all bodies that will sink in water may be found. But as to those which are lighter than water, as most sorts of wood are, the following method may be taken, to shew how much lighter they are than their respective bulks of water.

Let an upright stud be fixed into a thick flat piece of brass, and in this stud let a small lever, whose arms are equally long, turn upon a fine pin, as an axis. Let the thread which hangs from the scale of the balance be tied to one end of the lever, and a thread from the body to be weighed tied to the other end. This done, put the brass and lever into a vessel; then pour water into the vessel, and the body will rise and float upon it, and draw down the end of the balance from which it hangs; then put as much weight in the opposite scale as will raise that end of the balance, so as to pull the body down into the water by means of the lever; and this weight in the scale will shew how much the body is lighter than its bulk of water.

There are some things which cannot be weighed in this manner, such as quicksilver, fragments of diamonds, &c. because they cannot be suspended in threads, and must therefore be put into a glass bucket, hanging by a thread from the hook of one scale, and counterpoised by weights put into the opposite scale. Thus, suppose you want to know the specific gravity of quicksilver, with respect to that of water, let the empty bucket be first counterpoised in air, and then

then the quicksilver put into it and weighed. Write down the weight of the bucket, and also of the quicksilver; which done, empty the bucket, and let it be immersed in water as it hangs by the thread, and counterpoised therein by weights in the opposite scale; then pour the quicksilver into the bucket in the water, which will make it preponderate; and put as much weight into the scale as will restore the balance to an equipoise; and this weight will be the weight of a quantity of water equal in bulk to the quicksilver. Lastly, divide the weight of the quicksilver in air by the weight of its bulk of water, and the quotient will shew how much the quicksilver is heavier than its bulk of water.

If a piece of brass, glass, lead, or silver, be immersed or suspended in different sorts of fluids, its different losses of weight therein will shew how much it is heavier than its bulk of the fluid; the fluid being the lightest, in which the immersed body loses least of its aerial weight. A solid bubble of glass is generally used for finding the specific gravities of fluids.

Hence we have an easy method of finding the specific gravity both of solids and fluids, with regard to their respective bulks of common pump-water, which is generally made a standard for comparing all the others by.

HYMEN; a new occasional INTERLUDE, as it is performed at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-lane, London.

The OVERTURE composed by Mr. POTTER.

After the Overture, the Curtain rises to soft Music, and discovers a Rural Scene, a Temple in View, Hymen asleep in a Bower, an Altar, and a Torch unlit.

The Music by Mr. ARNE, jun.

Enter CUPID. Air.

HOW pleasing dear Wedlock, appear thy domains!
How soft are thy fetters, how easy thy chains!
No pleasure on earth is so perfect as thine,
Thy joys with the virtuous are almost divine;
For friendship and love here together unite
The raptures of sense with supernal delight.

Recit.

Recit.

Hymen, awake!----the god of love attend!

HYMEN, rising. Recit.

What cause propitious brings my dearest friend?

Air.

Joy and pleasure great and free,
 Fill my breast at sight of thee!
 Tell me, gentle God of Love,
 Why you visit HYMEN's grove?

CUPID. Recit.

Dreadful War, the human foe,
 Leaves to Peace the world below;
 Discord quits the frightened land,
 Banish'd by the victor's hand.

Air.

See around in ev'ry grove,
 Mirth, tranquillity, and love;
 Take thy torch and golden carriage,
 Now's the reign of Love and Marriage.

Duet.

HYM. Love rewards the soldier best,

CUP. HYMEN makes the virgin blest;

Together. { Then, O VENUS haste away,
 { For 'tis HYMEN's holyday.

Enter VENUS. Recit.

HYMEN, the sacred rites of love prepare!

HYMEN.

I will----But first, O queen, for whom declare!

VENUS. Recit.

For one divinely sent mankind to please,
 Form'd to command with dignity and ease;
 Of manners pleasing, god-like where he can,
 A prince! a hero, and a worthy man.

Duet. VENUS and CUPID.

What but lovely blooming youth,
 Grac'd with all the charms of truth,
 Fair with matchless elegance,
 Can the hero recompense?

Who around the spacious earth,
 Bright with beauty, great by birth,
 Should, but she, such merit share,
 Who's as virtuous as she's fair?

The

The Music by Mr. POTTER.

VENUS. Recit. accompanied.

JOVE smiles approval from above,
And gratulates connubial love;
Auspicious fate the union wills,
And in the pair sweet hope instills.

CUPID lights the Altar. Recit.

The fire I've kindled! light thy torch again:

HYMEN.

'Tis done; and now we'll form the marriage chain.

VENUS. Air.

Bless, O JOVE, the Pair we join,
And with friendship love entwine;
Realize their fancy'd hope,
And to rapture give full scope;
That they soon may feel with pleasure,
Joys parental without measure.

Recit. accompanied.

Nymphs and shepherds, quick advance!
Join the festive song and dance!
He the kind, and she the fair,
Blessing thus the happy pair.

Enter NYMPHS and SHEPHERDS.

Full Chorus.

We consign the bright Pair,
O great Jove! to thy care:
Deck them with Honour's glorious crown,
And make immortal joys their own.

A DANCE.

A SONG.

IF there be joy for me
More than that of roving
'Tis a wife, during life,
Dearly lov'd—and loving.

Glorious prize, would the rise
To this one endeavour.
Luck be true, then—adieu!
Lotteries for ever.

A NEW OCCASIONAL SONG,

Introduced in the RITES of HECATE;

And Sung by Mr. VERNON.

Recit.

THUS live and love ye happy fair;
Breathe still the kind, the fragrant air;
Enjoy your bliss, and grieve no more,
That FLORA quits our Albion shore.

What tho' awhile the spring may fade,
And mourning miss the lovely maid,
Fame shall her future bliss relate,
And smiling years confirm her glorious fate.

Air.

When FLORA, with her plighted love,
From Thames's bank withdrew:
She sent a look to Richmond grove,
And breath'd a sigh o'er Kew.
Oft with that breath the woodbine flower,
The roses bloom'd more sweet,
Now conscious o' the parting hour,
They wither at her feet.

No more with songs of nymphs and swains,
The sprightly morn shall rise;
Love far retreats from Richmond plains,
To reign in FLORA's Eyes;
Thames plaintive, like Euphrates, mourns
His Eden's blasted shore;
No zephyrs breathe, no spring returns,
Where FLORA smiles no more.

Yet here the Muse still fondly roves
At curfeu's solemn knell,
And hears the genius of the groves
Thus sing from Merlin's cell;
-----Go happy nymph, tho' doom'd to shine,
No more in Albion's sphere,
New realms shall feel thy ray divine,
New Edens flourish there.

M m.

To

TO the PRINTER.

*Who that is wrong'd like me can sit down tamely,
And with dull goodness blefs the vile Undoer:
Heaven! Must the traitor Man pursue our Sex
With restless artifice, and labour'd vileness,
Haunt us through all the wiles and turns of caution,
Till, tir'd with vain defence, his snares surround us.*

SIR,

IF the afflictions and distresses of an unhappy mind can be eased by a relation of its sufferings, sure the Almighty will permit me to enjoy that blessing. Rest of body and peace of mind have been strangers to me for these ten years past, by means of a cruel villain, who in one wretched moment deprived me of innocence and peace, alas, for ever!

If a relation of my injuries can be of any service to the unthinking and unguarded of my own sex, or a means of rousing the vigilance of those Gentlemen, who have the power to suppress those vile brothels, whose infamous owners are deaf to every sense of shame or pity, I beg the favour of inserting the following true but melancholy fact:

About twelve years ago I left the most indulgent of parents to live with an aunt in town, who loved me tenderly. She being of a chearful disposition, for some months I lived happy as my utmost wishes could make me. But, unfortunately for me, about that time a young Gentleman came from the country to be a Clerk in one of the public offices in the city. He living in the family, our opportunities were not a few of being frequently together; I being young and gay he soon pretended a passion for me; but as his offers were by no means honourable, I rejected them with a disdain, that such proposals deserve from every one, who prefers honour and a good name to the slavish abundance and gilded trappings of a kept Mistress.

*Oh! that I had my innocence again,
My untouch'd honour, but I wish in vain.
The fleece that has been by the dyer stain'd;
Never again its native whiteness gain'd.*

In vain he endeavoured, by every means and argument in his power, to seduce me, as a sincere love of innocence, and a good name, governed all my actions; finding that I was not to be prevailed on to consent to those vile terms, he at last offered to marry me, and, as the Act was soon to take place, we being both under age, he earnestly entreated me to accept him; but early in life I had given my heart to a worthy deserving youth, then at sea.

*And now to know no thought of rest,
To have the mind still min'string fresh plagues
As in a circle,*

*Where one dishonour treads upon another,
What know the fiends beyond it?*

*Guilt is the source of sorrow, 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind
With whips and stings;*

The blest'd know none of this,.

But rest in everlasting peace of mind,

And find the height of all their heav'n in goodness.

That best of men coming home some few months after, the villain discovered my reasons for refusing him, and as I could not live in peace nor safety, I resolved to go home into the country; this resolution he was soon acquainted with, by means of a man-servant, (for he did not live in the house at this time) and a few days before I intended to return, he came and told me I need be in no hurry to go home, for he had been well informed, that my Lover was then engaged to a Lady at -----, and that they were always together.

As this worthy youth was sincerely and tenderly beloved by me, wonder not that jealousy, and a fatal desire to know the truth, possessed every thought; I begged him to tell me all he knew, which he refused, and my aunt coming in, prevented my saying any more at that time. As I was extremely unhappy, I indiscreetly wrote a note the next day, begging him to explain what he had told me, and not keep me in suspense. He came, and, my aunt having company, could not speak to him; but when he went away, I slipped the note, as I then thought, into his hand as he passed me, but by mistake I had given him a letter I had wrote for a person of my acquaintance, in which was inclosed a receipt, and note of hand, I cannot be positive which; but he found

the mistake, sealed the letter again, and sent it away by the post, *but the note was lost.*

The next morning he came and asked me what I had given him. I laughed, and told him that was not intended for him, but as he was come at a time I wished to see him, I should be obliged to him to end the uneasiness he had given me. He said if that was not the note, he supposed I had it about me, and if I would let him see it, he would then tell me all he knew. Glad to get the secret from him, I put my hand with great haste in my pocket and gave it him. But judge if it is possible, the surprize and horror which struck me, when the monster declared, that if I would not consent to meet him where he should appoint, he would say I had, and, by means of that paper, intirely blast my character as much as if I had; he left me soon after, telling me I had better consider, and consent.

The terror that dwelt on my mind is past description; I remained quite stupified all the remaining part of that day; and the next, when the villain came in the evening, my aunt having thrown her handkerchief over her head, sat sleeping or nodding in the chair, as was her usual custom after dinner, and as I did not desire she should be acquainted with the subject of our dispute, till I had endeavoured to perswade him from so wicked and ungenerous a design, but determined, if I could not prevail, rather to hazard her anger, and speak the truth, than give him a meeting. I went with him into a little parlour, where his uncle always sat, and as he was every moment expected, I had not the least suspicion that he would dare to attempt any ill there; and I went with the more security, as in passing through the kitchen, he desired the Housemaid to bring him some small-beer. But scarcely was I entered when he began with freedoms too vile for me to doubt his design. No words can describe the fright and terror that at once seized my distracted senses: I sprang to the bell, for it was not in my power to speak; the monster saw my terror and design, and it being fixed to the wainscot, before I could press my fingers on the spring, he caught me by the wrist, and dragged me from that part of the room. Oh, that I had in that moment breathed my last, I had then been happy! for my senses left me, and I fainted. In those wretched moments, when humanity demands the assistance of every earthly being, did this most accursed and worst of
villains

villains ruin and destroy my innocence and peace of mind for ever. Never, never have I known the blessing of one happy hour since, and I may truly say, *My life is waxen old with heaviness and my years with mourning.*

Yet do I trust in a just and good God, who will surely avenge the innocent, and I may live to see the day, when he will be rewarded according to his deeds, and the wickedness of his own inventions: Then, then only, can I end my days in peace, for I never can forgive him. The shame and confusion of applying to public justice, and the fear of distressing an indulgent tender father, that, to my grief, is now no more, induced me to be silent.

Nor did his cursed villainy end here; for, finding me determined to go home, without giving him any opportunity to speak to me, the second day after, in the afternoon, a servant came and told me one wanted to speak to me at the back-door. I went, and would have turned back at seeing him; but he caught me in his arms, and swore I never should return, unless I would promise to go with him to a relations, where a Priest waited to marry us. I hesitated at first; but the wretch swore with so much seeming truth, that I could have kneeled to thank him, and, glad to embrace the offer, I went.

But words are faint expressions to describe the anguish of my soul, while I tell the horrid tale. How loudly does the cause of innocence and justice demand a suppression of those detested brothels, whose infamous owners are deaf to every sense of shame, pity, or compassion!

So true was the servant's observation (who stood at the door and listened, though she would give me no assistance) when she said, What a villain is that ----- From that detested night I have never been free from the most racking pains, occasioned by a blow I received cross the small of my back; and the anxieties of my mind no time can ever wear away:

*Nor Art nor Nature's hand can ease my grief,
Nothing but Death, the Wretch's last relief.*

At returning from this detested house, the villain told me, though he had promised to marry me there, yet it was not in his power, as I was under age; but, if I chose to stay in town, what he had once offered me he would gladly give, that is, fifty pounds a-year; but this I did not chuse to accept,

cept, and home I went, where it pleased Heaven to deprive me of my senses for near two years, and never shall I be again the happy creature I once was.

How am I distressed to hear the best of men often accused of bringing me to that deplorable state of wretchedness? Shame will not let me speak the truth; nor can he justify himself, as he nobly lost his life in the service of his King and Country, a few years ago.

The cruel destroyer of my peace and love is since married; and may his sins be far removed from his innocent wife and tender babes; but for himself, would he wish to know the least of my curses, let him turn to the sixth Psalm, and may I live to know when he will be as miserable as he made me.

I am, Sir, your constant reader,
and humble servant,

E.....

MARRIAGE CEREMONIES of the *HOTTENTOTS*.

THE description of an Hottentot making love, will, no doubt, be highly entertaining to the reader; the ceremony and feast at an Hottentot wedding will surely be thought curious: Cruelty, which is the characteristic of this people, has nothing to do here; but nastiness, will be very conspicuous, and with that the reader must be content to bear. If a batchelor, or widower, is disposed to marry, he does not begin by disclosing his passion to the maid or widow that has won his heart. His first business is to discover the matter to his father, if he be living, and get his approbation: If his father consents, he goes along with him to the house of the woman's father, in order to demand her in marriage for his son. When the lover and his father wait on the friends of the woman, it is the business of the lover to prepare and present dacha, or tobacco, to the company. They all smoke, and the conversation turns upon indifferent matters; the visitors seeming to have forgot the business they come about, and none else giving an attention to it, till the heads of all present are intoxicated with smoking. Then the father of the man, addressing himself to the father of the woman, opens the business he comes on, and demands the woman as a match for his son. The father

of

of the woman generally goes out to consult his wife upon this overture, and quickly returns with a final answer, which is seldom in the negative, unless the young woman be already contracted to another. When this happens to be the case, marriage is deferred only till the young fellow she is contracted to is made a man.

The father and son depart directly upon receiving a denial, and the matter is entirely dropped. The lover then looks out for a new choice; and if his father is not living, he must have the approbation of the next in authority of his relations, who, in such case, does all that has been said of the father; and if the father of the woman be dead, the next in authority of her kindred has the disposal of her. If the father of the woman consents, she is next consulted herself. If she does not like the match, she has but one chance to escape it, which, in such case, she generally takes. She must lie down with her lover on the ground, and play with him a whole night, unless the game is sooner up, at pinching, tickling, &c. if she gets the better of her lover at this sport, she is fairly rid of him, and he must drop all thoughts of her; but she must marry the man, willing or unwilling, if subdued by him, as it generally happens. The sport turning out, if the match is put upon this issue, in favour of the lover; and the lover being made a man, he loses no time; but chusing two or three fat oxen from his own herd, if he has one, or his father's, according to the wealth and figure of the family, he drives them to the house from whence he is to take his destined bride. All his relations, men and women that live near him, accompany him, let the abode of his mistress be ever so far off; and arriving before the house, all the relations of the woman thereabout immediately assemble, and receive them with innumerable greetings and caresses. The oxen are immediately slain after the Hottentot manner.

The whole company, men and women, besmear their bodies with the fat of them, and then powder themselves all over with buchu. The more fat and buchu they have upon their bodies, the finer they reckon themselves. Upon this joyful occasion therefore, both men and women bedaub and powder themselves very lavishly; and the women, to appear still finer and more amiable, colour their foreheads, cheeks, and chins with a red chalk-stone, easily found in the fields. The stone, among the Hottentot women, holds the place
of

of the paints and patches used by our own, and is looked upon as a great improver of beauty.

They then proceed to the nuptial ceremony, which is as follows: The men squat themselves upon the ground in a circle, in the center of which the bridegroom places himself; then the priest, who is always that of the kraal, where the bride resides, enters the circle of the men, and coming up to the bridegroom, pisses upon him a little. The bridegroom receives the stream with transport, rubbing it briskly all over his body, and making with his long nails (for the Hottentots never cut theirs) several deep scratches in his skin, that the urine may penetrate and soak the farther.

The priest then goes to the circle of the women, and coming up to the bride, pisses a little upon her; and she receives and rubs the urine upon her body with as much alacrity as the bridegroom. Then goes the priest again to the bridegroom, and having pissed a little more upon him, away he goes again to the bride, and again pisses upon her: And so he goes from the one to the other till he has exhausted upon them his whole stock of urine, uttering, from time to time, to each of them, the following good wishes; 'May you have a son before the end of the year; may this son live to be a comfort to you in your old age; may this son prove to be a man of courage and a good huntsman.'

This is the whole of the nuptial ceremony; which being over, the company rise, and join in preparing the feast. The oxen killed upon this occasion they cut into several pieces, and dress them all at once. Some pieces they boil, the rest they roast. Their method of boiling is like that of the Europeans: but their roasting is quite another thing, and deserves a circumstantial description.

A large stone is fastened in the ground in the manner of a hearth. On all the surface of this stone they make a brisk fire, and let it burn till such time as they think the stone sufficiently hot. They then remove the fire, and having, with a handful of grass, wiped the ashes clean off from the stone, they put the meat upon it, which they cover with a flat stone as large as that it lies on; they next make a fire round about the meat, and another upon the stone that covers it; and thus it remains till it is roasted, and this is not long doing, as the reader will easily imagine. The victuals being dressed,

[To be concluded in our next.]

the men and women seat themselves, the men on one circle, the women on the other, on the ground; and the meat is served up to them in pots that glitter with grease; some carry knives about them, which they have purchased of the Europeans, and with which they cut their meat. Others, who are not so provided, tear the victuals with their fingers; and every one eats with an astonishing rapacity. They use the lappets of their crosses, or mantles, for plates; and their spoons are mother-of-pearl, and other sea shells without handles.

The Hottentot custom, which forbids the men to eat in company of the women, is for this time dispensed with, in favour of the bridegroom, who sits and eats in company of the women, but touches none of the victuals prepared for them. He has a certain portion dressed for himself alone. Dinner being over, the remainder of the victuals is set by for a second entertainment to the company: when the ground they sit on is cleared of the pots and offals, they go to smoaking of dacha, or tobacco: Each company has one tobacco-pipe: He or she that fills it lights it, and having taken two or three whiffs, gives it to his or her neighbour, who, having taken two or three whiffs, gives it to a third, and so the pipe goes round till it is out, at which time it is filled again, and given about from hand to hand in the same manner. Great prating is maintained in both companies; every tongue goes almost incessantly, they smoak till they become intoxicated; some swallowing the smoak, it immediately turns their heads: The more they smoak the more the noise increases. The greatest part of the night is passed in noisy, extravagant prate. Towards the morning, the bridegroom flies to the arms of his bride for the first time, and the companies separate to go to sleep. The next day, as soon as their heads are tolerably settled, they assemble, men and women, in separate companies again. The victuals they left the day before are again set before them. They cram ravenously. What they leave is set by for a meal to the same mouths the next day. They resume the smoaking of dacha, or tobacco; and pass the time, till near the next morning, in the same incoherent prate and noise as before.

This is the life they lead from day to-day, without minding any business, or any other pleasure, till they have fairly devoured all the victuals that were dressed for them on the day of marriage. When that is done, the nuptial festivities

are at an end. It is something remarkable, that though the Hottentots are great lovers of music and dancing, they admit of neither in their festivities. Eating, drinking, smoking, and immoderate prating are the sum total of every entertainment, on occasion of marriage, throughout all the Hottentot nations. Their drink is their ordinary beverage, which is water and cow's-milk.

The Hottentots allow of polygamy, up to any number of wives, that a man is able and willing to maintain. A certain traveller says, that this custom obtains only among the rich Hottentots; others say, that polygamy is often to be met with even amongst the poor. However, the richest have seldom more than three wives. Marriages between first and second cousins are not allowed by the Hottentots. Those who transgress herein, are condemned by their laws to be cudgel'd to death.

With regard to the portions on both sides the Hottentot marriages, the eldest son inherits all the estate the father dies possessed of: But, if an eldest son marries while his father is living, he stands no better chance for a fortune in hand, than his younger brother's, who are all in that article at the discretion of the father, if they marry in his life-time; and a father seldom gives a son for his marriage portion above a couple of cows, and a couple of sheep, with which he must shift in the world as well as he can. Upon the death of the father, the younger sons are, as to their fortunes, at the discretion of the eldest, who rarely does any thing better for them than what has been said of the father. The daughters have seldom any portion at all; if they have, it is not above a cow and a couple of sheep; and these, or the like, must be returned to the family she belongs to, in case she should die before she has a child.

The men look not for fortunes, or great alliances by marriage. In the choice of their wives, they consider nothing but wit, beauty, or agreeableness; so that it sometimes happens, the daughter of a poor obscure fellow, is married to the captain of a kraal, or the chief of a nation. Adultery is punished with death among the Hottentots. Marriage may be dissolved among them: A man may be divorced from his wife and a woman from her husband, upon assigning such a cause as may appear satisfactory to the men of the kraal where they live; who, upon suit to them for relief by divorce, immediately

immediately assemble to hear and determine the matter. A man divorced from his wife, is at liberty to marry again whenever he pleases. But a woman divorced from her husband, is not allowed to marry again during his life.

A certain traveller tells us, that the bride, on the nuptial day, ties a gut of an ox or a sheep about the neck of the bridegroom, who is obliged to wear it there till it rots off. But this is contradicted by others.

We shall conclude this account of the marriage ceremonies of the Hottentots, by taking notice of one very extraordinary custom that prevails amongst them; which is, that a widow, for every husband she marries after the first, is obliged to cut off the joint of a finger, beginning at one of the little fingers.

OF FILIAL PIETY in FRANCE.

IN a great sea-port, in one of the most distant provinces of that kingdom, there lived a merchant, who had carried on trade with equal honour and prosperity, till he was arrived of fifty years of age; and then, by a sudden series of unexpected and unavoidable losses, found himself unable to comply with his engagements, and his wife and children, whom he placed his principle happiness, reduced to such a situation as doubled his distress.

His sole resource in this sad situation, was the reflexion, that upon the strictest review of his own conduct, nothing of iniquity or imprudence appeared. He thought it therefore to repair to Paris, in order to lay a true state of his affairs before his creditors, that being convinced of his honesty, they might be induced to pity his misfortunes, and allow him a reasonable space of time to settle his affairs. He was kindly received by some, and very civilly by all; whence he conceived great hopes, which he communicated to his family. But these were speedily dashed by the refusal of his principal creditor, who caused him to be seized and sent to a gaol.

Soon as this melancholy event was known in the country, the eldest son, who was turned of nineteen, listening only to the dictates of filial piety, came post to Paris, and threw himself at the feet of the obdurate creditor, to whom he

painted the distress of the family, in the most pathetic terms; but without effect. At length, in the greatest agony of mind, he said, "Sir, since you think nothing can compensate for your loss, but a victim, let your resentment devolve upon me. Let me suffer instead of my father, and the miseries of a prison will seem light in procuring the liberty of a parent, to console the sorrows of the distracted and dejected family that I have left behind me. Thus, Sir, you will satisfy your vengeance, without sealing their irretrievable ruin." And then his tears and sighs stopped his utterance.

His father's creditor beheld him upon his knees in this condition, for a full quarter of an hour. He then sternly bid him rise and sit down, which he obeyed. The gentleman then walked from one corner of the room to the other, in great agitation of mind, for about the same space of time. At length, throwing his arms about the young man's neck, "I find, said he, there is yet something more valuable than money: I have an only daughter, for whose fate I have the utmost anxiety. I am resolved to fix it; in marrying you she must be happy. Go, carry your father's discharge, ask his consent, bring him instantly hither, and let us bury in the joy of this alliance, all remembrance of what has formerly happened." Thus the generous gratitude of the son relieved the calamity of the worthy father. The man who had considered wealth and happiness as synonymous terms, was freed from that fatal error! and Providence vindicated the manner of its proceeding, by thus bringing light out of darkness and through a short scene of misery, rewarded a virtuous family with lasting peace, in the enjoyment of that prosperity which they so well deserved.

*A PANEGYRIC upon BRITAIN, from Mr. OGILVIE
Poem of Providence; being the conclusion of Book I.*

YET not o'er nature spread the general traits
Of imperfection. On some happier climes
The hand of Heav'n hath shower'd its richest spoils,
Profuse of bounty. Though the juicy grape
Tempt not the lip of luxury, the pine
Feels not the scorching sun, not on the bough
Hangs clothed in mantling gold, and ripe to taste,
The mellow orange: Yet their plains can boast

A nobler produce. In your blissful isle
Gay plenty reigns! Ascending as he spoke
From the blew deep, to my transported gaze
Rose the white cliffs of Albion. Hail! beloved
Of heav'n (with joy exclaim'd th' inraptured Sire)
Britannia hail! O! from the world disjoin'd,
As nature's hand had form'd the soft retreat
Of happiness and love! No fevering sun
Blasts thy gay meads; no deep volcano boils
With inward fire; nor through the cave beneath
Walks the dire earthquake. The tremendous shock,
That from their loose base heaves the works of man,
Just vibrates on thy bosom; as the voice
Of distant thunder moves the trembling ground,
And murmurs in the air. Thy fields rejoice
With cheerful plenty. On yon waving plain
I see the Goddess walk. Her loosened robe
Floats on the gale redundant: On her cheek
In full luxuriance swells the blushing spring,
And scents her breath with myrrh. Mark how she rears
Her horn aloft, and liberal o'er the field
Pours forth her treasures. Man's enliven'd soul,
And all the groves are transport. Hark the voice
Of music warbles from the bough! The hind
Feels his heart leaping as he looks around;
And joy's bright beam bursts boundless o'er his mind.
These are the blessings heaven's all-bounteous hand
Showers on her favourite isle. Thrice happy they,
Who know their worth, and kindly at the view,
With love, with gratitude adore the power,
Who shapes this wondrous frame, and wrought its parts
To such perfection; nor less beauteous form'd
His moral plan. But this to trace at large
Requires a fitter season. The slow sun
Already sinks behind you crimson'd cloud
And gives the world to night. Quick as he said,
The landscape languished. From the gazing eye,
Lawns, villas, vines, and visionary vales
Immediate fled; and nought remain'd around,
But the bleak mountain, and the peaceful dale.

THOUGHTS upon SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

HONOUR attends all kinds of excellence. Riches and bravery, and parts, are all alike honoured by the multitude; and the possessors are severally capable of tasting the pleasures resulting from them: But the pleasure which results from contemplation, the philosopher only is capable of tasting.

The soul, abstracted from its passions, is of a remiss and sedentary nature, slow in its resolves, and languid in its executions. The use, therefore, of the passions, ought to be to stir the soul to action to awaken the understanding, and to inforce the will to good purposes.

There is pleasure, in tender sensations, which far surpasses any the ill-natured are capable of tasting.

The happiness and apparent power, which luxury, for a time, imparts to nations, may be compared to those violent fevers, from which, during the paroxysms, the patient derives an astonishing strength, and seem to augment his powers only to deprive him at once, when the fit is over, both of his strength and life: For indeed the epocha of the height of luxury, in a nation, is generally the epocha preceding its fall or abasement.

All the affections of men may be deduced from their originals, hunger, thirst, and lust; the modest enjoyment of all these is virtue, and the excess vice.

A greater judgment cannot befall a country, than a division that rends its people into parties, which are greater enemies to one another, than if they were of different nations: This spoils good neighbourhood, makes honest gentlemen hate one another, and manifestly tends to the destruction of all society.

People of moderate parts commonly condemn every thing that is beyond their reach.

A prince of capacity fills all posts in his state with men of eminent abilities, and his choice must be good, because he can only prefer persons of a similar genius to his own. On the contrary, a weak prince entertains such as resemble him, and thus generally makes a bad choice. The people, who cannot personally know their master, judge of him from the talents of those he employs. Queen Christina used to say, that, under a stupid monarch, the whole court is, or will become such.

Truth

Truth is never perceived but in the ferment of contrary opinions.

Where men of parts have been bred to sedentary mechanic employments, they have seldom followed that business longer than their apprenticeships obliged them, if so long; their minds being too active for their station, they start from their shop-boards, either into higher or more useful stations, or else into idleness and mischief, according to their dispositions.

A good man will have his eye more upon the virtues of his children, than on their advancement in wealth; and the survivorship of a worthy man, in his son, is a pleasure not inferior to that of a continuance of his own life.

Who can rescue him from error, when vanity, the companion of ignorance, has tied him to it, and rendered it dear to him.

Political corruption prefaces, or is a preparative to the ruin of any state or empire. It is easily known when individuals begin to separate their interest from that of the public; and, when once it takes root, the people of such a corrupt state must necessarily be unhappy at home, and little feared abroad. Then the duration of the state becomes insensibly more and more precarious, and it is chance, which either delays or hastens the fall of it.

It is only from the actions of men, that the public can judge of their probity.

A man, that is young in years, may be old in hours, if he has lost no time.

To see a father treating his son like an elder brother; and to see sons covet their father's company and conversation, because they think him the wisest and most agreeable man of their acquaintance, is the most amiable picture the eye can behold: It is a transplanted self-love, as sacred as friendship, as pleasurable as love, and as joyous as religion.

Old-age is remarkable for wisdom or folly, according as men have spent their youth. Nothing is more agreeable than a cheerful sensible old man; and nothing is more irksome than an old tedious story-teller.

Moralists have long since observed novelty to be the source of admiration, which lessens in proportion to our familiarity with objects; and, upon a thorough acquaintance, is utterly extinguished.

Love

Love God, love yourself, love your fellow-creatures; these are all your obligations: The first produces piety, the second wisdom, the third social virtues.

Women have no approbation of our sex, without some degree of love; this approbation is soon improved into kindness, and kindness into passion.

The full ears of corn, which bend their heads, express the modest diffidence of real knowledge; and those empty ones, which stand above the rest, shew the confidence of ignorance.

He that tells a lye must invent twenty more to maintain it.

The French are wiser than they seem, and the Spaniards seem wiser than they are.

The use of pictures is either to give one agreeable ideas of their absent friends, or high ideas of eminent persons.

Adversity frightens not away our friends, but disperses the pretended ones.

Example is a dangerous rule, if plainly followed; for it is with example as with counsels, in order to improve by them, we ought to have knowledge enough to fix their right value.

Amasis established a law in Egypt, that every Egyptian should actually declare before the governor of the province, by what means he maintained himself. The neglect of this was punished with death. This law Solon introduced into Athens, where it was inviolably preserved as a most equitable constitution.

It is the blackest ingratitude to accept the best of any one's endeavours to please you, and repay it with indifference.

It requires greater talents to fill up and become a retired life, than one of business. There are few who know how to be idle and innocent. To be well employed is the safest guard to innocence.

Monsieur Paschal, in his treatise on the misery of man, says, that all our endeavours after greatness proceed from nothing but a desire of being surrounded by a multitude of persons and affairs, that may hinder us from looking into ourselves, which is a view we cannot bear.

He, who would be discreet, and aim at practicable things, should turn his thoughts upon allaying his pain, rather than promoting his joy; for great inquietude may be avoided, but great felicity is not to be attained.

The NATURAL HISTORY of ELEPHANTS.

THE Elephant is the largest of all quadrupeds, and a creature in many respects deserving our attention. Great numbers of these animals are found in several parts of the East-Indies, and are usually from eight to thirteen feet in height (though some talk of sixteen or eighteen feet) and their backs are five or six feet broad, and somewhat protuberant. The Elephant has a round thick body, a large short head, and a short neck; a long proboscis, snout, or trunk, hanging almost down to the ground; a little narrow mouth, with two long tusks proceeding from the upper jaw, one on each side of the proboscis, besides four strong grinders in each jaw, small piercing eyes, large flat ears, and a long tail. Its legs are round and thick, supporting its vast weight, like so many columns; and its feet are short, those before being broader and rounder than those behind, each of them defended by four hoofs. Its skin is very hard, especially on the breast; its colour is generally dusky or black, but there is a white species not so common as the others.

The proboscis or trunk of the Elephant is of such a structure, that he can extend or contract, dilate, raise or depress, and bend or twist it about at pleasure. Sometimes he makes of a concave, sometimes of a convex form; now doubles again expands it, and in short, turns it round every way with surprising agility. By this member he takes in his eat and drink, and conveys them to his mouth; by this he takes up a vast weight, levels trees, and makes use of it as a hand upon all occasions, and it likewise serves for the purposes of smelling and respiration.

It is really wonderful to observe how nimbly the Elephant moves his trunk, considering its bulk, being sometimes six or seven feet long, and three or more in circumference at its origin, but growing smaller from thence to its extremity. The shortness of the Elephant's neck is compensated by the length of this member, which Dr. Derham says is so admirably contrived, so curiously wrought, and applied with so much dexterity and readiness by that unwieldly creature to its several uses, that he thinks it a manifest instance of the Creator's wisdom.

The proboscis is likewise of singular service to the She-elephant in bringing up her young; for it is very remarkable, that the old one sucks herself, and by means of her trunk conveys the milk into the mouth of the young one. And herein we may observe the wise contrivance of the Author of Nature, the nipples of the Elephant being placed about the breast, and not near the hinder legs, as in mares, cows, and other quadrupeds; for the young Elephant not being able to suck its dam, by reason of the position of its mouth under the proboscis, the nipples are situated so as to be reached by the mouth of the dam, and thereby provision made for the nourishment of her offspring.

The grinders of the Elephant are of such a thickness, both in the upper and lower jaw, as contributes to render the mouth narrow; nor need it be broader, because the strength of the grinders is so great, as to communicate the aliments at once, in such a manner, that they do not want to be moved to and fro in the mouth, in order to be farther masticated, as is usual with other animals; and therefore the tongue is small, short, and round, not thin or flat, as in an ox, and has a smooth surface.-----As to the tusks of the Elephant, which are what we call ivory, the male has larger than the female, some of them being seven or eight feet long, and weighing a hundred, a hundred and forty, or a hundred and fifty pounds; insomuch that Tavernier tells us they make door-posts of them in the Indies, and it is related, that in the kingdom of Laos they make fences with them round the gardens. The same traveller says, that the Elephants of Ceylon, have no tusks, except the first which the female produces; and this seems to be confirmed by Mr. Knox in his account of that island, who says, that few Elephants there have tusks, and those only the males.

History informs us, that Elephants were used in war by the antients, and so they are at this day by several of the Indian princes.

This animal, being of great bulk and strength, has sometimes made great havock amongst an enemy in the field of battle; but whether any of them were ever so large as to carry thirty-two fighting men on their backs, as is related in 1 Maccab. vi. 37, besides a man to govern them, is much to be doubted. It is more probable, as some learned men have observed, that some error has crept into the impression

for though Philostratus speaks of ten or fifteen Indians fighting with darts in castles on the backs of Elephants, and Paulus Fineta says, that in the Ginger Islands they have wooden castles on Elephants backs, containing fifteen or twenty men, yet even these appear to be romantic to Bochart, and to all who are capable of judging in this matter. We rather believe (with Mr. Blair) what Heliodorus says, that the towers on the backs of Elephants contained six fighting men, who threw darts from each side; or what Cadamustus relates, that the towers held three or four warriors; which accounts agree well enough with what Elian says upon the subject, and with the usual weight and bulk of the animal.

Tavernier was told, that the Great Mogul kept three or four thousand Elephants; but the chief master assured him that he had not above five hundred, which were kept to carry women, tents, &c. and eighty or ninety for war. This indeed is a great number of tame ones; from whence we may conclude there is a vast number of wild ones in his dominions, besides those in other parts of the Indies, particularly in the kingdom of Pegu, where we read of one thousand taken at one hunting; but we are apt to think some abatement should be made on this account.

The natural food of the Elephant is grass, and when that is wanting, they dig up roots with their tusks. They have a very acute sense of smelling, whereby they readily find out their food; and avoid all noxious herbage. When they are tamed, they eat hay, oats, barley, or such food as horses and oxen do; and they drink clear water readily enough, tho' they naturally affect that which is muddy. They drink a vast quantity, suckling it up by the trunk, as we have already hinted, and thence conveying it to the mouth. It appears to have been a custom to give them spirituous liquors when they went to battle, in order to make them drunk and furious.

The Elephant is said to live to a great age, even to a hundred and twenty, two hundred, or three hundred years; nay, there are some who affirm that they live to be five hundred years old, and that at two hundred years they are full of strength and vigour. Some of these reports exceed all probability, though the longevity of the animal is not disputed. Tavernier, who travelled into India, tells us he could

O o 2

never

[To be concluded in our next.]

*An Account of the DISCOVERY and CONQUEST of
SIBERIA.*

AT the beginning of the last century, a Don Cossack, named Yarmak, being obliged by some accident to leave his native country, and having no means of subsistence, he joined with a few accomplices, who took to robbing on the highway. He soon became famous and powerful, for he robbed only the rich, and, by a generosity uncommon in such a character, liberally bestowed to such as were in want. He never killed, or even hurt any person, unless compelled to such outrages in his own defence. This behaviour so raised his reputation, that all the idle fellows in the country enlisted themselves in his gang, and he became at last so troublesome that the governors of the southern provinces sent out troops to apprehend him; but he being informed of their design, withdrew from the land, and procuring boats upon the Volga, commenced pirate. Being attacked here also, he was forced to cross the Caspian sea and shelter himself on the Persian shore, where he passed for a merchant. Being again discovered, he was obliged by the Persians to quit their coast; and now his only refuge was to return to the Volga, where he behaved with great circumspection, often lurking in woods and villages: And, being in no want of money, he paid liberally for every thing he needed. Foreseeing, however, that such a numerous gang could not be long concealed, he took the resolution of leaving the Volga and steered his course up the river Kama, at that time little frequented by the Russians, or any other nation; here he hoped to find, at least, a safe retreat during the winter. Yarmak, therefore, with his followers, amounting to 200, continued their voyage up the Kama, till they were stopped by the ice, at no great distance from a large village. The inhabitants were alarmed at the sight of so many armed men, whom they were not able to oppose, they therefore gave them a hospitable reception. Yarmak demanded only provisions and winter-quarters for his men, promising to leave them unmolested in the spring. In consequence of this declaration, he and his followers passed the winter very quietly in that remote place; afraid, however, at the approach of summer, of being discovered by the government

vernment, and uncertain what course to steer, it was at last determined to cross the mountain of Verchaturia, and go the eastward, in hopes of finding some uninhabited country, at least a safe retreat.

Having passed the mountains, they arrived at the river Tur; and, finding it navigable, soon made a sufficient number of canoes for the whole gang. After rowing for some days down the Tur, they discovered several villages of Mahometan Tartars, who were surprized at the sight of such a number of strangers, of whom they had never before so much as heard. Yarmak having got what intelligence he could procure of the situation and government of the country, pursued his voyage to the river Tobol; where he found the towns populous, and the land well cultivated. His approach alarmed the king of the Tartars, who assembled a numerous body of horse and foot, armed with bows and arrows, and lances, and other such weapons, with whom our adventurer had many skirmishes, and defeated great multitudes by means of his fire-arms, which had never before been known in these parts. The poor Tartars were as much amazed and terrified at the sight of the Russians and their arms, as the inhabitants of Mexico on the arrival of the Spaniards in America, to which Siberia may, in many respects, be compared.

Yarmak finding his enemies daily more numerous, the nearer he approached the residence of the Tartar king; having also lost many of his men in continual encounters, and spent the greatest part of his ammunition; knowing, besides, of no place of safety, where he might pass the winter, which is both long and severe in this quarter, he at last determined to retreat. He therefore steered his course to the west, up the Tobol, and Tur rivers. The Tartars gave him no rest, but harrassed him perpetually from the bank. He himself, and a few more escaped with a considerable booty and returned to the village where they wintered before. The inhabitants, on seeing the rich furs and other spoils gave them a welcome reception; and Yarmak did not forget to dispense his favours liberally among those who had entertained him in his distress, when he fled from justice.

Our adventurer had now time to reflect on his miserable circumstances. He considered, that his lurking in these parts, though remote from any town, could not be long kept

kept a secret; to make another attempt against the Tartars with a handful of men, ill provided with arms and ammunition, might perhaps be ruinous, and certainly unsuccessful. He therefore resolved to submit himself to the Czar's clemency, in hopes of obtaining a pardon for himself and his accomplices, on condition of pointing out the way to a rich and easy conquest of a country which he had discovered. The proposal was made at court by a friend, and was of too great importance to be neglected. In short, Yarmak was brought to Moscow under a safe conduct, where he communicated the whole affair. He begged his majesty's pardon, and asked a certain number of troops, which he promised to lead to a glorious conquest. His majesty granted him a pardon, approved of the expedition, and gave orders for the troops to attend him. They marched to Solikamski, where they passed the winter in making preparations for their enterprise.

During this interval, Yarmak behaved with surprising prudence and activity, which discovered him to be a person of uncommon genius. He collected such of his former followers as remained, and formed them into a company, in whom he could confide on all occasions.

At the proper season, the troops set out towards Siberia. On coming into the inhabited part of the country, they found many straggling parties of Tartars in arms, ready to oppose them, and a number of boats upon the rivers full of armed men; the king of the Tartars himself was on board one of these vessels. This expedition was of short duration, and fully answered the expectations of the Russians. The Tartars in the boats, being pursued by the Russians, a battle ensued on the river Irtysh. Yarmak observing the king's barge ordered his crew to board her, which he endeavouring to do at the head of his men, jumped short, fell into the river and was drowned, to the great grief of all his followers. Thus fell poor Yarmak! Notwithstanding this misfortune the Russians gained a compleat victory. The brave king of the Tartars lost his life also in the action. His son, and the rest of the royal family, were taken prisoners, and sent to Moscow, where they were honourably received by the Czar and treated according to their quality. The prince had an extensive property granted him in Russia, which the family now enjoys, together with the title of Sibirsky Czarewitsch or prince of Siberia.

INTRO

INTRODUCTION to GOTHAM, a POEM.

Book II. By C. CHURCHILL.

HOW much mistaken are the men, who think
 That all who will, without restraint, may drink,
 May largely drink, e'en till their bowels burst,
 Pleading no right but merely that of thirst,
 At the pure waters of the living well,
 Beside whose streams the MUSES love to dwell
 Verse is with them a knack, an idle toy,
 A rattle gilded o'er, on which a boy
 May play untaught, whilst, without art or force,
 Make it but jingle, Music comes of course.

Little do such men know the toil, the pains,
 The daily, nightly racking of the brains,
 To range the thoughts, the matter to digest,
 To cull fit phrases, and reject the rest,
 To know the times when HUMOUR, on the cheek
 Of MIRTH may hold her sports, when WIT should speak,
 And when be silent; when to use the pow'rs
 Of Ornament and how to place the flow'rs,
 So that they neither give a tawdry glare,
 Nor waste their sweetness in the desert air;
 To form (which few can do, and scarcely one,
 One Critick in an age can find, when done)
 To form a plan, to strike a grand Outline,
 To fill it up, and make the picture shine
 A full, and perfect piece; to make coy Rime
 Renounce her follies, and with sense keep time,
 To make proud sense against her nature bend,
 And wear the chains of rime, yet call her friend.

Some Fops there are, amongst the Scribbling tribe,
 Who make it all their business to describe,
 No matter whether in, or out of place;
 Studious of finery, and fond of lace,
 Alike they trim, as Coxcomb fancy brings,
 The rags of beggars, and the robes of kings.
 Let dull Propriety in state preside
 O'er her dull children, nature is their guide,
 Wild nature, who at random breaks the fence
 Of those tame drudges Judgment, Taste, and Sense,

Nor

Nor would forgive herself the mighty crime
Of keeping terms with *Person, Place, and Time.*

Let *liquid gold* emblaze the Sun at noon,
With *borrow'd* beams let Silver pale the Moon,
Let surges *hoarse* lash the resounding shore,
Let streams *meander*, and let Torrents *roar*,
Let them breed up the *melancholy* breeze
To *sigh with sighing, sob with sobbing trees*,
Let vales *embroid'ry* wear, let flow'rs be *ting'd*
With various *tints*, let clouds be *lac'd* or *fring'd*,
They have their wish; like idle monarch boys,
Neglecting things of weight, they sigh for toys;
Give them the crown, the sceptre, and the robe,
Who will may take the pow'r, and rule the globe.

Others there are, who, in one solemn pace,
With as much zeal, as Quakers rail at lace;
Railing at needful Ornament, depend
On sense to bring them to their journey's end.
They would not (Heav'n forbid) their course delay:
Nor for a moment step out of the way,
To make the barren road those graces wear,
Which nature would, if pleas'd have planted there.

Vain men! who blindly thwarting nature's plan
Ne'er find a passage to the heart of man;
Who, bred 'mong fogs in Academic land,
Scorn ev'ry thing they do not understand;
Who, destitute of humour, wit, and taste,
Let all their little knowledge run to waste,
And frustrate each good purpose, whilst they wear
The robes of learning with a sloven's air.
Tho' solid reas'ning arms each sterling line,
Tho' Truth declares aloud, 'This work is mine.'
Vice, whilst from page to page dull morals creep,
Throws by the book, and virtue falls asleep.

Sense mere, dull, formal sense in this gay town
Must have some vehicle to pass her down,
Nor can she for an hour ensure her reign,
Unless she brings fair pleasure in her train.
Let her, from day to day, from year to year,
In all her grave solemnities appear,

And,

[To be concluded in our next.]

Conclusion of Gotham, Book II. a Poem, by C. Churchill.

And, with the voice of trumpets, through the streets
Deal lectures out to ev'ry one she meets,
Half who pass by are deaf, and t'other half
Can hear indeed, but only hear to laugh.

Quit then, ye graver sons of letter'd pride;
Taking for one experience as a guide;
Quit this grand Error, this dull *College* mode;
Be your pursuits the same, but change the road;
Write, or at least appear to write with ease,
And, if you mean to profit, learn to please.

In vain for such mistakes they pardon claim,
Because they wield the pen in virtue's name.
Thrice sacred is that name, thrice blest'd the man
Who thinks, speaks, writes, and lives on such a plan.
This, in himself, himself of course must bless,
But cannot with the world promote success.
He may be strong, but, with effect to speak,
Should recollect his readers may be weak;
Plain, rigid truths, which saints with comfort bear,
Will make the sinner tremble, and despair.
True virtue acts from love, and the great end,
At which she nobly aims, is to amend;
How then do those mistake, who arm her laws
With rigour not their own, and hurt the cause.
They mean to help, whilst with a zealot rage
They make that goddess, whom they'd have engage
Our dearest love, in hideous terror rise!
Such may be honest, but they can't be wise.

In her own full, and perfect blaze of light,
Virtue breaks forth too strong for human sight:
The dazzled eye, that nice but weaker sense,
Shuts herself up in darkness for defence,
But, to make strong conviction deeper sink,
To make the callous feel, the thoughtless think,
Like God made man, she lays her glory by,
And beams mild comfort on the ravish'd eye.
In earnest most, when most she seems in jest,
She worms into, and winds around the breast,
To conquer vice, of vice appears the friend,
And seems unlike herself to gain her end.

The sons of sin, to while away the time
 Which lingers on their hands, of each black crime
 To hush the painful memory, and keep
 The tyrant conscience in delusive sleep,
 Read on at random, not suspect the dart
 Until they find it rooted in their heart.
 'Gainst vice they give their vote, nor know at first
 That, cursing that, themselves too they have curs'd,
 They see not, till they fall into the snares,
 Deluded into virtue unawares.
 Thus the shrewd doctor, in the spleen-struck mind
 When pregnant horror sits, and broods o'er wind,
 Discarding drugs, and striving how to please,
 Lures on insensibly, by slow degrees,
 The patient to those manly sports, which bind
 The slacken'd sinews, and relieve the mind;
 The patient feels a change as wrought by stealth,
 And wonders on demand to find it health.

Some few, whom fate ordain'd to deal in rimes
 In other lands, and *here* in other times.
 Whom, waiting at their birth, the *Midwife* MUSE
 Sprinkled all over with Castalian dews,
 To whom true GENIUS gave his magic pen,
 Whom ART by just degrees led up to men,
 Some few, extremes well-shunn'd, have steer'd between
 These dang'rous rocks, and held the golden mean,
 SENSE in their works maintains her proper state,
 But never sleeps, or labours with her weight;
 GRACE makes the whole look elegant, and gay,
 But never dares from SENSE to run astray.
 So nice the master's touch, so great his care,
 The colours boldly glow, not idly glare.
 Mutually giving, and receiving aid,
 They set each other off, like light and shade,
 And, as by stealth, with so much softness blend,
 'Tis hard to say, where they begin, or end.

Both give us charms, and neither gives offence;
 SENSE perfects GRACE, and GRACE enlivens SENSE.

Peace to the men, who these high honours claim,
 Health to their souls, and to their mem'ries fame:
 Be it my task, and no mean task, to teach
 A rev'rence for that worth I cannot reach;
 Let me at distance, with a steady eye,
 Observe, and mark their passage to the sky.

From envy free, applaud such rising worth.
And praise their heav'n, though pinion'd down to earth.

Had I the pow'r, I could not have the time,
Whilst spirits flow, and life is in her prime,
Without a sin 'gainst pleasure, to design
A plan, to methodize each thought, each line
Highly to finish, and make ev'ry grace,
In itself charming, take new charms from place,
Nothing of books, and little known of men,
When the mad fit comes on, I seize the pen.
Rough as they run, the rapid thoughts set down,
Rough as they run, discharge them on the town.
Hence rude, unfinish'd brats, before their time,
Are born into this idle world of rime,
And the poor *flattern* MUSE is brought to bed
With all her imperfections on her head....

Conclusion of the Natural History of Elephants. See page 283.

never learn exactly how long the Elephant lived, but that he was told by one of the keepers, that he knew such an Elephant to have been in his great grandfather's, grandfather's and father's custody, which he modestly computes not to have been less than a hundred and twenty or thirty years. Mr. Blair allows that the Elephant generally lives to a great age, though it is an animal subject to several distempers.

As to the manner of the Elephant's procreation, all agree that it is a creature of extraordinary modesty, and never copulates in the sight of any one. The time when they begin to copulate is likewise uncertain; though from their usual term of life, it is conjectured, that many of them do not begin till the twentieth year of their age, though others may do it much sooner. The time of their going with young is also disputed; nor is there any way of knowing it, but by observing when they separate themselves from the herd, (for they are gregarious animals) the male and female going apart for the sake of coition, and not returning till the female is impregnated. Some have also imagined, from their extraordinary bulk, that they go with young nine years, others six, and others two; but it is most probable, that the time of their gestation is fifteen or sixteen months, if we may judge it by that of other viviparous animals, which is accord-

ing to their bulk and term of life. Some say they bring forth every third year, and others but once in their lives; but this last opinion is utterly improbable, considering the great number of these animals found in Asia and Africa. It is reported that they only bring forth one at a time, and that about the bigness of a calf; which size seems to agree with that Tavernier tells us, that when the merchants bring the Elephants to sell, the children leap upon their backs; which could not well be if they were higher. According to the same author, the male never meddles with the female after he is taken, but is sometimes seized with a lustful rage, or rather (as others think) with a kind of madness, known by the efflux of a liquor from their jaws like oil, which goes off again of its own accord. Mr. Knox says, the female Elephant suckle indifferently the young ones of others as well as their own; but how long it is before the young Elephant quits its dam, is not easy to determine.

The Elephants take great care of their young, rather chusing to lose their own lives than that they should theirs. They always go in herds, the largest foremost; and when they are to pass a river, they lift the young ones across on their two tusks, twisting the proboscis round their middle. When they find any of their species dead in the woods, they cover the carcass with branches of trees, grass, or what else they can get; and if one of them is wounded, the rest take care of him, bring him food, and run together to save him from the hunter.

The manner of taking Elephants is as follows: they dig deep pits, and cover them with boughs, grass, &c. which, though the Elephants sometimes perceive (for they are very sagacious) yet they frequently fall into the snare. Those, however, who happen to escape the danger, are ever after very distrustful, and will break off a branch of a tree with their trunk, with which they examine every step of their way, for fear of a pit under a deceitful covering. What Lopez relates is very remarkable, that a young Elephant having fallen into one of these snares, the old one ran eagerly to its assistance, but not being able to get it out, she threw in earth, stones, and trees, in such quantities as to fill up the pit; rather chousing to destroy the young one, than let it fall alive into the hands of the enemy.

Another method of taking them, practised in the kingdom of Pegu, is to drive into the ground a great number of wooden

wooden piles, at such a distance from each other as to suffer a man to pass, but not an Elephant; they then let loose some tame females, whose pudenda are anointed with a certain oil to entice the males, who, following the females, are led into the inclosure, and there confined and taken. Sometimes the king of Pegu employs a vast number of men to surround a whole forest where the Elephants haunt, and driving them all together into narrow bounds, he picks and chuses such as he has a mind to, and lets the rest escape.

If what authors relate of the manner of taming Elephants be true, it is a surprising proof of their natural sagacity. After they are taken, they are first inclosed in such a narrow place that they have scarce room to stand, and their fore-legs and tusks are tied together; then the keepers mount them, beat them with clubs, and kick them with their heels, threatening to starve them if they do not behave quietly, (for they imagine the Elephants understood their language:) but if they will be peaceable, they promise to be kind to them, and give them meat and drink in abundance. Having undergone this discipline, each wild Elephant is placed between two tame ones, and there confined till they are brought to the same peaceable disposition. Tavernier tells us, that he once saw two wild Elephants, each standing betwixt two tame ones, and round about them stood six men, each with a half-pike in his hand, and a lighted torch fastened to the end of the pike, who talked to the Elephants, and fed them with hay, pieces of brown sugar, and rice boiled in water, with a few corns of pepper. If the wild Elephants refused to do as they were bid, the men made signs to the tame Elephants to correct them, which they did, beating them on the head with their trunks, till they forced the poor beasts to learn obedience. These methods, it is said, have soon an effect upon the younger sort of Elephants; but as for the old ones, they treat them more roughly, wounding them with darts, and keeping them without food till they are half starved, by which means they become tame and tractable. Aelian says, that when all other methods prove ineffectual, the old Elephants are tamed by playing on a certain musical instrument, with which they are much delighted. Be this as it may, it is agreed on all hands, that the Elephant is an animal of great docility; and authors tell strange stories concerning them, such as their dancing to a pipe, and keeping time, leaping, skipping, gathering and strewing flowers, exercising a fusée and

and pike like a soldier, and playing a great many odd tricks in theatres; nay, some pretend they have been taught to write, and understand human speech: but no credit is to be given to accounts of this nature.

History affords us several instances of the love, fidelity, and gratitude of the Elephant, which are very surprising. *Ælian* relates that when *Porus*, king of India, was subdued by *Alexander the Great*, he was wounded with several darts, which the Elephant he rode upon pulled out of his body with his proboscis; and when he perceived his master fainting by the loss of blood, gradually leaned himself down, till he fell flat upon the ground, that his master might receive no harm by alighting. *Athenæus* mentions the gratitude of an Elephant to a woman that had done him some service, and used to lay her child near him when it was very young; for the mother dying, the Elephant was so fond of the child, that he shewed great uneasiness when it was taken out of his sight, and would not eat his food unless the nurse laid the child in the cradle between his feet, but then he would eat heartily. When the child slept, he chased away the flies with his proboscis, and when it cried he would toss or rock the cradle till it fell asleep.

But as Elephants are remarkable for their love and gratitude; so are they subject to wrath and revenge; and even the tamest of them retain some of their natural ferocity, which appears when they are provoked. *Glycas* tells us, that as an Elephant was led to a theatre, he saw in his way a keeper of wild beasts sitting in the market-place, whom in a passion he suddenly killed, remembering that the said keeper about ten years before had struck him with a sword in the same place. *Acosta* writes, that a soldier in *Cochin*, a town on the coast of *Malabar*, having thrown a nut at an Elephant, the beast took it up, and hid it; and some days after, the Elephant seeing the soldier pass by, threw the nut in his face, making a great noise, and going away leaping and dancing. Another soldier in the same town meeting an Elephant with his keeper, would not give way to them, whereupon the keeper complained of the affront to the Elephant; who some time after espying the soldier by the side of the river that runs through the town, ran hastily towards him, lifted him up with his trunk, and plunged him several times in the river; after which he drew him out, leaving him to be laughed at by the spectators.

Though

Though it may seem unnecessary to say any more concerning the Elephant, yet if we add a few particulars from Dr. Strachan, relating to those of the island of Ceylon, we hope it will not be disagreeable. The Doctor informs us, that there are several sorts of Elephants, some a great deal higher before than behind, and some which never have the two long tusks; others are of a more savage nature, known by the fierceness of their looks, which not being tameable, are of no service; but the king of Candie in Ceylon keeps such for the punishment of malefactors, for they kill all that comes within their reach. This sort the natives endeavour to destroy, either by shooting them, or cutting of their trunks, by which they take all their food; so that if they escape they perish with hunger; for the Ceylonese being very swift and nimble, venture so near the Elephants as to attack them with their swords. If an Elephant frequents a plantation of fruit-trees, (for no hedges can keep them out) they point a heavy piece of wood, and hang it by a rope to the branch of a tree under which the Elephant uses to come; then at night a man sits watching upon the branch, and when the Elephant is under it, the man cuts the rope, and the pointed piece of wood falls upon the back of the animal, giving him a deep wound, by which he languishes and dies.

Our author's account of the practice in Ceylon confirms what we have said about the method of taking Elephants in the kingdom of Pegu, by surrounding a forest, and driving them into narrow inclosures. He says, that when the natives on the sea-coast, who are subject to the Dutch, have orders from their East-India company to hunt Elephants, they pitch upon a convenient place for a warren or park, which is broad at the entrance, and narrow the farther you go; so that at the extremity it is so narrow, that an Elephant cannot turn itself, though in this narrow part twenty Elephants may stand one behind another. The country people then surround the woods, for about sixty English miles in circumference, each man at first standing perhaps five-and-twenty yards from the other, and kindling fires in the intermediate spaces. Then by shouting, beating of drums, sounding of horns, and making all the noise they possibly can, they drive the frightened Elephants towards the park, and by throwing fire-brands at them, and other means, they at length chase them into the narrow place, where they inclose them with posts,

posts, and rails laid across them; and such as are fit for service they take, letting the rest escape. But this sport is not without danger, the enraged Elephants often turning upon their pursuers.

With regard to the method of taming Elephants, our author likewise agrees pretty nearly with what we have related, adding, that they are fixed between two posts, and bound in such a manner that they cannot stir nor lie down; for if they were not kept continually standing, they would become heavy, sorrowful, refuse their food, and die. Thus they are fed for about six weeks, when they begin to be tractable, and are only tied in the stable by one leg, and if the merchants come from Bengal, they are sold and shipped off: but if there be no purchasers, the owners feed them six weeks longer with leaves of the cocoa-tree; in which time they become as tame as a dog, and are turned into the fields to graze with the cattle. When they are thus tamed, they are very docile, and are brought to lie down upon their belly, to let their masters get up and ride. But the doctor tells us, that if at any time they happen to fall, they receive so much hurt, by reason of the great bulk of their bodies, that it generally occasions their death, either immediately, or else in a lingering manner.

To put an Elephant on board a ship, they have a contrivance, says our author, of fifteen or twenty double sail-cloths, which are wrapped about his breast, belly, and sides, and tied together over his back, with ropes fastened thereto, to draw him up the side of the vessel. He is then led into the water between Elephants trained to this sort of business, upon which a man sits to direct him; and another Elephant, with a rider, goes behind the Elephant to be shipped, and pushes him forward with his head, if he is unwilling to enter into the water. When they have thus got the poor creature to a proper depth, he is tied to the boat, and swims after it to the ship, where he is haled on board. But there is a more convenient method, which is this: They cover a flat-bottomed vessel with planks, like a floor, so as to lie almost level with the key; and the sides of the key and vessel being adorned with green boughs, the Elephant is led on board before he sees any water. It is observable, that when an Elephant swims to a ship, or crosses a deep river, there is nothing seen of him but his trunk, through which he breathes.

The HISTORY of RENÉE CORBEAU.

Translated from the French.

ALTHOUGH the inconstancy of lovers hath been so frequently exclaimed against, that weakness is not less common, nor the ill example less followed than heretofore. Were not some authors in the right, when they called love a kind of magic? Since oft-times the very person who hath been idolized as a kind of a divinity, when the charm is dissipated, is looked upon with contempt: But if this weakness is ever blameable, it is surely more so, when the lover having seduced his mistress by a solemn promise of marriage; and when, after she has yielded in the firm assurance of being lawfully his wife, he equally betrays his own word and the honour of the poor deluded girl: an infidelity which so much the more deserves punishment, as the honour he hath robbed her of is irreparable, and that all the costs and damages the laws may decree, far from blotting out her disgrace; only make it more public to the world, because they are decreed in a tribunal where its judgments must be made public.

The laws of France, for the reparation of such injuries, have looked upon a rape of seduction, in nearly the same light as a rape of violence; and have made both crimes to be capital, when fully proved. The following true history will at once lay before the reader, the baseness of the crime; the punishments it justly deserves, and the admirable eloquence and fidelity of a young woman, which ought to be transmitted to posterity in honour to her sex.

In the year 1594, when Henry the IVth was King of France, a young gentleman, named Pouisset, a native of Sees in Normandy, was a student of law at the University of Angers. He there beheld Renée Corbeau, the daughter of a citizen of that city. Her character may be given in four words: She was young, modest, beautiful, and sprightly. These shining qualities were indeed obscured by one defect, which philosophers would not count one, but which the world (thanks to the corruption of the age) esteems to be the greatest. In a word, her father was not rich. The sight of Renée inspired the young Pouisset with the most lively passion, the progress of which was so quick, that he no longer lived but

but to see and converse with her. He soon inspired her with a mutual flame; and in one of his transports he offered her marriage, and even gave her a promise in writing. In the like transports, upon the faith of that promise, she forgot her chastity; and love, in one hour, destroyed a virtue, the work of many years: He seized a treasure which can never be too carefully kept, and made use of the only moment in her life, when the vigilance of distrust (its only guardian) was relaxed.

The fair one soon discovered fatal effects, which she was obliged to disclose to her mother, who revealed it to the father. After they had made several reproaches to their unfortunate girl, they agreed that they should feign a journey to their country house, that she should give Pouffet an appointment, and that when he was come, the parents would come in and surprize them.

This project was well executed: The surprized lover told them, 'That they need not be alarmed at the step which love had made him take; that he had honourable views; and had not triumphed over her honour to cover her with shame, but that he was willing to marry her.' The father, somewhat comforted with this declaration, asked him if he was willing to pass a contract of marriage with his daughter directly. Pouffet immediately consented; and a notary (who was not far off) drew up the contract of marriage, which was directly signed by Pouffet.

The gentleman had no sooner signed, *The authentic instrument of the marriage yoke*, as Boileau calls it, than all the beauties of his mistress, which had so much charmed him, were now no longer striking and he quickly repented of his engagement. He soon quitted his mistress and went to Sees, to his father; to whom he unfolded the whole of his amorous adventure. The father, who was in possession of a plentiful estate, and preferred the gifts of fortune to those of nature, told him he could never approve of marriage with a girl of so small a fortune, and charged him to forget all his promises and obligations. Whether it was that the son was moved by his father's advice, or whether by his own inclinations, he entered into holy orders, and was ordained sub-deacon and deacon. Thinking hereby he had formed an invincible obstacle to his marriage.

Renee Corbeau heard this news with that grief and anger which an honest heart must feel, when it finds love repaid with such black perfidy. Her father laid an information against him at Angers, for a *Rape of Seduction*, and Pouffet was ordered into custody: He appealed from that order, and the cause was brought before the Parliament of Paris. The proceedings of Pouffet appeared so odious to the eyes of the judges, especially as having taken orders to elude his promise of marriage, that they condemned him to be beheaded, or to marry Renee. He declared, that the sanctity of holy orders rendered that alternative impossible; and the court decreed (after that declaration) that he must undergo the execution of their sentence. He was delivered over to the executioner, and the priest who was to assist him in his last moments came to prepare him for death.

Renee had her heart torn with anguish, when she saw that the violent love which she had, and still cherished, for Pouffet, led him to death. No longer able to support the dreadful thought, and guided only by her love, she ran to the court where the judges were yet assembled, and covered with grief and shame, threw herself at their feet, and spoke thus:

Gentlemen, I present to your eyes the most unfortunate object, that ever appeared in the face of justice. In condemning my lover, you have not thought that I was culpable, or have judged at least that my crime might be excusable, and yet you condemn me to death by the same stroke which slaughters him. You condemn me to the cruellest of all torments; for the ignominy of his death will rebound upon me; and I, as well as he, shall die with dishonour. You have designed a reparation of my injured honour; yet your remedy will cover me with the opprobrium of the whole world. Thus, though you have thought me more unfortunate than criminal, you have punished me with the most grievous of all punishments. How then can you reconcile my suffering with your justice? You cannot be ignorant (since you were men before ye were judges, and have felt the power of love) what torment a person who loves must suffer, when she can reproach herself with being the cause of death, and that an ignominious one, to the person she loves. Can any sufferings equal that insupportable idea? The death which ends it: must be esteemed a favour from Heaven.

But, Gentlemen, I will undeceive you; I have concealed

my crime, thinking to keep that a secret, that you might order Mr. Pouffet to restore my honour by marriage. But my remorse of conscience now obliges me to declare I was the seducer; I loved him first, and communicated the flame I felt to that unhappy man; I was myself the instrument of my own dishonour. Ah, venerable Gentlemen! change your sentiments; look upon me as the seducer, and my lover the seduced. Punish me, but spare him; and if justice demands a victim, it is myself that ought to be it.

‘ You judge it to be his crime, that he entered into holy orders, that he might not have the power to fulfil his promises; but that was not his work, but the action of a barbarous and imperious father, whose authority he could not resist. A will ceases to be so when tyrannized over; thus he has not done this of his free will and choice. His father is the only criminal; and where he not the father of him I love, I should demand the vengeance of the law.

‘ Besides, Gentlemen, how have you retracted your first sentence? You have condemned him to death, if he would not marry me. You gave him his choice; how then can you take that choice away, in chusing for him? I must indeed be very odious in your eyes, since you decree him to a shameful death, rather than to marry me.

‘ But he has declared his present condition would not permit him to marry, and that declaration hath led you to order him to a capital punishment. What signifies his declaration? He would have said that he would marry me, if he could have done it. Thus, if he could, you could not have condemned him to death, after the choice you had given. Yet who can doubt but he may yet marry me, notwithstanding his declaration’s orders? Though I was but a very ignorant girl, yet my love hath soon made me learned in that point. What science would it have taught me, if his life had demanded my knowledge! Yes, Gentlemen, I know, and you are not ignorant, that we may yet marry with the Pope’s dispensation. We daily expect the Legate of his Holiness, with the plenitude of the sovereign Pontiff’s power; I will solicit that dispensation, and am sure my love will obtain it. What obstacle would it not surmount, if necessary? Thus, Gentlemen, let compassion for unfortunate lovers obtain a favourable judgment. Vouchsafe at least to suspend the execution of your sentence, and give us time to obtain that dispensation from

from the Legate. Should ye regard my dear Pouffet as guilty of an enormous crime, what crime hath he not expiated, since the apparatus, and all the horrors of approaching shameful death, hath been before his eyes? He hath already suffered a thousand times since his sentence was pronounced.

-----Ah! why can ye not enter into my heart, to behold what I now suffer! If you could, were ye hardened by the most rigid justice, you would be moved. I dare hope that pity is not extinct in the hearts of judges, who have once tenderly loved, and those even who have not loved (if there is one amongst you who has not) have certainly had friendship in their breasts, and know the pangs they must have felt for an unhappy suffering friend. Some among you, Gentlemen, are yet young, and by your youth the more disposed to receive the impressions of that passion; and the others more aged must have experienced all those tender sentiments. Thus my resource is in the hearts of you all. You may, Gentlemen, reconcile mercy with justice. And should I have but few voices for me, ought not these to carry my point in favour of humanity over the rest, though more in number? But if you are all inflexible, at least refuse me not the mercy of dying with him I love, by the same stroke.

The unfortunate fair one had a very favourable audience. The judges lost not a word of her oration, which was pronounced with a firm and clear voice, tho' with the emotions of a person deeply afflicted. Her words found a quick passage from the ears to the hearts of her judges. The charms of her person, her tears, and her eloquence, were too powerful not to melt and persuade men of humanity. She was ordered to withdraw while they gave their opinions; and Mr. Villery, their first president, having collected their votes, pronounced a respite of the sentence for six months, that applications for a dispensation might be made.

Cardinal De Medicis (who was afterward Pope Leo XI.) came as Legate soon after to Paris. But his Eminence conceived such indignation against Pouffet for having entered into holy orders purposely to avoid the marriage, that whatever application was made to him he constantly refused the dispensation.

Renee Corbeau, by this refusal, was again plunged into a despair; the more terrible as having before entertained some hopes. However, her zeal was not abated: She threw herself

self at the King's feet, relating her unfortunate case, and begging her lover's life. Henry, who had too often felt the power of love, not to be moved by her beauty, and her eloquence, condescending to be himself her solicitor to the Legate. Such an advocate could not be refused. The Cardinal, as Pouffet had not received the highest orders of the priesthood, granted the dispensation: The marriage was solemnized, and they lived ever after in the most perfect union; the husband ever regarding his wife as his guardian angel that had saved at once both his life and honour.

ANECDOTE relative to the Earl of STAIR.

WHEN the earl of Stair was ambassador at the court of France, immediately after the accession of his late majesty to the crown, his excellency made a most splendid appearance; and being a nobleman naturally inclined to gallantry and expence, soon became a great favourite with the ladies there, by whose intrigues he was enabled to discover secrets which otherwise might have escaped the penetration of the most vigilant and sagacious minister. In the management of the ladies, whose favour he courted, he was forced to observe the greatest delicacy; Play, he perceived, was their predominant passion, and, as he was equally inclined to that amusement, he easily obtained, by means of cards, many private conferences which he could not have indulged on any other pretence. The dutchess of Maine was one of those illustrious personages whom the earl took most pains to engage in his interest. She was passionately fond of play, of an inquisitive and busy temper, of vast capacity, and of a discernment so quick that it was no easy matter to impose upon her; she was among the number of ladies too that affected to pry into the affairs of the cabinet, and who had gain'd an ascendancy over the then regent so far as not to be altogether ignorant of the most secret transactions of state. His excellency, by losing large sums with this lady, and upon all occasions paying her particular respect, had insensibly work'd upon her affections, but had reaped not the least advantage over her in point of politics, till an accident happened that brought about in an instant what he had long laboured at in vain. Being engaged as her partner at play, the run of

luck

luck turned against them, and the dutchess in the end was obliged to borrow of the earl a thousand pistoles. His excellency told her, he had yet twice that sum at her highness's service, and press'd her to continue play, which she absolute refused. Next morning early she sent a message to the earl, desiring instantly to speak with him. It is no unusual thing in France for ladies to receive morning visits from gentlemen, in bed; neither was his excellency at all surpris'd when he found himself alone in the chamber of one of the princesses of the blood-royal; she spoke of the money she had borrowed, with some concern, as a matter she was very unwilling should take air; but his excellency interrupted her by saying, *It was impossible it should, for he had already forgot it himself, and should never have recollected it again had not her highness put his memory upon the rack by refreshing it.* Her highness made no reply, but entered into a discourse on politics, in which she discovered to him the project which the court of Sweden was meditating, in concert with France, by a descent upon England and Scotland, in favour of the royal house of Stuart; by which timely discovery the whole scheme was defeated, and his excellency acquired the reputation of an able and active minister.

*An ELEGY on the Death of the Right Honourable Earl
HARDWICKE.*

*By T. ARCHER, a youth under fourteen years of age, nephew
to FRANCIS DIXON, Esq; of UPWELL.*

URANIA, O descend!

Assist me, while the grateful tear I shed,
And sing how Britain mourn'd a faithful friend,
A guard and glory lost in Hardwicke dead.

Alas! and is he gone,
The great, the wise, the noble, and the good?
His dye is cast, his utmost sand is run,
And he has cross'd th' irremeable flood.

The

The pious and the brave,
Or soon or late Death's cruel dart attends ;
Virtue nor valour respite from the grave,
The best of fathers, and the best of friends.

No more shall Hardwicke sit
Amidst the Court, no more shall move the tongue
That pour'd forth eloquence so nobly sweet,
And wrapp'd in wonder all th' admiring throng.

And whilst he held the ear
In pleasing chains, each eye that view'd his face
Was ravish'd, where the softness of the fair
Was beautifully join'd with manly grace.

His Country and his King
He lov'd, but ne'er was fir'd with party zeal.
He tow'r'd not on ambition's haughty wing,
But ever labour'd for the common-weal:

This tributary verse,
In tears compos'd, his goodness shall proclaim;
These humble rhymes shall grace his mournful hearse,
O! may they live with Hardwicke's noble name.

O! Earth receive his clay,
Lye light upon his bones, preserve his dust:
Let future ages strike their breasts, and say,
Here Hardwicke lies, once Great, and Good, once Just

But thank we Heav'n's high God
Who spar'd him long, for England saw his prime;
She saw his silver'd hairs, and temples sow'd
With snow, and furrow'd deep with age and time:

But since he's left the earth,
He shares eternal happiness above,
Then since he comes of such illustrious birth,
O! may his son another Hardwicke prove!



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An ANECDOTE relative to Dean SWIFT.

DEAN Swift was of a humour so frank, that those who were unacquainted with his manner, could hardly be prevailed upon to consider him in any other light than that of an unpolished clown; how far he might deserve that character in general must be left to the determination of his most intimate acquaintance; but with regard to his behaviour upon particular occasions, nothing could be more rude. The very last time he was at London he went to dine with the earl of Burlington, who was then but newly married. My lord willing, perhaps, to surprize his lady with a new character, and to have some diversion, forbore to introduce him in the usual manner, or even to mention his name; and as he generally appeared in a rusty gown, and had no very striking person, her ladyship could not help eying her new guest. After dinner, said the dean, *Lady Burlington, I hear you can sing; sing me a song.* The lady looked on this unceremonious manner of asking a favour, with disgust, and positively refused him. He said, *She should sing, or if he was her husband he would make her.* Why, madam, I suppose you take me for one of your poor, pauntry, English hedge parsons; sing, when I bid you. As the earl did nothing but laugh at this freedom, the lady was so vex'd that she burst into tears and retired. His first compliment to her when he saw her again was, *Pray, madam, are you as proud and as ill-natured now, as when I saw you last?* To which she answered with great good-humour, *No, mr. Dean, I'll sing for you, if you please.*

An ANECDOTE relative to Cardinal WOLSEY.

CARDINAL Wolsey makes so great a figure in the English history, that every body should be acquainted with his birth and the manner of his rising in the King's favour. That he was a butcher's son at Ipswich, is commonly known; but the particular circumstance that first recommended him to Henry VII. was this: It happened that his majesty had occasion to send to the emperor Maximilian, about some business that required dispatch, and Wolsey was pitched upon to be

the messenger, who having received his instructions left the King at Richmond about noon, and by next morning got to Dover, from thence by noon he arrived at Calais, and by night was with the Emperor; to whom having delivered his message, and received a present dispatch, he returned before morning to Calais, and the night following came to the court at Richmond. The next morning he appeared before the King, who in the utmost violence of rage, was about to lay him dead at his feet for neglecting to execute his orders, which were of the utmost importance. Wolsey pacified his anger by presenting to him the Emperor's letter. The King astonished at his speed, asked him, 'If he had met the messenger whom he had sent after him, to acquaint him with a circumstance which in his instructions he had forgotten.' Wolsey answered, that he had; adding, 'That the commands he brought, I had dispatched before; for knowing it to be of such necessary dependance on my other instructions, I took the boldness to do it without a commission, for which I humbly beseech your Majesty's forgiveness.' The King seeing him of such uncommon abilities, not only pardoned him, but bestowed the deanry of Lincoln upon him, and soon after made him his Almoner.

IT would give great pleasure to the Publisher of this Magazine, if the Accounts, of the same nature with the following, should influence some of his Readers to make experiments in husbandry. He doubts not but great and profitable improvements would be the consequence, and is therefore always glad of an opportunity to publish such-like matters.

Of the CULTIVATION *of* TIMOTHY GRASS.

THIS plant was first taken notice of in North America, and seems to be a native of Virginia, where it grows, without cultivation, to a great height, on moorish, swampy grounds. Some years ago the seeds of it were carried from Virginia, by one Mr. Timothy Hanson, to North Carolina, where it is now cultivated by the inhabitants; and from this person it received the name it now bears.

It thrives most, as I said before, in low, damp, marshy grounds; for in such soil and situation it will produce a fine turf in three weeks from the time of sowing the seed. It is very luxuriant, grows to a considerable height, and has in some sort the appearance of wheat or rye, having a broad blade or leaf.

The following experiment, which was made some time since, shews that it exceeds most other grasses in sweetness.

A square piece of land was plowed, and reduced to a very fine tilth: It was then divided into four equal quarters or parts: On the first was sown a proper quantity of lucern seed; on another quarter, saintfoin; on a third part, clover; and on the fourth, or remaining quarter, was sown the seed of the Timothy grass. These several plants were suffered to grow till they were in a condition to be depastured by cattle. When they were all arrived at a proper growth, horses, black cattle, cows, and sheep, were promiscuously turned into the field, with an intent to observe which of the grasses the several sorts of cattle would soonest take to, it not being at all imagined, that they would all prefer one kind. However, this was the case, for the Timothy grass was eaten by them quite bare before the other sorts were touched, though they were at liberty to range over the whole field.

It may not be improper to add, that they are nearly, if not quite, as fond of it, when dried, and made into hay: But when it is intended for this use, it should always be mown when it is in full sap, just before it flowers; for if it is left longer before it is cut, being so luxuriant and quick a grower, it becomes harsh, and is much drier and more chirkly food, than when it is cut in its prime.

I have more than once seen the Timothy grass, which was sown by Mr. Rocque, of Wallam Green, in September last: It is now surprisingly forward, having vegetated during the course of almost the whole winter. There is one particular spot of this land, which has been for a long time covered with water; yet is the plant almost as luxuriant there as in any other part.

I would by all means recommend this plant to the notice of the gentlemen who are improving their estates in Ireland, as I know of no grass that is so well adapted to be sown in their bogs, and will at the same time yield so considerable a profit, by being an excellent fodder, either green or dry.

It

It is not at all to be doubted, but that with a little observation, and a few experiments made with judgment, certain grasses might be found adapted to every circumstance of soil and situation.

A great deal depends on the judgment of the farmer, exercised in the arrangement of his crops; and the nature of the soil is always principally to be consulted, for such artificial grasses, as would do very well on a light sandy soil, would ruin the farmer if sown on a clay.

*Hamstead,
March 16.*

A Member of the Society of Arts.

An ANECDOTE relative to Dr. STILLINGFLEET.

THE great Stillingfleet about the latter end of king Charles II's reign, observing that high church principles were becoming every day more and more fashionable at court, had his reasons for preaching up heartily the religious obligation he pretended all good christians were under to abstain from FLESH, and confine themselves to the EATING of FISH, on the days appointed by the Kalendar for Fasts. On the Friday following, colonel Churchill, not without design, took occasion to pay the bishop a visit about dinner-time and found him with a capon and a fine dish of partridges before him. The Colonel appeared astonish'd! And the bishop demanding the reason of his surprize; he reply'd, 'My amazement is, to see flesh at your Lordship's table on a Friday, after so excellent a discourse as was last Sunday preached before the King against it. The Bishop, after a little recollection, returned, 'Let not this surprize you, Colonel, for fasting and abstinence are only self-denials, you know; and therefore, as there is nothing in reality I love like fish, to check the lust of my appetite I ordered these few birds.'

ELEGY,

E L E G Y,

Describing the Sorrow of an ingenious Mind, on the melancholy Event of a licentious Amour.

By the late Mr. SHENSTONE.

WHY mourns my Friend? Why weeps his downcast eye?

That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to shine?

Thy chearful meads reprove that swelling sigh;

Spring ne'er enamell'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in fortune's warm embrace?

Wert thou not form'd by nature's partial care?

Blest in thy song, and blest in ev'ry grace

That wins the Friend, or that enchants the Fair?

Damon, said he, thy partial praise restrain;

Not Damon's friendship can my peace restore;

Alas! his very praise awakes my pain,

And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.

For oh! that nature on my birth had frown'd!

Or fortune fix'd me to some lonely cell!

Then had my bosom 'scap'd this fatal wound,

Nor had I bid these vernal sweets farewell,

But led by fortune's hand, her darling child,

My youth her vain, licentious bliss admir'd,

In fortune's train the syren flatt'ry smil'd,

And rashly hallow'd all her queen inspir'd.

Of folly studious, ev'n of vices vain,

Ah vices! gilded by the rich and gay!

I chas'd the guileless daughters of the plain,

Nor dropt the chace till Jessy was my prey.

Poor artless maid! to stain thy spotless name,

Expence, and art, and toll, united strove,

To lure a breast that felt the purest flame,

Sustain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

School'd in the science of love's mazy wiles,

I cloth'd each feature with affected scorn;

I spoke of jealous doubts, and fickle smiles,

And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

Then,

Then, while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,
Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove;
I bade my words their wonted softness wear,
And seiz'd the minute of returning love.
To thee, my Damon, dare I paint the rest?
Will yet thy love a candid ear incline?
Assur'd that virtue, by misfortune prest,
Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.
Nine envious moons matur'd her growing shame;
Ere while to flaunt it in the face of day;
When scorn'd of virtue, stigmatiz'd by fame,
Low at my feet desponding Jessy lay.
" Henry, she said, by thy dear form subdu'd,
See the sad reliques of a nymph undone!
I find, I find this rising sob renew'd;
I sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun.
Amid the dreary gloom of night I cry,
When will the morn's once pleasing scenes return?
Yet what can morn's returning ray supply,
But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn?
Alas! no more that joyous morn appears,
That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame;
For I have steep'd a father's couch in tears,
And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with shame.
The vocal birds that raise their matin strain,
The sportive lambs, increase my pensive moan;
All seem to chase me from the chearful plain,
And talk of truth and innocence alone.
If through the garden's flow'ry tribes I stray,
Where bloom the jasmims that could once allure,
Hope not to find delight in us, they say,
For we are spotless, Jessy; we are pure.
Ye flow'rs, that well reproach a nymph so frail,
Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare?
The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale
Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.
Now the grave old alarms the gentler young;
And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee;
Trembles each lip, and falters every tongue,
That bids the morn propitious smile on me.

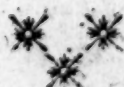
Thus for your sake I shun each human eye;
I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu;
To die I languish, but I dread to die,
Lest my sad fate should nourish pangs for you.
Raise me from earth, the pains of want remove,
And let me silent seek some friendly shore;
There only, banish'd from the form I love,
My weeping virtue shall relapse no more.
Be but my friend, I ask no dearer name,
Be such the meed of some more artful fair;
Nor could it heal my peace, or chase my shame,
That pity gave, what love refus'd to share.
Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread,
Nor hurl thy Jessy to the vulgar crew;
Not such the parents board at which I fed!
Not such the precept from his lips I drew!
Haply, when age has silver'd o'er my hair,
Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil,
Envy may slight a face no longer fair,
And pity welcome to my native foil.
She spoke---nor was I born of savage race,
Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign;
Grateful she clasp'd me in a last embrace,
And vow'd to waste her life in prayers for mine.
I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend;
I saw her breast with every passion heave;
I left her---torn from every faithful friend;
Oh! my hard bosom which could bear to leave!
Brief let me be; the fatal storm arose,
The billows rag'd, the pilot's art was vain;
O'er the tall mast the circling surges close;
My Jessy---floats upon the wat'ry plain!
And---see my youth's impetuous fires decay;
Seek not to stop reflection's bitter tear;
But warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,
From Jessy floating on her wat'ry bier!

ANECDOTE relative to Sir RICHARD STEELE:

SIR Richard Steele having one day invited to his house a great number of persons of the first quality, they were surprized at the number of liveries which surrounded the table; and after dinner, when wine and mirth had set them free from the observation of ceremony, one of them enquired of Sir Richard how such an expensive train of domestics could be consistent with his fortune. Sir Richard very frankly confessed that they were fellows, of whom he would very willingly be rid; and being then asked why he did not discharge them, declared 'That they were bailiffs, who had introduced themselves with an execution; and whom, since he could not send them away, he had thought it convenient to embellish with liveries, that they might do him credit while they staid.' His friends were diverted with the expedient, and by paying the debt discharged their attendance; having obliged Sir Richard to promise that they should never again find him graced with a retinue of the same kind.

ANECDOTE relative to Mr. CHARLES BR---NT:

A Certain swaggering officer being in company with Mr. Charles Br---nt, bragged egregiously of the numbers he had slain by his own hand abroad, insomuch that by his account he had demolished at least five hundred.--- 'Sir, says Charles, I have killed in my time, let me see---five at Madrid---ten at Lisbon---twenty at Paris---thirty at Vienna, and double the number at the Hague. But at length coming over from Calais to Dover, I had scarcely disembark'd, before a desperate son of a bitch of an Irishman killed me.'--- 'Kill'd you? says the officer---da---n you, what do you mean by that?'--- 'Sir, replies Charles, I did not dispute your veracity---and why should you question mine?'



Mrs. MERRYFIELD'S ACCOUNT *of her* MANAGE-
MENT *of her* CHILDREN

IT is impossible for me to recollect all the steps which we took for the accomplishing this great work ; but I will endeavour to give you two or three of the most material circumstances in it.

We first of all made it our study to gain the affection of our young ones ; to which purpose we made every thing as pleasant and agreeable to them as possible : So far, I mean, as was consistent with their health and improvement. We took care never to teize or torment them for things which were of little or no consequence ; especially not to rate or upbraid them before company, which is the most unpleasant thing in the world to young people. If any thing was said or done amiss at such times, we took a future occasion to make remonstrances, which never failed to have a good effect. Love is not always sufficient to beget a proper behaviour in children ; it is necessary that they should act in some cases from a principle of fear : But these instances ought to be few, and those arising from very material causes.

One of our great points was to keep them as much as possible from the conversation of the servants, and from loitering in that academy of vice and corruption the kitchen. There was no other way to do this, than by making the parlour agreeable ; we gave them every liberty that was not inconsistent with decency and respect ; we encouraged them to speak their real sentiments ; we promoted little sports and pastimes. Time hangs as heavy upon children as it does upon grown persons. They often get into mischief, because they know not what to do with themselves ; nothing therefore can be so salutary as relieving them in this particular, and bringing objects before them both for diversion and improvement. All these things cost us many a weary hour, and sent us greatly fatigued to our rest ; but the visible advantage which they were of, to the boys and girls, in respect to their health, tempers, acquirements, and pleasure, amply repaid all our labour and attention.

As they rose up to man's estate, we, by degrees, let the
S f parent

parent grow into the friend: And talked to them with all the familiarity of sincere and cordial affection. We led them to all innocent diversions; we endeavoured not to keep them from company, but to introduce them to proper acquaintance. We let them follow their own turn of humour, and only insisted on being obeyed in a few things, which they were convinced were necessary to their health, character, and success.

Thus happily have we as yet succeeded; we desire our children to be good, and are not at all anxious that they should be great. And so far hath providence heard our prayers, that we are not like to have either a famous wit, or a celebrated beauty in the family.

TO THE PRINTER.

SIR,

As the different methods of courtship have afforded not only amusement, but likewise instruction, for the younger part of both sexes, permit me, through the channel of your paper, to lay before your Readers a copy of a letter sent by a tradesman of Wales to a young Lady, who was on a party of pleasure in that country last summer, being his first specimen of affection for her; and as it was put into my hands by the Lady herself, I can vouch the authenticity of it.

Yours, &c.

April 16.

T. C.

August 12, 1763.

J**** H*****'s compliments to Miss H*****, and he hope that she is well, as he is at present, though, my Dear, her good company would make him gredale better all through the would. He love her above all things in this sublanary would, yet he love truth as well as any body, and therefore, my Dear, he does not pretent to flatter you; and it is his happiness that he has of your sex what fine would be ador'd 'em goe-fes, but those that will judiciously observe your fare looks and fluciferian prade--he thinks it is far from you; he cannot but think of they are, out much rather to be ranked amongst the fallen angells: And therefore, my Dear, give him leaf to tell you, without flatter, that amongst all your sex there is none that does to him appear so fare as you;

you; he will not say that there is none so fare, but this he will say, and speak it truly, there is not one in the whole sex he thinks so fare, or he esteem so much. There is, he knows not what, within your face something that charms so unaccountably, that he never so the like in any any other, and which makes me set such a value on you, that if the world were at my sol disposal, he wood laid it at your feet. So no more from,

Your sinceare and faithfull
and well wisher to command,

J***** H*****

P. S. Pray let me have a line from your Oner.

STRIP-ME-NAKED, or ROYAL GIN FOREVER:
A SIMILE.

I MUST, I will have Gin!----That skillet take,
Pawn it:----- No more I'll roast, or boil, or bake.
This Juice immortal will each want supply,
Starve on ye brats! so I but bung my eye!
Starve! No!----This Gin does mother's milk excel;
I will paint the cheeks, and hunger's darts expel.----
The skillet pawn'd already---Take this cap;
Round my bare head I'll you brown paper lap.
Ha! Half my Petticoat was tore away,
By dogs, I fancy, as I maudling lay.
How the winds whistles through each broken pane!
Through the wide yawning roof how pours the rain!
My headstead's crack'd----The table goes hip-hop----
But see! the Gin! Come; come; thou cordial drop!
Thou sovereign balsam to my longing heart!
Thou Husband! Children! All! We must not part!
Delicious! O! Down the red lane it goes;
Now I am a Queen, and trample on my woes.
Inspir'd by Gin, I am ready for the road,
Could shoot my man, or fire the king's head.
Ha! my headstead crack'd----The room turns round and round.
Down dished platters, pans, I'm on the ground.
My tatter'd gown slips from me----what care I?
I was born naked, and I'll naked die!

To] Mr. WHITWORTH.

Not long since I was in Company, where the subject of Conversation, for a considerable time, turn'd upon Witches and Witchcraft. This lead me to think a little upon the subjects, and to find you the following hints for your Magazine.

I am, &c.

THIS power of witchcraft, according to the vulgar notion of it, is a preternatural power: yet not supposed to be born with or natural to any one; for whoever suspected a witch, or a wizzard, among infants and children? How then is it to be acquired? How are men to commence their commerce with Satan; to covenant with him to invest them with it? Will age? will a prominent tooth? will an old woman's length of beard, or chin, determine her qualification to have it conferred? this were ridiculous to suppose. And if not so: How shall this power be conveyed, or contracted for? where does Satan hold his court, to grant licences for infernal mischief?

And if a means of commerce with the arch-traitor could be found out: (which yet seems much more wonderful and difficult to comprehend, than any thing it is supposed to enable men to do:) Yet who would attempt or desire to obtain it, only for the sake of doing a little temporal mischief to others: and to end, (without any present advantage to themselves,) in their own certain eternal perdition?

Do persons, merely because wicked, know more of Satan, and the means of covenanting with him, than the learned, the wise, and the good *can* do? it is certainly hard to give a reason, why we should think so. Can they meet, converse, and compact with that prince of darkness; whom nobody knows to be ever visible.

Beside; wickedness alone is not a qualification to obtain this imaginary power: For the worst of men have not been suspected to have it: And yet have been able to do infinitely more extensive and cruel mischiefs, than those who have been ignorantly presumed to be possessed of it. And indeed *they* seem to want it least, who are most capable of malevolence, by their own evil nature and disposition.

Why

Why are witches supposed to be armed with preternatural power, only do to mischief? and yet those mischiefs comparatively speaking, are generally trifling, childish, and insignificant. Do their powers extend only to giving pigs the tramp;-----to do mischief to their neighbour's cows, horses, &c.-----to set children a spewing pins and needles, that nobody ever saw;-----or to ride on a hurdle, or a broom-stick, nobody knows whither? Why cannot the same preternatural power be ever displayed in works of visible significance, eminence, and report?

If witchcraft be a devilish power; as must be supposed, by being employed only to do hurt: who can prove the devil himself, or any demoniacal spirits, can confer such powers on any human creature? It is reasonable to suppose they cannot; unless by particular commission of the sovereign Creator.----- Who then can suppose, that a good and gracious GOD will grant or permit to be granted a preternatural power to any agent; only to torment, and destroy, or do mischief to his innocent creatures? and who can suppose such a power should be granted to the most depraved and wicked; which in all ages has been generally denied to the best of men?

Why are there believed to be fewer witches and demons now in these kingdoms, than in former days? and why are they generally less credited here, than in Catholic countries; where ignorance and superstition, mixt with priestly cunning, have totally captivated and enslaved the minds of the common people?

Why? the reason is plain: All these ridiculous deceits and errors are owing to the defects of knowledge and literature, on one part; and to design and trick on the other: Ignorance is the mother of superstition, easily persuaded to swallow wonders; and the most marvellous becomes the most credible.

The church of Rome had gained such an ascendancy over the faith and consciences of their deluded votaries; that nothing was so impudently absurd and incredible, but their authority could make them believe it. Such, for instance, were the conversations of St. Bernard with the devil: And such is the story of the British St. Dunstan's taking him by the nose with a pair of red-hot tongs. Their legends are full of such idle tales, which, if they try not their disciples with, may at least, serve to set them a laughing. But

But the noble art of Printing gave birth to the rival of learning; and the glorious reformation of religion, which commenced soon after, gave a new check to this gross superstition and fallacy. We have happily ever since improved the means afforded us, to eradicate these prejudices and vulgar errors. And we experience every day, that as science and learning increases, the vulgar notions of spirits, apparitions, witches and demons, decrease and die of themselves. But yet the total extirpation of opinions and prejudices, which have grown inveterate by the encouragement of many centuries must be expected to be a work of time. Reason and philosophy have already done a great deal towards it: time, and a farther improvement in letters will do the rest.

Though the reformation soon went a great way, in the illumination of ignorance, and the suppression of Popish errors yet still some share of them stuck very close for a long time after; and *that* not in the opinion of the vulgar only. The royal hand * gave the world a treatise of learned ignorance upon the subject of demonology, about a century and a half ago. And what wonder then, if in *that*, and the next reign we read † of hundreds suffering for witchcraft in these kingdoms; and not a very small proportion of that number in one county only.

Improvements in reason, learning, and the reformed religion have since that time happily gone on to dissipate the idle chimera's. The legislative power has wisely declared the sentiments upon it, abolishing the old penal laws ordained against the wild fancies of an ignorant brain. So that the last execution we have heard of upon this subject, is not that of a witch; but for the rash murder of a woman foolishly reputed §.

But what shall we say then of Simon, surnamed Magus? Who in scripture indeed is said to have bewitched the people with his forceries: *And to him the people gave heed from least to the greatest, because of a long time he had bewitched them with his forceries* †. Say of him? Why that the scripture here, as usual, adapts itself to the language and opinions that were current; that Simon either acted by the rules of philosophy and science; or affected and pretended to do so by which he got great reputation among the people, and

* King James I. † Vid. Whitlock's Memoirs.

§ Of Tring in Hertfordshire. † Acts viii.

himself to be thought some great one; as the famous Friar Bacon was by his superior skill in philosophy, particularly in the use of optic glasses; and as any optician or chymist might still be among the vulgar people; and produce such prodigies in them, as would lead them to believe him master of a supernatural power. And perhaps after all, for any thing that appears to the contrary, Simon's deep skill and cunning in drawing the wonder of the people, amounted to no more than that of one of our modern gypsies, or fortune-tellers; unless a difference lies in the gross ignorance of the people dealt with.

But it is farther observable, that *Magus* does not in the original signify what we are now apt to understand by magician. Neither does it imply the exercise of any diabolical or supernatural power; or the working any real miracles or prodigies; but only that Simon acted in character of one of the Eastern Magi; exhibiting the wonders of art, and science, and natural philosophy, to the amazement of the people; or perhaps only his *pretending* to do so, and barely imitating, or counterfeiting the effects of their learning. He gave out himself to be somebody: And he acted his part so well, as to obtain his end; he struck the vulgar people with surprize and veneration; and to him *they gave heed*, or attention, saying, *This man is the great power of GOD*. If his arts and practices were supposed to be infernal, and derived from the devil; they could not, at the same time, be ascribed to the *great power of GOD*. But the devilish practices of witchcraft or forcery, according to the common use of the words, are no where directly imputed to him; he is not charged with the wickedness of such devilish works of malevolence and darkness; nor are any particular and real powers, above human, to be proved upon him. The apostle reproves him indeed, and bids him *repent of his wickedness*; but of what wickedness? Of actual witchcraft and forcery? No such thing. Simon wondered as much at the *real* miracles and signs of Philip and Peter, as the ignorant people did at him. But yet his affectation of magism, his vanity to be considered as somebody; and his actually deluding the ignorant multitude by his imposture, (though sins reprehensible;) were yet not sins of such a nature, as to hinder his own real belief of *christian* veracity and power; and obtaining thereby a convert's baptism. Peter knew he was master of no such base arts as
were

were pretended; he knew there really were none such; and that at most, he could be only guilty of affecting them; and by such affectation deceiving the people. But his real wickedness was, --- *Because he thought the gift of GOD could be purchased with money.*

ANECDOTE relative to the late Prince of WALES.

WHEN his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was viewing the curiosities of the Tower, in company with several of the young nobility, an old Warder that conducted them through the several apartments, among a vast variety of breast-plates that were in the horse-armoury, pointed to one the lower edge of which had been carried away by a sharp shot of a cannon-ball, and with it, as the warder said, *part of the bowels and rim of the man's belly that wore it; notwithstanding which, being put under the care of a skilful surgeon, the man recovered, and lived ten years afterwards.* The company smiled at the gravity with which the Warder repeated his tale; and the prince, with a gracious condescension, and as much good-nature and pleasantry as if he had been talking with his equal, said, *I remember, father, to have read somewhere in a book, a story like yours, of a soldier who had his head cleft in two so dexterously by the enemy, that one half of it fell on one shoulder and the other half of it upon the opposite shoulder; and yet on his comrade's laying his hands carefully under the two sides, clapping them nicely together again, and binding them close with his handkerchief, the man did well, drank his pot of ale at night, and scarcely recollected that ever he had been hurt.*-----This similar story so seasonably applied, set all the company that attended his royal highness in a hearty laugh, which had such an effect upon the old Warder, that he never had the courage afterwards to tell his accustomed Story.



EULOGY of the late Mr. SHENSTONE.

Prefixed to his Works just published.

A Great part of the poetical works of Mr. Shenstone, particularly his Elegies and Pastorals, are (as he himself expresses it) "the exact transcripts of the situation of his own mind;" and abound in frequent allusions to his own place, the beautiful scene of his retirement from the world. Exclusively therefore of our natural curiosity to be acquainted with the history of an author, whose works we peruse with pleasure, some short account of Mr. Shenstone's personal character, and situation in life, may not only be agreeable, but absolutely necessary, to the reader; as it is impossible he should enter into the true spirit of his writings, if he is entirely ignorant of those circumstances of his life, which sometimes so greatly influenced his reflections.

I could wish, however, that this task had been allotted to some person capable of performing it in that masterly manner which the subject so well deserves. To confess the truth it was chiefly to prevent his remains from falling into the hands of any one still less qualified to do him justice, that I have unwillingly ventured to undertake the publication of them myself.

Mr. Shenstone was the eldest son of a plain, un-educated country gentleman in Shropshire, who farmed his own estate. The father, sensible of his son's extraordinary capacity, resolved to give him a learned education, and sent him a commoner to Pembroke College, in Oxford, designing him for the church: But though he had the most awful notions of the wisdom, power, and goodness of GOD, he never could be persuaded to enter into orders. In his private opinion, he adhered to no particular sect, and hated all religious disputes, but whatever were his own sentiments, he always shewed great tenderness to those, who differed from him. Tenderness, in every sense of the word, was his peculiar characteristic; his friends, his domestics, his poor neighbours, all daily experienced his benevolent turn of mind. Indeed, his virtue in him was often carried to such excess, that it sometimes bordered upon weakness; yet if he was convinced that any of those ranked amongst the number of his friends,

T t

had

had treated him ungenerously, he was not easily reconciled. He used a maxim, however on such occasions, which is worthy of being observed and imitated. 'I never (said he) will be a revengeful enemy; but I cannot, it is not in my nature, to be half a friend.' He was in this temper quite unsuspicious; but if suspicion was once awaked in him, it was not laid asleep again without difficulty.

He was no œconomist; the generosity of his temper prevented him from paying a proper regard to the use of money: He exceeded therefore the bounds of his paternal fortune, which before he died was considerably encumbered. But when one recollects the perfect paradise he had raised around him, the hospitality with which he lived, his great indulgence to his servants, his charities to the indigent, and all done with an estate not more than three hundred pounds a year, one should rather be led to wonder that he left any thing behind him, than to blame his want of œconomy. He left however more than sufficient to pay all his debts; and by his will appropriated his whole estate for that purpose.

It was perhaps from some considerations on the narrowness of his fortune, that he forbore to marry; for he was no enemy to wedlock, had a high opinion of many among the fair sex, was fond of their society, and no stranger to the tenderest impressions. One, which he received in his youth, was with difficulty surmounted. The Lady was the subject of that sweet pastoral, in four parts, which has been so universally admired; and which, one would have thought, must have subdued the loftiest heart, and softened the most obdurate.

His person, as to height, was above the middle stature, but largely and rather inelegantly formed: His face seemed plain till you conversed with him, and then it grew very pleasing. In his dress he was negligent, even to a fault, though when young, at the University, he was accounted a beau. He wore his own hair, which was quite grey very early, in a particular manner; not from any affectation of singularity, but from a maxim he had laid down, that without too lavish a regard to fashion, every one should dress in a manner most suitable to his own person and figure. In short his faults were only little blemishes, thrown in by nature as it were on purpose to prevent him from rising too much above that level of imperfection allotted to humanity.

His character as a writer will be distinguished by simplicity with elegance, and genius with correctness. He had a sublimity

mity equal to the highest attempts; yet, from the indolence of his temper, he chose rather to amuse himself in culling flowers at the foot of the mount, than to take the trouble of climbing the more arduous steps of Parnassus. But whenever he was disposed to rise, his steps, though natural, were noble, and always well supported. In the tenderness of elegiac poetry he hath not been excelled in the simplicity of pastoral, one may venture to say, he had very few equals. Of great sensibility himself, he never failed to engage the hearts of his readers; and amidst the nicest attention to the harmony of his numbers, he always took care to express with propriety the sentiments of an elegant mind. In all his writings, his greatest difficulty was to please himself. I remember a passage in one of his letters, where, speaking of his love-songs, he says-----‘ Some were written on occasions a good deal imaginary, others not so; and the reason there are so many is, that I wanted to write one good song, and could never please myself.’ It was this diffidence which occasioned him to throw aside many of his pieces before he had bestowed on them his last touches. I have suppressed several on this account; and if among those which I have selected, there should be discovered some little want of his finishing polish, I hope it will be attributed to this cause, and of course be excused; yet I flatter myself there will always appear something well worthy of having been preserved. And tho’ I was afraid of inserting what might injure the character of my friend, yet, as the sketches of a great master are always valuable I was unwilling the Public should lose any thing material of so accomplished a writer. In this dilemma it will easily be conceived that the task I had to perform would become somewhat difficult. How I have acquitted myself the Public must judge. Nothing, however, except what he had already published, has been admitted without the advice of his most judicious friends, nothing altered, without their particular concurrence. It is impossible to please every one; but ’tis hoped that no reader will be so unreasonable, as to imagine that the author wrote solely for his amusement: His talents were various; and though it may perhaps be allowed, that his excellence chiefly appeared in subjects of tenderness and simplicity, yet he frequently condescended to trifle with those of humour and drollery: These, indeed, he himself in some measure degraded by the title which he gave them of

Levities: But had they been entirely rejected, the Public would have been deprived of some *jeux d'esprits*, excellent in their kind, and Mr. Shenstone's character as a writer would have been but imperfectly exhibited.

But the talents of Mr. Shenstone were not confined merely to poetry; his character, as a man of clear judgment, and deep penetration, will best appear from his prose works. It is there we must search for the acuteness of his understanding, and his profound knowledge of the human heart. It is to be lamented indeed, that some things here are unfinished, and can be regarded only as fragments: Many are left as single thoughts, but which, like the sparks of diamonds, shew the richness of the mine to which they belong; or like the foot of a Hercules, discover the uncommon strength, and extraordinary dimensions of that hero. I have no apprehension of incurring blame from any one, for preserving these valuable remains: They will discover to every reader the author's sentiments on several important subjects. And there can be very few, to whom they will not impart many thoughts, which they would never perhaps have been able to draw from the source of their own reflections.

But I believe little need be said to recommend the writings of this gentleman to public attention. His character is already sufficiently established. And if he be not injured by the inability of his Editor, there is no doubt but he will ever maintain an eminent station among the best of our English writers.

R. DODSLEY.

*A man of words and not of deeds,
Is like a garden full of weeds---*

ANONYMOUS.

THE human mind has been, for time immemorial, compared to a garden; where the virtues are flowers, and the vices weeds. But as this is a very general allusion, perhaps it will be worth while to carry the thing a little further; methinks one might *lay out*, as the Gardeners say, every particular man's mind, or mental garden; and it would be pleasant, not only to examine whether there were more weeds or more flowers in it, but also to describe the several species of each that seem to be predominant, by their likeness to some known

known weeds or flowers, in some certain property or other, *A man of words and not of deeds, is like a garden full of weeds*, says my motto. *Insincerity* is, indeed, a very thriving plant: But it grows in different men, under the form of weeds, very different in their nature, and their appearance.

Pollanthes, the Courtier, is a garden full of *Primroses*: The first opening of your mouth, the very earliest breath you draw in his presence, calls him into vernal bloom and genial efflorescence; every thing you say and do gives him so much pleasure, that he cannot help expanding all the sensitive faculties of his soul to you. Would you have him esteem you? He cannot but esteem a person whom he knows not how to admire enough. Do you hope for his good offices? To be sure he will be proud to serve one whom he is happy to esteem.--- He is all spring; all openness and condescension: He prevents your wishes; he surprizes you with the most unexpected *blossoming*, if I may be allowed the expression, of goodness and humanity: But it is like the *blossoming* of a *Primrose*; it comes to nothing, and it is good for nothing. It is the produce of to-day's sun, which the improved warmth of to-morrow's will destroy: It is the effect of those fainter, paler rays, which give neither glowing hue nor real vigour. You may look for it again when the *Rose* has got its scent, and the *Carnation* its colours; but it will then be withered and forgotten.

Melancholous is another man of words, and not of deeds; and whoever has any thing to do with him, or to expect from him, will find him a garden over-run with *Brambles*. He has the art of twisting himself about your very soul: Though you feel him prick you, though you know him to be all entanglement, as it were, he will contrive to make it almost impossible for you to get clear of him. When you catch him hurting you in any part, you may wish and try probably to disengage yourself and to quit him; but it is in vain; he will cling to you in another part, where you did not think of him, and be ready to draw you into a new embarrassment, before you have fairly broke through the old one. Under the appearance of singular friendship and affection, he will plant thousand Thorns in your breast, and endeavour to make you believe, that it is all out of zeal for your interest. The longer you trust him, the more close you will find his embrace, but you will find at the same time, that he embraces only
to

to hamper and torment you. In short, like the real *Bramble*, he will hold you fast to him with one thorn, and tear your flesh in that very instant with another.

Eulethon never refused any thing that was asked of him; nor ever performed any thing that he promised: A kind of drowsy indifference prevents his attending either to your application, or his own engagement beyond the present minute. When you ask a favour, he does not recollect that it is improper or impossible he should oblige you---though his telling you so would probably be the greatest favour he can do you. Whatever you want, you have his promise in an instant; and you may have it to depend upon for ever, if you please, for any thing that *Eulethon* will do toward performing it. If you ask him for the performance, he has forgot that promise; but he will give you another for it, which he will remember just as well. The poorest moralist in the world may easily note the weeds which such a garden is full of; and may justly say, that it is a spot overgrown with Poppies.

Megascopus is a man, not benevolent, but subject to momentary fits of good will. He has plann'd a thousand schemes of kindness and generosity, and spent many a solitary quarter of an hour, in contriving how to bring them about; he has drawn out in his mind the advice that would make one man happy; he has calculated the sum that would set another at ease; and the neat expedient that would restore another to peace and serenity. Could you see his heart at those periods, you would think it impossible for any one to be discontented or unhappy near him. And yet no man can produce an instance where *Megascopus* was not niggardly, selfish, obstinate, over-bearing: With a plentiful fortune he sees twenty relations in distress; he lets his neighbours quarrel, and his tenants be ruined, without giving himself a moment's trouble to prevent it: He has never made a friend, nor given away a shilling.---He is a mere *hot-bed*; and the virtues of his heart, as he thinks them, are only mushrooms, that rise and disappear, and rise and disappear again, with no effect, and to no sort of purpose.

Philetus entered into public life, with a mind that deserved to be called a garden: It was full of all the choicest flowers of virtue, good humour, and good breeding. He preserved it for some time in perfect beauty and order. till an

unlucky

unlucky opportunity of getting a large sum of money by a little knavery fell in his way. He yielded to the temptation---and has ever since grown gradually meaner, and more deceitful and rapacious. That one thistle which he admitted into his mind, has overspread and choaked every thing else that grew there; every wind of interest scatters the seeds of it---and all that made the flowers bold and lively in their day, contributes now to improve the rankness of the foul crop that supplies their place.

I will carry the reader no farther for the present---he will be able perhaps to amuse himself hereafter with a walk in the moral garden, in the strength of these few hints and intimations: And so long as there are knaves and fools amongst us, he will never find a weed so worthless or so noxious, which has not its counterpart in human vice or folly,----from the *Nettle*, whose touch is torture, to the deadly *Nightshade*, whose berry is destruction.

By *DEAN SWIFT*, not published in his *WORKS*.

A Portrait from the Life.

COME sit by my side, while this picture I draw,
In chatt'ring a magpye, in pride a jackdaw;
A temper the devil himself could not bridle,
Impertinent mixture of busy and idle.
As rude as a bear, no mule half so crabbed,
She swells like a sow, and she breeds like a rabbit,
An housewife in bed, at table a flattern,
For all an example, for no one a pattern,
How tell me, friend Thomas * Ford, Gratten †, and
merry Dan ‡
Has this any likeness to good madam Sheridan?

* *Dr. Sheridan.* † *Mr. Daniel Jackson.* ‡ *The Dean's friend.*

The CHARACTER of an HONEST MAN.

NOR high church, nor low church, nor tory, nor whig;
Nor flutt'ring young coxcomb, nor formal old prig;
can laugh at a jest, if not told out of time,
And excuse a mistake, but not flatter a crime:

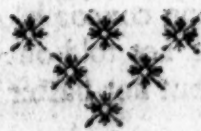
Unbi-

Unbias'd, I view things around as they pass,
 Nor squint at the Great through a blackening glass:
 The faults of my friends I'd scorn to expose;
 And detest private scandal, though cast on my foes:
 I put none to the blush upon any pretence,
 For immodesty shocks both good-manners and sense:
 No man's person I hate, though his conduct I blame,
 I can censure a crime without naming a name:
 To amend, not expose, is the turn of my mind,
 For reproof must be lost, if ill-nature be join'd:
 When merit appears, tho' in rags I respect it,
 And will plead virtue's cause, tho' the world shou'd reject it.
 Cool reason I bow to, where-ever 'tis found,
 And rejoice when true learning with honour is crown'd.
 No party I serve----in no quarrel I join ----
 Nor damn the opinion that differs from mine.
 No corruption I screen, though no treason I sing:
 I'm a friend to my country, yet true to my King.

*On the Busts of Sir ISAAC NEWTON, Mr. LOCKE, &c. set
 up by her late Majesty Queen CAROLINE in the
 Hermitage at Richmond.*

-----*Sui memores alios fecere merendo.*

BEHOLD, O stranger new from foreign lands,
 Where slaves obey what lawless will commands;
 Where statues to the proud oppressor rise,
 And hood-wink'd faith has put out reason's eyes;
 Behold! the honours CAROLINE ordains
 To these great souls, who wrote to break your Chains!
 Unerring nature's equal laws to shew,
 Prescrib'd to all above, and all below.
 Example rare! O Britain blest! to see
 Thy Queen declare for truth and liberty.



A remarkable ANECDOTE of M. BOISSI, a celebrated French Dramatic Writer.

M BOISSI, the author of several approved dramatic pieces, and especially of one which was deservedly esteemed, called *Le Francois a Londres*, (the Frenchman at London) had not found himself exempt from the usual fate of those who cultivate the muses. Even that spot, said to be the least barren one of Parnassus, the Theatre, had produced to him little more than a scanty maintenance for himself, his wife, and one child. In short, misfortunes, want of oeconomy, perhaps, or whatever else might be the cause, we cannot well say, but he was reduced to the most deplorable extremities of want.

In this condition, sinking under the indignities of his fate, he had, however, too much of that spirit which characterizes genius, to debase himself by mean applications or mediant letters. He had friends, whose kindness his need of them had not exhausted, and whom, for that very reason, he was the more averse from troubling. But his friends were but the more inexcusable, if they knew his distress, not to save him the pain of an application. However, Boissi, overcome with the irksomeness of his circumstances, embraced a resolution of taking the shortest way out of the world, that of death. And in the light in which he considered it, as a friendly relief from further misery, he not only persuaded his wife to keep him company, but not to leave behind them a boy, a child of five years old, to the mercy of a world in which they had found so little. Probably the example of Richard Smith, in much the same situation, an example to which Voltaire's recording it gave such notoriety, might have its share in the fatal determination.

This resolution now formed of dying together, there remained nothing but to fix the manner of it. The most torturous one was chosen, that of hunger, not only as the most natural consequence of their condition, of which it might pass for the involuntary effect, but as it saved a violence which neither Boissi nor his wife could find in their hearts to use to one another. In that solitude then of their apartment, in

which the unfortunate need so little apprehend their being disturbed, they resolved to wait with unshaken constancy the arrival of their deliverer, though under the meagre, grim form of famine. They began then, and resolutely proceeded on their plan of starving themselves to death, with their child. If any called, by chance, at their apartment, finding it locked, and no answer given, it was only concluded that nobody was at home. Thus they had all the time they could wish to consummate their intention. But what can deceive or damp a true friend? They had one, it seems, of a fortune not much superior to their own, and whom, for that reason, and from the dread of being an inconvenience to him, they had never acquainted with the extremities to which they were actually driven. This friend had been one of those who had called at their apartment, and finding it shut up, naturally concluded, as others did, that Boissi and his family were gone out, or perhaps removed. Upon reflection however, or from that kind of instinct with which the spirit of friendship abounds, he began to apprehend that something must be much amiss with his friend, (though he could not guess what) that he could neither find him at home, nor gain any intelligence about him. Under this anxiety, he returned to Boissi's apartment; and whether any motion or noise from within betrayed his being at home, or whether his friend began to suspect something of the matter, no answer being returned, he forced open the door.

Boissi and his wife had been so much in earnest, that it was now three days since they had taken any sustenance; insomuch that they were now got so far on their way to their intended home, that one may say they touched the gates of it.

The friend, entered as he was into the room where this scene of death was going forward, found them already in such a situation, that they seemed insensible of his intrusion. Boissi and his wife had no eyes but for one another, and were not sitting, but supported from falling to the ground by two chairs, set opposite to each other; their hands locked together; and with their ghastly looks, languidly dejected; in which might be read a kind of rueful compassion for the child that hung at the mother's knee, and seemed as if looking up to her for nourishment in its natural tenaciousness of life. This groupe of wretchedness did not less shock than afflict the friend. Soon collecting from circumstances the

meaning

meaning of all this, his first care was not to expostulate with Boissi or his wife, but to engage them to receive his succours, in which he found no little difficulty. Their resolution had been taken in earnest; they were now got over the worst; and were in view of their port: The faintness which had succeeded the almost intollerable tortures of hunger, had deadened their sense to them and to life. They might, besides, conceive a false shame of not going through with what they had thus resolved; a kind of slur being too often imagined to attend a suicide begun and not finished, as if it supposed a failure of firmness. The friend however took the right way to reconcile them to life, by making the child join his intercession; the child, who could have none of the prejudices or reasons they might for not retracting, and who, though he had little life left, had still enough not to be out of love with it. The instinct of self-preservation working its usual effect, he held up his little hands, and, in concert with the friend, intreated his parents to consent to their relief. Nature did not plead in vain. The friend then proceeded, helpless and unattended as they were, to procure them immediate food, with proper precaution and cordials. Nor left he then till he had seen them in a way of recovery to life, and given them all the money he had about him. And thus Boissi, by his tender care, escaped at Paris giving the second edition of the tragedy of poor Otway in London.

This story immediately took air; it reached the ears of Madam Pompadour, who instantly took him under her protection; sent him present relief, and procured the at-length-fortunate Boissi the place of Comptroller of the *Mercure de France*, of no inconsiderable income, in spite of the endeavours of her brutal brother the Marquis de Marigny, to divert her benevolence.

A Bacchanalian ADVENTURE of the present KING of PRUSSIA. Translated from the Baron de BIELFELD's Letters, lately published, and suppressed by Authority at BERLIN.

IT is a flattering picture which this writer draws of the court of his Prussian Majesty, then Prince-Royal, as it was kept at Rheinsburg during the life of his father. After

having given a description of the persons and characters of the principal people of both sexes, and particularly of the Prince and Princess, with their ordinary manner of living, he proceeds to relate the adventure of a little courtly debauch, in which both the royal personages were so intimately concerned, that it had like to have cost the relator of it very dear, and sufficiently warned him of getting drunk with rakes of the blood-royal again. "It is thus, Madam, (says the Baron to a fair correspondent) our days pass away in ease and tranquillity, occasionally heightened by every pleasure capable of gratifying a rational mind. We eat like kings, drink wine like the nectar of the Gods, and have the music of the spheres to accompany our repasts; these, with delightful excursions into the woods and gardens, parties on the water, the cultivation of Letters and the polite arts, all conspire to make this enchanted palace a terrestrial paradise. But as there is no perfect felicity in human life, the pleasures I have enjoyed at Rheinsberg, have been greatly allayed by the pain of a late accident which, with your Ladyship's leave, I will relate to you. But, to anticipate the Catastrophe, I must acquaint you, you will soon see me at Hamburgh, with two cuts in my forehead, a black eye, and a cheek embellished with all the colours of the rain-bow. All these pretty acquisitions I made at a late Bacchanalian party; upon which you will probably say, they are very natural attendants. About a fortnight ago the Prince-Royal being in a very good humour at dinner, the spirits of the company were very agreeably elated by his extraordinary vivacity. The champaign went briskly round, and his highness seemed pleased with the success; accordingly on rising from table, he intimated his design of taking up the ball again in the evening, where we then left it. In consequence of which, as I went out from the concert, he ordered me to go to the Princess's apartment, where, as soon as she had done play, we should renew the party, and keep it up till every man might find his way home without a candle by the light of champaign. I took this challenge in jest, knowing that matches of this kind seldom come to any thing when prepared for so long beforehand. The Princess, however, gave me to understand, that his highness was really in earnest, and that I should be fairly caught. In effect also, I soon found out how it was like to turn out, having hardly sat down to table, before the Prince put round several toasts, which

which it was impossible to think of refusing. This skirmish was succeeded by a discharge of *bons Mots* and repartees between the Prince and the company; at which the gravest personages present could not forbear laughing; in short, our mirth became general; the ladies themselves partaking of it as well as we. In about two hours some of us began to reflect, that it was impossible to pour wine constantly into a cask without letting it sometimes out. Necessity had no law: Nor could even the presence of the Princess-Royal prevent us from going out to breathe a little fresh air. This, however, had such an effect on me, that when I returned to the saloon, I began to find myself not a little disordered. I determined therefore to mix with my wine a sufficient quantity of water; of which there had stood a large decanter before me. During my absence, however, the Princess, who sat opposite, had artfully changed the water for a clear, transparent white wine; so that, having lost the distinction of taste, I poured it profusely into my glass, and became quite intoxicated by endeavouring to drink myself sober. To complete my downfall, the Prince-Royal insisted on my sitting next his Highness, when taking the opportunity to say a number of flattering things, and to extend my views as far into futurity as my feeble optics could let me, he plied me with bumper after bumper, till I could indeed hardly see any thing present. At the same time the rest of the company were, most of them, equally affected by the nectar that flowed in such plenty on this occasion. One of the ladies, in particular, who was pregnant, found herself under the necessity of taking an abrupt leave for a short interval. This action was esteemed so admirable and heroic, that all the company joined in paying her the due compliment for it, on her return. Never perhaps was woman so much applauded for such an expedition. At length, whether by accident or design, the Princess-Royal broke a drinking-glass. This signal was enough for our impetuosity, and appeared an example worthy of imitation. In an instant our glasses flew against the sides of the saloon, and the china, lustres, mirrors, &c. were also broken into ten thousand pieces: The Prince, in the midst of this general destruction, calmly looking about him, and, like the man of fortitude in Horace, hearing the mighty crash, and smiling at the ruins. Tumult, however, succeeding to mirth, his Highness very prudently

prudently withdrew, and by the assistance of his pages, reached his apartment. The Princess also disappeared the same moment. As to myself, not finding a single footman humane enough to direct my reeling steps and preserve my tottering figure in equilibrio, I got to the edge of the great stair-case, and fairly rolled down from the top to the bottom, where I lay some time without sense or motion. There also I might possibly have expired, had not an old house-maid come by chance that way in the dark, and stumbled over me: Upon which taking me for a great shock dog that is about the Palace, she gave me a hearty curse, and at the same time a violent kick in the belly. But finding afterwards that I was a man, and what was more, a young courtier, she began to have some compassion, and called out for assistance; when my servants coming up, they carried me home to bed. A Surgeon was sent for, who bled me, dressed my wounds, and thus brought me a little to myself. The next morning they talked of a contusion and a fracture, and of my submitting to the trepan: Of this, however I am quit, with only the terrible apprehensions of it, and a fortnight's confinement to my bed: During which time the Prince hath been so kind as to visit me every day, and to contribute every thing in his power to my cure. The next morning the whole court was in a whimsical distress; neither the Prince nor any of his Gentlemen could raise their heads off their pillows; the Princess being obliged to dine alone. For my part, I suffered very considerably from the hurts I received, and have had sufficient leisure to moralize on my adventure. At present, however, I adopt in part the Italian proverb, *Passato il pericula, gabato il santo*, and laugh among the rest at my own misfortune. This evening's work will not be soon forgotten at Rheinsberg, where such Bacchanalian exploits are but rare. The Prince-Royal is by no means a drinker. He sacrifices as yet only to Apollo and the muses; though there may come a time when he shall erect as many altars to Mars."

Our noble author hath lived to see this prediction fulfilled, and even to suffer himself much more from the martial expeditions of the King, than from the Bacchanalian exploits of the Prince.

METHOD of preparing PEAS for HOGS.

A FEW years ago I had a plentiful crop of peas on a ten-acre piece, which lies near my house; when they were full podded, and nearly ripe, I had them hooked in the usual manner; but before I could get them in, there came a heavy shower of rain, which wetted them through and through; and the dull heavy weather, with frequent showers, which followed, prevented their drying for a considerable time.

I caused the wads to be from time to time turned, to prevent the haulm from rotting; and at length, a few days sunshine dried them enough to be inned; for as they lay hollow, the wind was greatly assistant to the operation.

Before I got them in, on examining some of the pods, I found the peas were all sprouted to a considerable length: This was what I had expected, and I gave my crop over for lost, till after a little recollection, as the weather still continued fine, I determined to thresh them in the field.

This was accordingly done; and the corn, after it was cast and riddled to separate it from the rubbish, was dried on my malt-kiln.

When this operation was over, I began to reflect in what manner I should dispose of my peas, being sensible that they could not be proper for seed, and standing no chance of disposing of them to any advantage in the market.

At length, as it was then a time of war, and of course there was a great demand for pork for the use of the navy, I determined to buy in a considerable number of lean hogs, that I might by their means consume this crop on my own premises, and in that make the most of it.

My expectations were more than answered; for I found, by repeated experience, that three bushels of the peas I have mentioned went nearly as far in fattening the hogs I bought, as four bushels got in dry and hard, in the manner usually practised.

This discovery I made several years ago, and it has turned out to my advantage; for, since that time, I have been quite different as to the weather in which my peas are hooked, being rather better pleased, as far as relates to them, with wet, than dry weather: But if the weather happens to be dry

dry at the time they are ripe; I always cause as many as I want for feeding my hogs, which are not a few in a year, to be regularly malted in the same manner, nearly as barley: This management has of late, succeeded very well with me, and I therefore intend to continue it.

Besides feeding my hogs with these malted peas I have also often given them to my horses, with which they agree very well, and are heartening food.

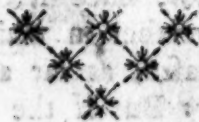
Turkeys will fatten apace on them also, and be fine meat.

I have applied my malted peas to many other uses, which I have not, at present, time to enumerate: But were they only used for feeding hogs and horses, it is still worth while to prepare some in this manner every year.

Sent with a Piece of painted flowered Silk to lady Charles Spencer, who had said she was low in Pocket, and could not afford to buy it herself.

By the Right Honourable Lady TEMPLE.

SINCE the times are so bad and are still growing worse,
 You may call this your own without sinking your purse:
 The nymphs and the fauns, say the pattern is new,
 And that Flora's gay pencil design'd it, is true;
 It was finish'd and destin'd for beauty's fair Queen;
 So to whom it belongs is most easily seen.
 Tho' flow'rets soon wither, yet these will not die,
 When fading, revived by a beam from your eye;
 If you only breathe on them they'll fill the whole room
 With sweets far surpassing Arabia's perfume:
 Refuse not this trifle, your title is clear,
 And Spencer will vouch it, tho' married a year.



*An ACCOUNT of M. de VOLTAIRE'S TREATISE
on TOLERATION.*

THIS treatise was occasioned by the unjust condemnation and execution of John Calas, a Protestant of Toulouse, for the supposed murder of his son Mark Antony, who was suspected of being inclined to the Roman Catholic religion.

In the first chapter the author having given a particular relation of that event, interspersed with pertinent reflections; and in the succeeding ones he argues very judiciously against the unchristian spirit which the persecutors of Calas and the Catholics in general discover against those of a contrary persuasion. He observes, that in times of ignorance and barbarity, they sacrificed enough of human blood to the dogmas of the church. That this more enlightened and polished age can very well dispense with such sacrifices, and that however dangerous Hugenots and Fanatics might have been formerly, they cannot find followers enough to render them formidable at present. He proves both from reason and facts, that a free toleration of all religions, so far from being subversive of the order and peace of society, establishes it upon the broadest basis. He brings as an evidence an opulent province in France, where the Lutherans are more numerous than the Catholics, have a part in the administration, and live in the utmost harmony with them. A bishop of Varmia, in Poland, who had an Anabaptist for his farmer-general, and a Socinian for his receiver, and acknowledged to those who advised him to expel them, that though they were surely damned in the other world, yet he found them extremely serviceable in this: The Grand Signor, who governs in perfect tranquillity, people of twenty different religions: In India, Persia, Tary, China, where there is the same liberty and the same tranquillity: It is true, Zant Chin expelled the Jesuits; it was not because the emperor was of a persecuting disposition, but that they were. The Japonese tolerated twelve inoffensive religions: The Jesuits made the thirteenth, and raised civil war.

He next proposes to the Roman Catholic countries, the same plan for tolerating the Protestants which we pursue in England,

land, with respect to the Catholics; and remarks, that many rich families would willingly return to their own native country, could they enjoy the common protection of the laws, and follow the dictates of their consciences.

He then inquires whether persecution is a natural right; if it is, says he, a Japonese should hate a Chinese, who ought to detest an inhabitant of Siam, and he persecute the inhabitants of the Indus; a Mogul should tear out the heart of the first Malabarian that he met, the Malabarian cut the throat of a Persian, and he massacre a Turk, and all together fall upon the Christians, who have for a long time devoured one another.

But the greatest part of his treatise is taken up in inquiring into the sentiments and conduct of the Greeks, Romans, and Jews, as to this article; and he endeavours to prove, that notwithstanding there may be a few exceptions, yet upon the whole, they all acted upon the principles of toleration. If Socrates was an example of the contrary amongst the Greeks, yet he asserts Socrates is the only one they ever put to death for opinions, and that he brought this fate upon himself, by imprudently opposing the popular sentiments. The Romans, he observes, were the freest people in the world, in all religious matters. Their poets and orators spoke and wrote what they pleased about the gods and a future state; the senate allowed inter-community of diets, and the conquerors, though they often imposed laws upon the vanquished, yet they did not prescribe their religion.

With respect to their treatment of the christians, he endeavours to prove the writers of church-history have exaggerated every circumstance; that many were inserted in the list of martyrs that died in their beds, proceeding from a misapplication of the word martyr, which originally signified to witness, and not to suffer.

He quotes several passages from the fathers to prove, that in these very periods historians record as the most severe for the christians, they enjoyed as a community peace and tranquillity. Some few he acknowledges were put to death, but he suspects it was rather for affairs of state, and upon account of their ill-timed zeal, and their insolence towards the civil magistrate, than for their religious tenets simply considered; since it is remarkable, that the christians were permitted to visit these martyrs in prison, follow them to their

execution.

execution, and afterward bury them openly, and wrought miracles with their relics.

The Jews he describes as an ignorant, inconsistent, barbarous people, void of the least traces of generosity and magnanimity, whose conduct was often fuitable, and worthy their partial and bloody laws; but yet he asserts, that there broke out, at intervals, the beams of a universal toleration, darting forth from this dark cloud of barbarism. He founds this latter part of his assertion upon the following particulars, the choice Joshua gives to the Israelites whether they would serve the LORD, or the gods of the nations. Moses erects a brazen serpent in the wilderness, though he himself had expressly forbid the worship of images. Solomon and Jereboam were both gross idolaters: The history of Micah and the Levite recorded in Judges xvii. and xviii. Elifha permitted Naaman the idolater to go and worship his god in the temple of Rimmon. GOD calls Nebuchadnezzar his servant, and Cyrus his anointed, though they were both idolaters. He interested himself in the prosperity of the Ninevites, as well as his own people the Jews. Melchizedek, though a high-priest, was not a Jew. Balaam the idolater was a prophet of the LORD. Thus does scripture, he says, teach us, not only that the great GOD tolerates all nations, but that he has a paternal care over them, and yet we must persecute them.

He next proceeds to prove, that the Jews in some points carried freedom of sentiment to a surprising length, so that their differences in opinion were much greater than those which divide even the Catholics and Protestants; and yet they were never the cause of any disturbance or persecution amongst them. The Sadducees denied a future state, or the existence of angels, yet high-priests have been chosen from this sect: The Pharisees believed in fatality and metempsychosis: The Essenes thought that the souls of the just would go to fortunate islands.

In the chapter following he enquires, whether JESUS inculcated a persecuting spirit. He explains those few passages which have been alledged to prove that he did, and remarks, that the life and actions and discourses of our Saviour, preached nothing but mildness, patience and forgiveness.

The rest of the treatise consists of detached chapters, which abound with lively strokes and noble sentiments. In one he demonstrates the absurdity and fatal effects of bigotry, and a blind, headstrong zeal; in another he points out in what circumstances persecution may be lawful, that is, when it has for its objects sentiments and societies destructive to the public tranquillity. Thus it is no harm, says he, to abolish the Jesuit to make a good citizen, to restrain men from cutting one another's throats; for though they may assert that they are the true sheep, and only exterminate wolves, yet their conduct proves them to be wolves themselves. In another chapter he produces several attestations against persecution, taken from the ancient fathers, and eminent moderns in the Roman church. Some are drawn up in dialogues betwixt parties of different nations and in opposite circumstances; another presents us with a supposed letter to Le Tellier, the Jesuit, which exposes with great humour the extravagant principles of a zealous son of the church. But we shall give our readers, perhaps, a better idea of his manner of writing, by presenting them with an intire chapter, than by being more prolix in our general account.

C H A P. XVI.

A Dialogue betwixt a dying Man and one in Health.

A citizen in one of the cities of Provence was in the agonies of death, when a man in the vigour of health came to insult him in his last moments. Wretch, says he, think as I do immediately, sign this writing, acknowledge that five propositions are in a book which neither you nor I have read; adopt the sentiments of Lamfran against Berenger, and St. Thomas against Bonaventure. Embrace the second council of Nice against the council of Francfort: Explain to me this moment, how these words, *My father is greater than I*, expressly signify, *I am as great as he*. Tell me how the Father communicates to the Son all but his paternal character, or your body shall be thrown to the dogs, your children shall be stript of their inheritance, your wife of her portion, and your whole family shall beg their bread from such as myself, who will never relieve you.

XXX

Dying

Dying Man. I can scarcely hear what you say to me: Your threatenings confusedly reach my ears, they trouble my soul, and render my death terrible: For GOD's sake have pity on me:

Barbarian. Pity! I can have none if you are not intirely of my opinion!

D. M. Alas! you know that in these last moments every sense is decayed, all the avenues of my understanding are closed, my ideas fail me, my reason is extinguished; am I in a condition to dispute?

B. Well if you cannot believe what I would have you, say that you believe what I would have you; say that you believe it, and that will do as well.

D. M. How can I perjure myself to please you? in a moment I shall appear before a GOD who punishes perjury.

B. That's nothing to the purpose: You will have the pleasure of being buried in a church-yard; your wife and children will have something to support them. Die a hypocrite! hypocrisy is no bad thing; it is, as the saying is, an homage which vice pays to virtue: A little hypocrisy, my friend, what will that cost you?

D. M. Alas! you either despise GOD, or know him not, since you require a lye from me just at the point of death: You who must shortly be judged by him, and answer for this lye.

B. What, you insolent wretch! don't I acknowledge a GOD?

D. M. Pardon me, my brother, I fear you know him not. He whom I adore inspires me at this instant, to tell you with a dying voice, that if you believe in GOD you ought to have compassion upon me. He has given me a wife and children, let them not perish with misery. As to my body, do with it as you please, I give it up to you: But believe in GOD, I conjure you.

B. Come, do as I bid you, without these debates: I will, I command it.

D. M. And what interest have you in tormenting me so much?

B. How! what interest? If I have your signature it will be worth a good canonship.

D. M. Ah, my brother, this moment is my last! I am dying! I go, and pray to GOD to touch your heart and convert you.

B. The

B. The devil take the fellow, he has not signed; but I'll sign for him, and counterfeit his hand.

PROCEEDINGS of a famous ALCHEMIST at Berlin.

ABOUT the latter end of the year 1706, an Italian Count, named Cajutano, a native of the kingdom of Naples, arrived at Berlin, where he began with great expence, which at first imposed on every body. He had a neat equipage, several footmen in most magnificent liveries, two valets de chambre, two pages, a steward; and, in a word, the retinue of a nobleman: His pages were in scarlet, turned up with yellow velvet, with waistcoats bedaubed all over with gold and silver lace; and strait coats laced upon all the seams. This Neapolitan Count, at first, made a great noise at the Prussian court; but it increased much more when they understood he had no estate, and that all this expence was the fruit of a secret he had found out to make gold. The King, who did not think the thing impossible, looked on our Italian Count with admiration; and, in order to attach him entirely to himself, gave him a commission of general of artillery, without a salary; for a man who could make gold had no occasion for any; but then in return, his Majesty's kitchen and cellar were at his discretion.

The Prince Royal, naturally suspicious, and not very easy of belief, had not so much confidence in our maker of gold, as he could have wished; and suspected his Philosophical-Stone was nothing but a cheat. He spoke his sentiments of this with so little reserve before the King, that his Majesty was offended at it; and that it might not be said he had suffered himself to be imposed on by a liar, pressed our Italian Count to give a proof of his art as soon as possible.

The Reader will probably be surpris'd, that the Prince Royal could not induce himself to give credit to our Italian's secret, since it is but too true, that we easily persuade ourselves of the truth we earnestly desire; and that it is natural to desire an increase of so precious a metal as gold, which is heaped together with so much labour, and in so small a quantity: But perhaps his Royal Highness's doubt proceeded only from a fear it was not true.

However that be, the Prince was no sooner informed the Italian was ready to make his first Essay, than fearing to be duped

duped by this man's cunning, he ordered a furnace to be built and furnished with new bellows and crucibles: After which he ordered the director of the mint to prepare a bar of copper half an ell long, and half an inch thick, which was privately marked in a certain place, that it might not be changed by any flight of hand.

All did not disconcert our Chymist, he spoke of his secret with such confidence, that the King pleased himself beforehand, with the victory he should obtain over the Prince his son's incredulity. Every thing being ready, the Neapolitan Count went to the Place where the essay was to be made, in the presence of the King, the Prince Royal, the Margraves, and principal Nobility of the court. They kindled a fire in the furnace; and the Chymist took a crucible and put a certain composition into it, which he had a good deal of difficulty to melt; but having at last done it, he called for the bar of copper which was appointed to serve for the essay. As soon as he had it, he asked for some white clay, with which he rubbed one half of the bar, and dipped the other half, which was not rubbed with it, into the crucible, where the composition, in which his whole secret consisted, was melted. He let it remain in it some minutes, and then taking it out, as red as a burning coal, plunged it immediately into cold water, until it had lost all its heat: And as soon as it was cold, shewed the wondering spectators an ingot of as pure gold as can possibly be found in the mines, from whence they dig that precious metal. It must be observed, that the other part of the copper-bar, which was rubbed with the white clay, remained copper as it was before.

Those who were present at this extraordinary essay, were extremely surpris'd, when the master of the mint, after having tried this new gold, declared it was as good, and as fine, as could be seen. The Chymist was looked upon almost as a divinity.

The King was so fully convinced of this man's science, that he assigned him the palace called the Prince's, in the ward named Friederichswerder, to perform his chymical operations in.

This first essay was followed by several others, which so increased the astonishment, both of the nobility and common people, that they ran in crowds to see this gold maker. Among this number of admirers, the Prince Royal was the only one

one who still doubted, and stiffly maintained his philosopher's stone was nothing but a mere cheat, which would sooner or later be discovered; and that he did not despair, in a little time, of gaining the ascendant over the phrenzy, which every body seemed to be possessed with. The event shewed his Royal Highness was not mistaken; for, in short, when every body expected to see mountains of gold grow in Berlin, our Italian signified he had occasion for several drugs, the purchase of which might amount to 50,000 crowns. This made many people begin to suspect him, and their suspicions were terribly augmented by a sudden rumour, that our chymist was nothing but a notorious impostor, who had already cheated the Duke of Savoy, and Elector of Bavaria, of considerable sums of money, which he had received of them, under the specious pretence of buying drugs. The truth of this was confirmed soon afterwards; and they had certain intelligence, that Signor Count Cajutano had been a long time in prison at Munich, and only obtained his liberty, in consequence of the revolution which happened in Bavaria, after the battle of Hochstet; from whence he went to Vienna, and from thence to Berlin.

No sooner had our chymist heard the disadvantageous reports that were spread of him, than he, without waiting to see how his Prussian Majesty would take them, decamped on a sudden, without beat of drum, and made his escape so dexterously, that it was a long time before they could hear any thing of him, notwithstanding the pains his Majesty took to discover him.

At last they heard he was at Franckfort on the Maine, where he continued to act the cheat. The Prussian Resident in that city, suspecting the chymist's flight from the capital of Brandenburg, must have something in it prejudicial to the State, desired the Magistrates of Franckfort to arrest this Mountebank, until they knew what was the motive for his leaving Berlin, without his Prussian Majesty's permission. The Senate thought the Prussian Resident's demand reasonable, and therefore ordered him into confinement; where he continued till he was delivered up to the King of Prussia, who had him hanged at Custrin, on a gallows covered over with gilt plates of lead: A punishment a little severe, and which would put a period to abundance of men's lives, if it were inflicted on all those who abuse the credulity of princes.

ON HEALTH.

THE subject of my song is HEALTH,

A good superior far to wealth,
Can the young mind distrust its worth!
Consult the monarchs of the earth:
Imperial Czars, and Sultans, own
No gem so bright that decks their throne:
Each for this pearl his crown would quit,
And turn a rustic, or a cit.

Mark; tho' the blessing's lost with ease,
'Tis not recover'd when you please.

Say not that gruels shall avail,
For salutary gruels fail.

Say not, *Apollo's* sons succeed,
Apollo's son is *Egypt's* † reed.

How fruitless the physician's skill,
How vain the penitential pill,
The marble monuments proclaim,
The humbler turf confirms the same!
Prevention is the better cure.

So says the proverb, and 'tis sure.

Would you extend your narrow span,
And make the most of life you can;
Would you, when medicines cannot save,
Descend with ease into the grave;
Calmly retire, like evening light,
And chearful bid the world good night;
Let temperance constantly preside,
Our best physician, friend, and guide!
Would you to wisdom make pretence,
Proud to be thought a man of sense;
Let temperance (always friend to fame)
With steady hand direct your aim;
Or, like an archer in the dark,
Your random shaft will miss the mark:
For they, who slight her golden rules,
In wisdom's volume stand for fools.

† In Allusion to 2 Kings Ch. xviii. 21.

Mr. WHITWORTH,

Inclosed you will receive an instructive and entertaining Anecdote of a popish and protestant Queen of England, well attested; in which we see the malignant influence of the religion of the former, the humane and benign effects of the religion of the latter; that cruelly encouraged the destruction of her innocent subjects; this with pleasure and joy rewarded the instrument of their preservation; and at the same time we can scarce forbear observing with gratitude, the merciful hand of providence; in conducting the several events here related.

I am,

Sir, your's, &c.

N.B. This anecdote is the conclusion of the account given of the reformation of Ireland, during the reign of Henry VIII. Edward VI. and Queen Mary, in the 1st Vol. of the Phenix. Article V.

ANECDOTE of a POPISH and PROTESTANT QUEEN.

QUEEN Mary having dealt severely with the protestants in England, about the latter end of her reign, signed a commission for to take the same course with them in Ireland; and to execute the same with greater force, she nominates Dr. Cole one of the commissioners. Sending the commission by this Dr. who in his journey coming to Chester, the mayor of that city hearing her majesty was sending a messenger into Ireland, and he being a churchman, waited on the Dr. who in discourse with the mayor, taketh out of a cloak-bag, a leather box, saying to him, *Here is a commission that shall lash the hereticks of Ireland*, calling the Protestants by that title. The good woman of the house being well affected to the protestant religion, and also having a brother named John Edmonds of the same, then a citizen in Dublin, was much troubled at the doctor's words; but watching her opportunity, whilst the mayor took his leave, and the Dr. complimenting him down stairs, she opens the box and takes the commission out, placing in lieu thereof a sheet of paper with a pack of cards, the knave of clubs

faced uppermost, wrap'd up. The Dr. coming up to his chamber, suspecting nothing of what had been done, put up the box as formerly. The next day going to the water side, wind and weather serving him, he sails toward Ireland and landed on the 7th of October, 1558 at Dublin. Then coming to the castle, the lord Fitz-Walters, being lord deputy, sent for him to come before him and the privy council; who coming in, after he had made a speech relating on what Account he came over, he presents the box to the lord deputy, who causing it to be opened that the secretary might read the commission, there was nothing save a pack of cards with the knave of clubs uppermost; which not only startled the lord deputy and council, but the doctor, who assured them he had a commission, but knew not how it was gone. Then the lord deputy made answer; *Let us have another commission, and in the mean while we will shuffle the cards.* The doctor being troubled in mind went away and returned into England, and coming to the court, obtained another commission: But staying for a wind at the water side; news came to him that the Queen was dead; and thus GOD preserved the protestants of Ireland.

This is a copy of Richard earl of Cork's memorials, as also of Henry Usher, sometime lord Primate of Armagh; being also entered amongst Sir James Weare's manuscripts, who hath often heard the late James Usher, nephew to the said Henry, and also Primate of Armagh, aver the same, and wondered that mr. Fox had not inserted it in his Acts and Monuments. There is yet living a reverend father, Henry, now lord bishop of Meath, who can affirm this relation from the said James Usher, late lord primate of Ireland.

Upon the recalling of the lord Fitz-Walters into England, Queen Elizabeth, who succeeded her sister, discoursing with the said lord concerning several passages in Ireland, amongst other discourses, he related the aforesaid passage, that had happened in Ireland, which so delighted the Queen, that her majesty sent for the good woman, named Elizabeth Edmonds, but by her husband Mattershad, and gave her a yearly pension of forty pounds *durante vita*, for saving her protestant subjects of Ireland.

Conclusion of the ACCOUNT of M. de Voltaire on Toleration.

Continued from page 343.

CHAP. XIX.

An ACCOUNT of a CONTROVERSIAL DISPUTE in CHINA.

IN the first years of the reign of the great emperor Kamhi, a mandarin of the city of Canton was alarmed in his own house by a great uproar in the house adjoining: He enquired whether there was any body murdered; they told him that it was an almoner of the Danish company, a chaplain of Batavia, and a Jesuit, disputing together. He invited them, served them with tea and sweetmeats, and asked the occasion of their quarrel: The Jesuit answered, that it was extremely unhappy for him, who was always in the right, to have any connection with people who were always in the wrong: That at first he had reasoned with the greatest calmness, but at last his patience was exhausted. The mandarin gave them to understand, with the utmost discretion, how necessary it was to conduct every dispute with politeness: Told them they never quarrelled in China, and inquired into the subject of their debate.

The Jesuit answered him, Sir, you shall be judge: These two gentlemen refuse to submit to the council of Trent. That astonishes me, says the mandarin: Then turning to the two refractories, it seems to me reasonable, says he, gentlemen, that you respect the decisions of a large assembly: I don't know what the council of Trent is, but a society of people must know more than an individual. No man ought to think that he is wiser than every body, and that reason dwells in his brains alone. This is the doctrine which our great Confucius taught; and, believe me, you will do well to submit to the council of Trent.

The Dane then took up the discourse. My lord speaks with the greatest wisdom: We respect these august assemblies as we ought, and we are intirely of the opinion of many assemblies which were held before that of Trent. Oh! if that's the case, says the mandarin, I ask your pardon; you may

may be in the right. Well, then, you and this Dutchman are both of the same sentiments against this poor Jesuit. Far from it, says the Dutchman, this gentleman has notions almost as extravagant as those of the Jesuit, who is so mighty supple before you: I can refrain no longer: I don't understand you, says the mandarin; are you not all three Christians? do you not come to teach Christianity in our empire? and ought you not consequently to embrace the same doctrine? You see, Sir, says the Jesuit, that these two are mortal enemies, and both of them dispute against me; it is evident then that they are in the wrong, and that reason is on my side. That is not so evident, replies the mandarin; it is much more likely that you are all in the wrong: I am curious to hear you one after another.

The Jesuit then made a long harangue, while the Dane and Dutchman shrugged up their shoulders: The mandarin understood not a word. The Dane spoke in his turn: his two adversaries looked upon him with pity, and the mandarin understood as much as before. The Dutchman had the same fortune. At length, they all three spoke together, and began to abuse one another most plentifully. The honest mandarin found it difficult to part the fray: If, says he to them, you would have your religion tolerated here, begin by tolerating others, and not being intolerable yourselves. At the breaking up of the audience, the Jesuit met a Jacobine missionary: He told him he had gained his cause, boasting that truth was always triumphant. The Jacobine answered, If I had been there you would not have gained it, for I could have convicted you of falshood and idolatry. The dispute became warm, the Jacobine and Jesuit seized one another by the hair. The mandarin, informed of the scandal, sent them both to prison: A sub-mandarin asked the judge, How long does your excellence please to detain them under an arrest. Till they are agreed, says the judge. Alas! replies the sub-mandarin, they will then be prisoners for life. Well then, answered the judge, till they forgive each other. I am sure that will never be, says the sub-mandarin. At last then, says the other, till they forgive in appearance.

C H A P. XX.

No great art or studied eloquence are requisite to prove, that it is the duty of Christians to tolerate one another.

I say more, I assert we ought to consider all men as brethren. What! a Turk my brother? a Chinese, a Jew, a Siamite my brother? Yes, certainly; are we not all children of the parent, creatures of the same GOD? But these people condemn us: They treat us as idolaters. Well, then, I would tell them they are greatly to blame. I imagine I could confound the proud conceit of an iman, a talaprin, if I was to accost him thus: "This small globe, which is but a point, rolls in the expanse with many others; we are lost in the immensity. Man, about five feet high, is certainly a very insignificant thing in the creation. One of these imperceptible mortals says to some of his neighbours in Arabia or Caffaria, Attend! for the GOD of all these worlds hath enlightened me; there are nine hundred millions of little emmets like ourselves upon the earth, but it is only my nest that is precious in the sight of GOD; he hath all the rest in eternal detestation; this alone will be happy, the others are for ever wretched." They would interrupt me, and demand what fool ever spoke such nonsense? I should be obliged to answer them, It is yourselves. I might afterwards try to pacify them, but that would not be very easy. I will now address myself to Christians, and would venture to say to a Dominican inquisitor, for example, "Brother, you know that every province in Italy has its dialect, and that they do not speak the same at Venice and at Bergama as at Florence: The academy of Crusca has fixed the language; its dictionary is a standard from which no body should deviate, and the grammar of Buer Matei is an infallible guide we ought to follow: But do you think that the consul of the academy, and in his absence, Buer Matei, could with a good conscience cut the tongues of all the Venetians and Bergamats that should persist in the use of their own language?" The inquisitor answers, "The case is not parallel: The concern here is no less than the salvation of your soul. It is for your good that the directors of the inquisition order you to be seized by the deposition of a single man, however infamous and lawless his character: That you are not allowed an advocate to plead your cause: that you should not know so much as the name of your accuser: That the inquisitor should pronounce mercy, and afterwards condemn you: That you suffer five different tortures, and then be either scourged, sent to the galleys, or burnt with proper ceremony. Father

Father Ivenet, doctor Chucalen, Zanchinus, Campegius, Noyas, Felinus, Gomar, Dialenus, Gemeline, are explicit in this point, and this pious practice cannot suffer any innovation." I would then take the liberty to answer him, " Brother, perhaps you are in the right; I am convinced of the good you intend me, but cannot I be saved without all this?"

I acknowledge that these horrid absurdities do not stain the face of the earth every day; but they have been too frequent, and a volume of them might easily be compiled, much larger than the gospels which condemn them. It is not only extremely cruel to persecute in this short life those who do not believe with us, but perhaps it is extremely bold to pronounce their eternal damnation: It seems to me very unbecoming the atoms of a moment, such as ourselves, to anticipate the decrees of heaven. I am far from opposing this sentence, *No salvation out of the church*. I reverence the church, and all that she teaches: But do we in reality know all the ways of GOD, the whole extent of his mercies? Is it not permitted to hope in him, as well as to fear him? Is it not enough to be true to the church, must every member usurp the rights of GOD, and decide before him the eternal lot of all men? When we go into mourning for the kings of Sweden or Denmark, or England or Prussia, do we say we are mourning for a reprobate, who is burning eternally in hell? There are in Europe forty millions of inhabitants who are not in the Romish community, shall we tell every one of them, Sir, since you are infallibly damned, I will neither eat nor drink, contract or converse with you?

What ambassador of France, who being present at an audience of the Grand Seignior, would tell him from the bottom of his soul, Your highness will most certainly burn throughout all eternity, because you have submitted to circumcision. If he actually believed that the Grand Seignior is a mortal enemy to GOD, and the object of his vengeance, could he speak to him? Ought he to be sent to him? With whom could we have any connection? What duty in civil life could possibly be fulfilled, if in fact men firmly believed that they were conversing with the reprobate?

Oh ye followers of a merciful GOD! If your hearts were cruel; if in adoring him whose whole law consists in this injunction, *Love GOD and your neighbour*, ye had loaded this pure and holy law with sophisms and incomprehensible disputes;

putes; if ye had light up the flame of discord at one time; for the sake of a new word, at another for a single letter; if ye had affixed eternal pains to the omission of some particular expressions or ceremonies which others might not have been acquainted with; shedding tears over the human race, I would say, Transport yourselves with me to that day, when all men shall be judged, and GOD will render to every one according to his work.

I see all the dead of the past and present age appear before him. Are you certain that our Creator and our Father will say to the wise and virtuous Confucius, to Solon the legislator, Pythagoras, Zaleucus, Socrates, Plato; to the divine Antoninus, to upright Trajan, to Titus the delight of mankind, to Epictetus, and to many others who were the proper models of men; Go monsters! go suffer the punishments infinite in weight and duration; your torments shall be as eternal as myself; and you, my well-beloved John Chatel, Ravillac, Damien, Cartouche, &c. who died according to the prescribed forms, partake of my empire and felicity at my right-hand for ever.

Mr. WHITWORTH;

In the rooms at Bath, there are full length portraits of the late celebrated Mr. Nash. On each side one of these were placed two Busts, one of Newton and the other of Pope: the Earl of Chesterfield, justly esteemed one of the greatest wits this age has produced, en passant, wrote the following distich under the Picture:

Immortal Newton never spoke
More truth than here you'll find,
Nor Pope himself e'er penn'd a Joke,
More cruel on Mankind.

This Picture, plac'd those Busts between,
Gives Satyr it's full Strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly at full length.

A DEATH-BED SPEECH of an HEATHEN.

CHILO, a celebrated Philosopher, being on his death-bed, addressed himself to his friends who stood round him, to the following effect: 'I cannot, through the course of a long life, look back with uneasiness upon any single instance of my conduct, unless, perhaps, on that which I am going to mention, wherein, I confess, I am still doubtful whether I acted as I ought, or not: I was once appointed judge, in conjunction with two others, when my particular friend was arraigned before us. Were the laws to have taken their free course, he must inevitably have been condemned to die. After much debate therefore with myself, I resolved upon this expedient: I gave my own vote according to my conscience, but at the same time employed all my eloquence to prevail with my associates to absolve the criminal. Now I cannot but reflect upon this act with concern, as fearing there was something of perfidy, in persuading others to go counter to what myself esteemed right.'

How striking must this speech, if rightly considered, be to every *Christian*. This was a man of like passions and infirmities as other men; he had none, or but very uncertain hopes of any life after this; yet his conscience bore him witness on his death-bed, at which time it lays every thing open to the mind; 'that *through the course of a long life, he had no reason to look back with uneasiness upon any single instance of his conduct, but on ONE ONLY; a case of conscience,* in which he was doubtful whether he acted wrong or right. We *Christians* have the promise of GOD, *who cannot lie*, that our *right conduct in life* shall be rewarded with immortal glory and happiness; the most inestimable Reward is set before us. Glory and honour, and eternal life for continuance in *well doing*. And yet it is to be feared there are too many *Christians*, to whom conscience will not bear that witness on their death-bed, as it did to this *Heathen*. We cannot, however, read this without an inward wish, that such may be our case at that solemn hour. Our wish is in our power: By taking care never, upon any consideration whatsoever, to do any thing contrary to the precepts of the GOSPEL of JESUS CHRIST, which (besides the dictates of conscience) we have

have the happiness to have in our hands, for a constant and unerring guide of all our actions.----If this *Heathen*, who had nothing but the mere dictates of his own mind to follow, and nothing to excite him but the NATIVE WORTH of virtue, could so order his life, that there was only one single instance in his whole life, which conscience, upon this death-bed, did not bear witness to him, he had acted *right* in what may not we do, who, besides the NATIVE WORTH of virtue, have the most glorious rewards, and those of eternal duration, to excite us!

LETTER from Sir THOMAS FITZOSBORNE to a Friend, concerning Delicacy in relieving the Distressed.

LET others consider you for those ample possessions you enjoy: Suffer me to say, that it is your application of them alone which renders either them or you valuable in my estimation. Your splendid roofs and elegant accommodations I can view without the least emotion of envy: But when I observe you in the full power of exerting the noble purposes of your exalted generosity----it is then, I confess, I am apt to reflect, with some regret, on the humbler supplies of my own more limited finances. To be able to soften the calamities of mankind, and inspire Gladness into a heart oppressed with misfortunes, is indeed the noblest privilege of an enlarged fortune: But to exercise that privilege in all its refinements, is an instance of the most uncommon elegance both of temper and understanding.

In the ordinary dispensations of bounty, little address is required: But when it is to be applied to those of a superior rank and more elevated mind, there is as much charity discovered in the manner as in the measure of one's benevolence. It is something extremely mortifying to a well-formed spirit, to see itself considered as an object of compassion; and it is the part of improved humanity to humour this honest pride in our nature, and to relieve the wants without offending the delicacy of the distressed.

I have seen charity (if charity it might be called) infused with an air of pity, and wound at the same time that it healed. But I have seen too the highest munificence dispensed with the most refined tenderness, and a bounty conferred with a

much address as the most artful would employ in soliciting one. Suffer me, *Orontes*, upon this single occasion, to gratify my own inclinations in violence to your's by pointing out the particular instance I have in my view; and allow me at the same time to join my acknowledgments, with those of the unfortunate person I recommended to your protection, for the generous assistance you lately afforded him.

I am, &c.

RULES and REFLECTIONS for the CONDUCT of LIFE.

MOST men that affect sports, make them a principal part of their life; not reflecting, that while they are diverting the time they are throwing it away. We alter the nature and design of recreation, when we make a business of it.

Of all the diversions of life, there is none so proper to fill up its empty spaces, as the reading of useful and entertaining authors, &c. with that, the conversation of a well chosen friend.

A man of Letters never knows the plague of idleness: When the company of his friends fails him, he finds a remedy in reading, or in composition.

He that is well employed in his study, though he may seem to do nothing, does the greatest things yet of all others: He lays down precepts for the governing of our lives, and the moderating of our passions; and obliges human nature, not only in the present, but in all succeeding generations.

METHOD of fattening GEESE and DUCKS, in a cheaper manner than usual, and at the same time to give their Flesh a higher Flavour; and a Rule to distinguish what DUCKS will lay most EGGS.

GEESE, the more quiet and undisturbed they are kept, the faster and better they fatten.

I shall begin with what are usually called *Green Geese*.

Let these young geese be put in a place that is almost dark, and be fed with some ground malt, mixt up with milk; and they

they will, very soon, and at very little expence, be fit to kill; I have often tried this method, and have found them to eat very deliciously.

I sometimes fatten them in a still cheaper way, especially when milk is scarce with me: I mix up some barley-meal pretty thick with water, which they constantly have by them to eat as they chuse: In another part of the shed, where they are kept, is a pan with some boiled oats and water, for them to resort to when they are inclined to change their food: This variety is agreeable to them and they thrive apace, being so fattened at less expence than in any other way I know of.

The manner in which I manage my Michaelmas, or stubble Geese, is not very different from that above described: Immediately after harvest I turn them on the wheat eddishes, where they pick up flesh apace; but when I take them up to fatten, I feed them with ground malt, mix'd up with water, and give them with it boiled oats, boiled malt, or boiled barley; and sometimes, for change, even boiled wheat and water. Thus managed, they grow fatter, and acquire a finer flavour than would at first be imagined, greatly superior to almost any I have seen in the London markets.

I fatten my ducks in the same manner as my geese, except that I allow them a large pan of water to dabble in; and I find it answer extremely well.

I keep a very considerable number of ducks for breeders, having, near my house, the convenience of several ponds; and I annually set in the spring a great number of duck-eggs under hens: It is therefore natural I should chuse such a breed as will lay me a large store of eggs; and I have always found such as have their bills turn up rather more than ordinary, to answer this purpose best.

Of the IMPRUDENCE of PARENTS, making themselves dependent on their Children, and the Necessity of PARENTS instructing their children by Examples as well as Precept.

A WORTHY old gentleman, who had by an industrious and able industry acquired a large fortune, with great reputation, at length declining business, devoted his sole attention to the settlement of an only son, of whom he was uncommonly

monly fond.-----In a little time he married him to a woman of family, and judging of the son's affection by his own, made over every shilling he was worth to the young gentleman, desiring nothing more than to be witness of his happiness in the same house, and depending upon his gratitude for any cursory trifle he might want for his private expences. The son had not been married however above six weeks, before he was under the sole dominion of his wife, and prevailed upon to treat the old gentleman with the most mortifying neglect.-----If he wanted the carriage for an airing, why truly, 'My lady has engaged it:' If he desired to mix in a party of Pleasure, 'They are quite full:' He was suffered to sit whole evenings without being once spoken to; at table he was obliged to call three or four times for a glass of wine, or a bit of bread; and if he entered into a narrative of any transaction that occurred in his youth, his obliging daughter-in-law immediately broke in upon him, and politely introduced a conversation upon something else.-----This unpardonable contempt was at last carried to such a degree, that his cough was complained of as troublesome, and under a pretence that his tobacco-box was insupportable, he was requested to eat in his own room.

Four or five years passed on in this manner, which were rendered a little tolerable, by the birth of a grandson, a most engaging boy, who from the moment he was capable of distinguishing, seemed to be very fond of the old gentleman, and by an almost instinctive attachment, appeared as if providentially designed to atone for the unnatural ingratitude of his father.-----He was now turned of four, when one day some persons of fashion dining at the house, the old gentleman, who knew nothing of the company, came down into the back parlour to enquire for his little favourite, who had been two whole hours out of his apartment: He had no sooner opened the door, than his dutiful son before a room full of people, asked him how he dare break in upon him without leave, and desired him to get instantly up about his business.-----The old gentleman returned accordingly to his own room, and gave a very hearty freedom to his tears.

Little Tommy, who could not bear to hear his grand-papa chided at such rate, followed him instantly, and observing how heartily he sobbed, came roaring down to the parlour, and before the whole company cried out, 'Papa has made

poor grand-papa break his heart; he'll cry his eyes out above stairs.-----The son who was really ashamed of his conduct, especially as he saw no sign of approbation in the faces of his friends, endeavoured to put an easy appearance on the affair, and brazen it out; turning round therefore to the child, he desired him to carry a blanket to grand-papa, and bid him go and beg.-----*Ay, but I won't give him all the blanket,* returned the child;-----*why so, my dear?* says the father: *Because* (answered he) *I shall want half for you, when I grow up to be a man, and turn you out of doors.*-----The child's reproof stung the father to the soul, and held up at once both the cruelty and ingratitude of his conduct in their proper colours:----Nay, the wife seemed affected and wanted words: A good-natured tear dropt from more than one of the company, who seized this opportunity of condemning, in a very candid manner, their behaviour to so affectionate a father, and so bountiful a friend; and, in short, made them so heartily ashamed of themselves, that the old gentleman was immediately sent for by both, who, in the presence of all, most humbly entreated his forgiveness for every thing past, and promised the business of their lives should be to oblige him for the future.-----The poor old gentleman's joy threatened now to be much more fatal than his affliction a little time before.-----He looked upon his son and daughter for some time with a mute astonishment, mixed with a tenderness impossible to be described; and then fixing his eyes upon the company with a wildness of inconceivable rapture, snatched up his little Tommy, who joined him in a hearty flood of tears.

There is nothing, in reality, where people are so very wrong, as in the education of children, though there is nothing in which they ought to be more absolutely certain of being right: If we seriously reflect upon the customary method in which children are brought up, we must almost imagine, that the generality of parents inculcate principles of religion and virtue into their offspring, for the mere satisfaction of bringing both religion and virtue into contempt; and paint the precepts of morality in the most engaging colours, to shew, by their practice, how much these precepts are to be despised.

My friend Ned Headstrong is a parent of this cast; he is continually preaching up a rectitude of conduct to a very sensible young fellow his son, and yet he is continually destroying

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stroying by his example what he labours to effect by his advice. Ned expatiates largely about patience under the dispensations of Providence, and yet will fly into a passion of the most ungovernable nature, if a leg of mutton is boiled a minute too much.-----I have heard him launch forth in the praise of fortitude, while he has not been able to overcome the chagrin occasioned by spilling a bottle of port upon the table-cloth.

The same preposterous inconsistency in the education of an only daughter is a distinguishing peculiar of lady Dye Dawdle.-----Her ladyship is no great gadabout, for she lies in bed all the day, and plays at cards all night; she cannot be accused of misbehaving in church, for I don't suppose she has been at a place of public worship these twenty years.-----As for her veracity, that can by no means admit of a debate, for 'tis a question with me if she has spoke a syllable of truth since her arrival at maturity.-----Yet notwithstanding all negative perfections, is she continually prescribing a contrary practice to her daughter, and perpetually condemning the young lady for the least intimation of what she is unceasingly practising herself.

If a parent in reality would have his son a good man, let him teach by his practice as much as by his precepts; and never, through a doating partiality, overlook those actions in a child which he would inevitably condemn in any body else. Finally, let all parents, from the introductory part of this paper consider, that it is no disgrace for a son to be dependent on a father's bounty, but that nothing can be more dangerous than for a father to be dependent on a son.

*The WISE-MAN; or, the MUTE: A Fable, by Sir
HARRY BEAUMONT.*

IN a neat little country town, there lived two friends. Mr. Bridgman, (who was the elder of the two,) was almost as famous as the Spectator himself, for saying very little. Yes, and No, were the words chiefly in use with him; for (like the Spectator too) he was very fond of monosyllables. He lived in great peace and quietness with all his neighbours; and enjoyed his life with much ease, on an income that was rather a comfortable than a large one. His friend, Mr. Johnson, had

had been much richer; but by being too apt to say severe things of other people, had made himself so many enemies; that what by quarrels and law suits, and what by offending his patron, he was reduced to a very low ebb. One evening as these two friends were sitting by the fire-side, which happened to them most evenings, (for Mr. Bridgman did not love much company, and Mr. Johnson had quarrelled and talked away most of the people that he had formerly been acquainted with;) after the latter had been giving the characters of all the most considerable people, for five miles round; and not any one of them, without a dash (at least) of his usual severity; 'Prithee, Bridgman, (says he) though every body knows you are such a mute, yet don't think that I'll have all the talk thus entirely to myself. 'Tis but fair that you should club something to the conversation. Do you now, in your turn, give me a character or two of some of our neighbours; for I'm sure I have treated you with above a hundred of them.' ----- Bridgman smoked on in the most profound silence.----- 'Poh! This is carrying your humour too far! Why I had rather sit by myself, than with an absolutely dumb man.'-----Bridgman smoked on.----- 'Nay, dear Bridgman, (cried he) favour me with one character, for heaven's sake, if it be but one!'-----When Mr. Bridgman had smoked out his pipe, and beat the ashes very leisurely out of it, he launched out into the following profusion of words; (for with him it was a vast profusion) 'Good Mr. Johnson, through the whole course of my life, I have been a great inspector into the manners of men; but, as to giving any characters, I must beg that you would excuse me. It is, and always has been, my way, where I cannot speak well of any body, to say nothing at all. By this means, I am come to be called The Mute. Be it so; since by the same means, I continue well with every body; and in spite of the badness of mankind, have nothing to complain of (for my own particular) from any of them.-----You see my way, to all the ease and happiness that I enjoy.-----Do you follow my example; and instead of all these jars, and quarrels, and perplexities, that you are perpetually engaged in, you would find yourself as unmolested, and as happy as I am.'

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The new SHEEP SHEARING SONG.

COME, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we must
shear,

In your holiday suits with you lasses appear;

The happiest of folks are the guileless and free;

And who are so guileless so happy as we;

Who are so guileless so happy as we?

The happiest of folks are the guileless and free, guileless
and free;

And who are so guileless, so happy as we?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught;

We practise no arts with hypocrisy fraught;

What we think in our hearts you may read in our eyes:

For, knowing no falshood, we need no disguise.

By modes and caprice are the city dames led;

But we all the children of nature are bred;

By nature alone are we painted and drest,

For the roses will bloom when there's peace in the breast:

The giant ambition we never can dread;

Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head;

Content and sweet cheerfulness open our door;

They smile with the simple and feed with the poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal;

Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we feel;

So harmless and simple we sport and we play,

And leave to fine folk to deceive and betray:

A LETTER from Lady WORTLEY MONTAGUE,
against a maxim of Mons. de la ROCHEFAUCAULT's,
"that Marriages are convenient, but never delightful."

IT appears very bold in me to attempt to destroy a maxim
established by so celebrated a genius as Mons. de la Roche-
faucalt, and implicitly received by a nation which calls itself
the only perfectly polite in the world, and which has, for so
long a time, given laws of gallantry to all Europe.

But, full of the ardour which the truth inspires, I dare
advance the contrary, and to assert, boldly, that it is mar-
ried love only which can be delightful to a good mind.

Nature sets before us pleasures suited to our species; we have but to follow the instinct infused by taste, and elevated by a lively and agreeable imagination, to find the only felicity mortals are capable of. Ambition, avarice, vanity, can give, in their most perfect enjoyments, but very moderate pleasures, not capable to affect a noble soul. We must regard the gifts of fortune but as so many steps to attain happiness; but we shall never find it, in obtaining her trifling favours, which are no more than the troubles of life, if they are not looked upon as necessary to obtain, or to preserve, a felicity more desirable.

That happiness is to be found only in friendship, founded upon perfect esteem, fixed upon long acquaintance, confirmed by inclination, and enlivened by the tenderness of love; which the ancients have very well described by the figure of a beautiful child; he is pleased with childish games, he is tender and delicate, incapable to hurt, charmed with trifles, all his designs terminate in pleasures; but those pleasures are sweet and innocent. They have represented under a very different figure a passion too gross to be named, but of which the multitude are only capable, I mean that of a satyr, which is more bestial than human; and they have expressed in that equivocal animal, the vice and brutality of the sensual appetite, which is, notwithstanding, the only foundation of all the fine system of polite gallantry.

A passion, that wishes only to content itself with the loss of what it thinks the most amiable in the world; a passion founded on injustice, supported by deceit, and followed by crimes, remorse, shame, and contempt; can it be delightful to a virtuous heart? Yet this is the amiable equipage of all unlawful engagements; we find ourselves obliged to eradicate from the soul all the sentiments of honour inseparable from a noble education, and to live in an eternal pursuit of that which we condemn; obliged to have our pleasures impoisoned by remorse, and to be reduced to the unhappy state of renouncing virtue, yet not able to content ourselves with vice.

We cannot taste the sweets of perfect love but in a well-suited marriage. Nothing so much distinguishes a little mind as to stop at words. What signifies that custom (for which we see very good reasons) of making the name of husband and wife ridiculous? A husband signifies, in the general interpretation

pretation, a jealous mortal, a quarrelsome tyrant, or a good sort of fool, on whom we may impose any thing; a wife is a domestic dæmon, given to this poor man to deceive and torment him. The conduct of the generality of people sufficiently justifies these two characters. But I say, again, What signify words? A well regulated marriage is not like those of ambition and interest: It is two lovers who live together. Let a Priest pronounce certain words, let an Attorney sign certain papers; I look upon these preparations as a lover does on a ladder of cords, that he fixes to the window of his mistress.

It is impossible that a perfect and well-founded love should be happy but in the peaceable possession of the object beloved, and that peace does not take from the sweetness and vivacity of a passion such as I have imagined. If I would amuse myself in writing romances, I should not place the seat of true happiness in Arcadia, or on the borders of Hymen. I am not such a prude as to limit the most delicate tenderness to wishes; I should begin the romance by the marriage of two persons united by their mind, taste, and inclination; can any thing be more happy than to unite their interest and their life! The lover has the pleasure of giving the last mark of his esteem and confidence to his mistress; she, in return, gives him the care of her repose and liberty. Can they give each other more dear or more tenders pledges? And is it not natural to wish to give to each other incontestible proofs of that tenderness with which the soul is penetrated?

I know there are some people of false delicacy, who maintain, that the pleasures of love are only due to difficulties and dangers. They say, very wittily, the rose would not be the rose without thorns, and a thousand other trifles of that nature, which make so little impression on my mind, that I am persuaded, was I a lover, the fear of hurting her I loved would make me unhappy, if the possession was accompanied with dangers to her. The life of married lovers is very different; they pass it in a chain of mutual obligations and marks of benevolence, and have the pleasure of forming the entire happiness of the object beloved; in which point I place perfect enjoyment.

The most trifling cares of oeconomy become noble and delicate, when they are heightened by sentiments of tenderness. To furnish a room is no longer furnishing a room, it is ornamenting

menting the place where I expect my lover; to order a supper is not simply giving orders to a cook, it is amusing myself in regaling him I love. These necessary occupations, regarded in this light by a lover, are pleasures infinitely more sensible and lively than cards and public places, which make the happiness of the multitude incapable of true pleasure. A passion happy and contented, softens every movement of the soul, and gilds each object that we look on.

To a happy lover, (I mean one married to his mistress) if he has any employment, the fatigues of the camp, the embarrassments of court, every thing becomes agreeable when he can say to himself, it is to serve her I love. If fortune is favourable, (for that does not depend on merit) and gives success to his undertakings, all the advantages he receives are offerings due to her charms, and he finds, in the success of his ambition, pleasure much more lively and worthy a noble mind, than that of raising his fortune, or of being applauded by the public. He enjoys his glory, his rank, his riches, but as they regard her he loves; and it is her lover she hears praised, when he gains the approbation of the parliament, the praises of the Army, or the favour of his Prince. In misfortune, it is his consolation to retire to a person who feels his sorrow, and to say to himself in her arms, "My happiness does not depend on the caprice of fortune; here is my assured asylum against all grief; your esteem makes me insensible to the injustice of a court, or the ingratitude of a master; I feel a sort of pleasure in the loss of my estate, as that misfortune gives me new proofs of your virtue and tenderness. How little desirable is grandeur to persons already happy? We have no need of flatterers or equipages; I reign in your heart, and I possess in your person all the delights of nature." In short, there is no situation of which the melancholy may not be softened by the company of the person we love. Even an illness is not without its pleasures, when we are attended by one we love. I should never have done, was I to give you a detail of all the charms of an union in which we find, at once, all that flatters the senses in the most delicate and most extended pleasure; but I cannot conclude without mentioning the satisfaction of seeing each day increase the amiable pledges of our tender friendship, and the occupation of improving them according to their different sexes. We abandon ourselves to the tender instinct of nature

ture refined by love. We admire in the daughter the beauty of the mother, and respect in the son the appearances of understanding and natural probity which we esteem in the father. It is a pleasure of which God himself (according to Moses) was sensible, when seeing what he had done, he found it good.

Ap[ro]pos of Moses, the first plan of happiness infinitely surpassed all others; and I cannot form to myself an idea of paradise more delightful than that state in which our first parents were placed; that did not last, because they did not know the world; (which is the true reason that there are so few love-matches happy.) Eve may be considered as a foolish child, and Adam a man very little enlightened. When people of that sort meet, they may, perhaps, be amorous at first, but that cannot last. They form to themselves, in the violence of their passions, ideas above nature; a man thinks his mistress an angel because she is handsome; a woman is enchanted with the merit of her lover, because he adores her. The first change of her complexion takes from his adoration, and the husband ceasing to adore her, becomes hateful to her, who had no other foundation for her love; by degrees they are disgusted with one another, and, after the example of our first parents, they throw on each other the crime of their mutual weakness; afterwards coldness and contempt follow a great pace, and they believe they must hate each other because they are married; their smallest faults are magnified in each other's sight, and they are blinded to their mutual perfections. A commerce established upon passion can have no other attendants. A man, when he marries his mistress, ought to forget that she then appears adorable to him; to consider that she is but a simple mortal, subject to diseases, caprice, and ill-humour. He must prepare his constancy to support the loss of her beauty, and collect a fund of complacency, which is necessary for the continual conversation of the person who is most agreeable, and the least unequal. The woman, on her side, must not expect a continuance of flatteries and obedience. She must dispose herself to obey agreeably, a science very difficult, and, of consequence, of great merit to a man capable of feeling. She must strive to heighten the charms of a mistress by the good sense and solidity of a friend. When two persons, prepossessed with sentiments so reasonable, are united by eternal ties,

all

all nature smiles upon them, and even common objects become charming.

It appears to me a life infinitely more delightful, more elegant, and more pleasurable, than the best conducted and most happy gallantry. A woman capable of reflection cannot but look upon her lover as her seducer, who would take advantage of her weakness to give himself a momentary pleasure, at the expence of her repose, of her glory, and of her life. A highwayman who claps a pistol to the breast, to take away your purse, appears to me more honest and less guilty; and I have so good an opinion of myself as to think, was I a man, I should be as capable to lay the plan of an assassination as that of debauching an honest woman, respectable in the world, and happy in her marriage. Should I be capable of empoisoning a heart by inspiring it with an unhappy passion, to which she must sacrifice her honour, tranquility, and virtue! Shall I render a person despicable because she appears amiable to me! Shall I reward her tenderness by rendering her house no longer agreeable, her children indifferent, and her husband hateful! I believe these reflections would appear of the same force, if my sex did render such proceedings excusable; and I hope I should have sense enough not to think vice less vicious because it was in fashion.

I esteem much the morals of the Turks, an ignorant people, but very polite, in my opinion. A gallant convicted of having debauched a married woman, is looked upon by them with the same horror as an abandoned woman by us; he is sure never to make his fortune; and every one would be ashamed to give a considerable employment to a man suspected of being guilty of so enormous a crime. What would they say in that moral nation, were they to see one of our anti-knight-errants, who are always in pursuit of adventures to put innocent young women in distress, and to ruin the honour of women of fashion; who regard beauty, youth, rank, and virtue, but as so many spurs to incite their desire to ruin, and who place all their glory in appearing artful seducers, forgetting that, with all their care, they can never attain but to the second rank, the devils having been long since in possession of the first!

I own that our barbarous manners are so well calculated for the establishment of vice and misery, (which is inseparable from it) that they must have hearts and heads infinitely
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above the common, to enjoy the felicity of a marriage such as I have described. Nature is so weak, and so given to change, that it is difficult to support the best founded constancy, amidst those many dissipations that our ridiculous customs have rendered inevitable. A husband who loves his wife, is in pain to see her take the liberties which fashion allows; it appears hard to refuse them to her, and he finds himself obliged to conform himself to the polite manners of Europe; to see, every day, her hands a prey to every one who will take them; to hear her display, to the whole world, the charms of her wit; to shew her neck in full day; to dress for balls and shows, to attract admirers, and to listen to the idle flattery of a thousand and a thousand fops. Can any man support his esteem for a creature so public, or, at least, does not she lose much of her merit!

I return to the Oriental maxims, where the most beautiful women content themselves with limiting the power of their charms to him who has a right to enjoy them; they have too much honour to wish to make other men miserable, and are too sincere not to own they think themselves capable of exciting passion.

I remember a conversation I had with a lady of great quality at Constantinople, the most amiable woman I ever knew in my life, and for whom I had afterwards the most tender friendship; she owned, ingenuously, to me, that she was content with her husband. What libertines you christian women are! (said she;) it is permitted you to receive visits from as many men as you please; and your laws permit you, without limitation, the use of wine. I assured her she was very much misinformed; that it was true we received visits, but those visits were full of form and respect, and that it was a crime to hear talk of love, or to love any other than our husbands. Your husbands are very good (said she, laughing) to content themselves with so limited a fidelity. Your eyes, your hands, your conversation, are for the public, and what do you pretend to reserve for them? Pardon me, my beautiful Sultana, (added she, embracing me) I have all possible inclination to believe what you say, but you would impose upon me impossibilities. I know the amorous complexion of you infidels, I see you are ashamed of them,
and

and I will never mention them to you more *.

I found so much good sense and truth in all she said, that I could scarcely contradict her; and I owned at first, that she had reasons to prefer the morals of the Musselmén to our ridiculous customs, which are surprizingly opposite to the strict maxims of Christianity. And, notwithstanding our foolish manners, I am of opinion, that a woman, determined to find her happiness in the love of her husband, must give up the extravagant desire of being admired by the public; and that a husband, who loves his wife, must deprive himself of the reputation of being a gallant at Court. You see that I suppose two persons very extraordinary; it is not, then, very surprizing such a union should be rare in a country, where it is necessary, in order to be happy, to despise the established maxims. I am, &c.

* This conversation is mentioned in the letters lately published; as written by Lady M---y W---y M-----.

ON SLANDER.

WHAT is that vice which still prevails,
When almost every passion fails:
Which with our very dawn begun,
Nor ends but with the setting sun:
Which, like the noxious weed, can spoil
The fairest flow'rs, and choak the soil?
'Tis SLANDER-----And, with shame I own,
The vice of human-kind alone.

On a quiet CONSCIENCE.

CLOSE thine eyes, and sleep secure;
Thy soul is safe, thy body sure;
He that guards thee, he that keeps,
Never slumbers, never sleeps.
A quiet conscience in the breast
Has only peace, has only rest:
The music and the mirth of kings
Are out of tune, unless she sings:
Then close thine eyes in peace, and sleep secure;
No sleep so sweet as thine, no rest so sure.

*From the Paper called The World.**To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.*

SIR,

FROM the indulgence you have so often shewn to the productions of female correspondents, I am encouraged to hope that you will not refuse this epistle a place in your paper.

You must know, sir, that with a tolerable person, a very good fortune, and lovers in abundance, I have a particular humour to live and die a maid. This way of thinking, I protest, does not arise from disappointed love, but on the contrary, from my never having seen any one man who has been possessed of those accomplishments which I think necessary for an husband.

You will imagine, perhaps, that I hardly know myself what sort of a man I would have; but to convince you of the contrary, I am going to give you a description of one, whom, notwithstanding my present humour, I would willingly marry, and reward with a fortune of ten thousand pounds. Such a declaration as this, while there are so many fortune-hunters, witty sparks, pretty fellows, and grave widowers, about town, will undoubtedly strike some hundreds with a flattering hope that I am easily to be carried off: but to silence their pretensions all at once, here follows the description of the only man in the world that I will consent to marry; and whom I shall beg leave to entitle

THE MAID'S HUSBAND.

Notwithstanding it is a fatal maxim among women, "To please the eye, though they torture the heart," yet I am so far an advocate for pleasing the eye, that the man I have an idea of, must have a person graceful and engaging. The features of his face must be regular; and though regular, agreeable; which as yet I hardly remember to have seen, having generally observed that where nature is most exact, she is least engaging. His eyes must be lively, sparkling, and affecting; and over the whole face there must be a clear complexion, health, cheerfulness and sensibility. His sta-

ture must be inclining to the tall; his motion easy and genteel; free from the short pert trip of the affected beau, or the haughty tragic step of the more solemn fop. His behaviour serious, but natural; neither too open, nor too reserved. His look; his laugh, his speech and his whole manner, must be just without affectation, and free without levity.

Thus much for his person. I come now to the endowments of his mind; without which, grace, beauty, and agreeableness, will avail him nothing. His genius must be fanciful; his knowledge extensive. Men, as well as books, must have been his study. Learning, freedom, and gallantry must be so blended in him, as to make him always the improving friend, the gay companion and the entertaining lover. In conversation he must say nothing with study, nor yet any thing at random. His thoughts must flow from him naturally, yet not without that delicacy of expression, which is necessary to give them a genteel turn. To the talents of his mind, let me add (if I may be allowed the distinction) the qualities of his soul. He must be generous without prodigality; humane without weakness; just without severity; and fond without folly. To his wife he must be endearing; to his children affectionate; to his friends warm; and to mankind benevolent. Nature and reason must join their powers, and to the openness of the heart add the virtue of oeconomy; making him careful without avarice, and giving him a kind of unconcernedness without negligence. With love he must have respect; and by a continual complaisance always win upon the inclination. He must take care to retain his conquest by the means he gained it, and eternally look and speak with the same desires and affections, though with greater freedom.

It has been observed by experienced people, that the soul contracts a sort of blindness by loving: But the man I am speaking of must derive his sentiments from reason; and the passion which in others is looked on as the mark of folly, be in him the true effect of judgment.

To these qualities I must add that charm which is to be considered before all the rest, though hard to be met with in this libertine age, RELIGION. He must be devout without superstition, and pious without melancholy; far from that infirmity which makes men uncharitable bigots, infusing

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into the heart a morose contempt of the world, and an antipathy to the pleasures of it. He must not be such a lover of society as to mix with the assemblies of knaves and block-heads, nor yet of opinion that he ought to retire from mankind to seek GOD in the horror of solitude: On the contrary, he must think that the ALMIGHTY is to be found amongst men, where his goodness is most active, and his providence most employed. There it is that RELIGION must enlighten, and reason regulate his conduct, both in the cares of salvation, and the duties of life.

With such a man, a woman must enjoy those pleasures in marriage which none but fools would ridicule. Her husband would be always the same, and always pleasing. Other wives are glad if they can now and then find with their husbands one agreeable hour; but with this, one disagreeable minute would be impossible. On whatever occasions we should see or speak to each other, it must be with mutual pleasure, and assured satisfaction.

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, let your dressing, scribbling, handsome young fellows, whether of the Temple, of the University, of the Army, or of the City, who would be glad of a woman of five and twenty, not disagreeable in her person, and with ten thousand pounds in her pocket, read this character; and if any one will assert and prove it to belong to himself, my heart, hand and fortune are entirely at his service. But I believe, sir, that instead of a man, I have been describing a monster of the imagination; a thing that neither is, was, nor ever will be: I am therefore resigned to my condition, and can think without repining of dying a maid (and I hope an old one) since I am not to expect a husband to the wishes of,

Sir, your humble servant,
reader and correspondent,

A. B

Though I doubt not but my fair correspondent is thoroughly deserving of the husband she knows so well how to describe, yet I could have wished, as well for her own sake, as for the sake of some happy man, that she had added a qualifying postscript to her letter, signifying that she was willing to make some little abatement in her demands. When gentlemen build houses, it is usual with them either to give

up conveniency for a prospect, or a prospect for conveniency. In this manner should a lady act in the choice of an husband: If she sets her heart upon a FACE, she should have no dislike to a coxcomb; or if she falls in love with a MIND, a sloven should appear charming: For the odds are against her, that the handsome man is the one, and the man of knowledge the other.

Exclusive of myself, I know of no such character as the lady has described; nor dare I say a word of my own person and accomplishments, being unfortunately near seventy, and a married man. It has also been hinted to me (for I scorn to deceive any body) that I have a small stoop in my gait, and that I am not quite so well-bred upon all occasions as a young lady might expect me to be.

I am also cautious of recommending any of those gentlemen who are daily advertising for wives in the public papers: For whether it be owing to their extreme modesty, or whether they have really no other accomplishments than they usually set forth to the world, their descriptions of themselves amount to no more, than "that they are tall, well-made, and very agreeable; that they have healthy constitutions, have had liberal educations, and are of sober morals." But as these descriptions are by no means particular enough, I cannot be certain that the publishers of them will exactly answer the idea of the MAID'S HUSBAND. Besides, I have lately received letters from particular ladies, who either as principals or friends, have examined these gentlemen, which letters assure me that they do not at all come up to the idea given of themselves, even in their own modest advertisements.

But before I take leave of my ingenious correspondent, I promise to give notice in this paper of the first MAID'S HUSBAND that falls within my knowledge; and if she pleases to signify where and when she will be waited on by any such gentleman, her commands shall be executed with the nicest punctuality. Or (as it is very considerately expressed in an advertisement now before me) *if the lady does not chuse to appear personally for the first time, may send any other proper lady of her acquaintance to the place appointed.*

Extracts

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Extracts from GOTHAM. Book II.

By C. CHURCHILL.

THE author begins this book with reflections on the censures past by the Monthly Reviewers on the first book : After taking notice of the different manners in which different poetical writers handle their subject, he observes, That

SENSE, *mere, dull, formal* Sense, in this gay town
Must have some vehicle to pass it down,
Nor can she for an hour insure her reign,
Unless she brings fair pleasure in her train.
Let her, from day to day, from year to year,
In all her grave solemnities appear,
And, with the voice of trumpets, through the streets
Deal lectures out to ev'ry one she meets,
Half who pass by are deaf, and t'other half
Can hear indeed, but only hear to laugh.

Quit then, ye graver sons of letter'd pride,
Taking for once experience as a guide,
Quit this grand error, this dull College mode ;
Be your pursuits the same, but change the road ;
Write, or at least appear to write with ease,
And, if you mean to profit, learn to please.

In vain for such mistakes they pardon claim,
Because they wield the pen in virtue's name.
Thrice sacred is that name, thrice bless'd the man
Who thinks, speaks, writes, and lives on such a plan !
This, in himself, himself of course must bless,
But cannot with the world promote success.
He may be strong, but, with effect to speak,
Should recollect his readers may be weak ;
Plain, rigid truths, which saints with comfort bear,
Will make the sinner tremble and despair.
True virtue acts from love, and the great end,
At which she nobly aims, is to amend ;
How then do those mistake, who arm her laws
With rigour not their own, and hurt the cause
They mean to help, whilst with a zealot rage
They make that goddess, whom they'd have engage

Our

Our dearest love, in hideous terror rise!
Such may be honest, but they can't be wise.

The poet then, after a farcical address to the Monthly Reviewers on the score of their criticism, breaks forth thus:

Me higher business calls, a greater plan,
Worthy man's whole employ, the GOOD of man,
The good of man committed to my charge;
If idle fancy rambles forth at large,
Careless of such a trust, these harmless lays
May friendship envy, and may folly praise,
The crown of Gotham may some Scot assume,
And vagrant Stuarts reign in Churchill's room.

The poet then takes occasion to expatiate on the miseries necessarily attendant on a Stuart's reign. The following lines are particularly spirited and poetical;

Let war, with all his needy, ruffian band,
In pomp of horror, stalk thro' Gotham's land
Knee-deep in blood; let all her stately tow'rs
Sink in the dust, that court, which now is our's,
Become a den, where beasts may, if they can,
A lodging find, nor fear rebuke of man;
Where yellow harvests rise, be brambles found;
Where vines now creep, let thistles curse the ground;
Dry, in her thousand vallies, be the rills;
Barren the cattle, on her thousand hills;
Where pow'r is plac'd, let tygers prowl for prey;
Where justice lodges, let wild asses bray;
Let cormorants in churches make their nest,
And, on the sails of commerce, bitterns rest;
Be all, though princes in the earth before,
Her merchants, bankrupts, and her marts no more;
Much rather would I, might the will of fate
Give me to chuse, see Gotham's ruined state
By ills on ills, thus to the earth weigh'd down,
Than live to see a Stuart wear her crown.

In this caustic stile he traces the whole Stuart line in a kind of historico-poetical manner: But the reign on which he
seems

seems to have bestowed most pains, and which he seems most desirous of recommending to the notice of the reader, is that of Charles the first, — of which take the following specimen :

With many virtues which a radiance fling
Round private men ; with few which grace a king,
And speak the monarch, at that time of life
When passion holds with reason doubtful strife,
Succeeded Charles, by a mean fire undone,
Who envied virtue, even in a son.

His youth was violent, turbulent, and wild ;
He took the man up, ere he left the child ;
His soul was eager for imperial sway
Ere he had learn'd the lesson to obey.
Surrounded by a fawning flatt'ring throng,
Judgment each day grew weak, and humour strong ;
Wisdom was treated as a noisome weed,
And all his follies let to run to seed.

What ills from such beginnings needs must spring ?
What ills to such a land, from such a king !
What could she hope ! what had she not to fear !
Bafe Buckingham possess'd his youthful ear ;
Stafford and Laud, who boldly dar'd avow
The trait'rous doctrines taught by Tories now ;
Each strove t' undo him in his turn and hour,
The first with pleasure, and the last with pow'r.

Thinking (vain thought, disgraceful to the throne !)
That all mankind were made for kings alone,
That subjects were but slaves, and what was whim
Or worse in common men, was law in him ;
Drunk with prerogative, which fate decreed
To guard good kings, and bad ones to mislead,
Which, in a fair proportion, to deny
Allegiance dares not, which to hold too high
No good can wish, no coward king can dare,
And held too high, no English subject bear ;
Besieg'd by men of deep and subtle arts,
Men void of principle, and damn'd with parts,
Who saw his weakness, made their king their tool,
Then most a slave, when most he seem'd to rule ;
Taking all public steps for private ends,
Deceiv'd by fav'rites, whom he called friends ;

He

He had not strength enough of soul to find
 That monarchs, meant as blessings to mankind,
 Sink their great state, and stamp their fame undone,
 When, what was meant for all, they give to one;
 List'ning uxorious, whilst a woman's prate,
 Modell'd the church, and parcell'd out the state,
 Whilst (in the state not more than women read)
 High-churchmen preach'd, and turn'd his pious head;
 Tutor'd to see with ministerial eyes;
 Forbid to hear a loyal nation's cries;
 Made to believe (what can't a fav'rite do)
 He heard a nation hearing one or two;
 Taught by state-quacks himself secure to think,
 And out of danger, when on danger's brink;
 Whilst pow'r was daily crumbling from his hand,
 Whilst murmurs run through an insulted land,
 As if to sanction tyrants heav'n was bound,
 He proudly fought the ruin which he found.

*An ANECDOTE relative to PROTESTANTISM and
 POPERY.*

IN the year 1685, when king James II. came to the crown, a motion was made in parliament and put to the vote, 'Whether his majesty should be permitted to employ popish officers in his army, or not?' This important question, on which the establishment of the Protestant, or the Popish Religion in these kingdoms depended, came to a single vote, and was carried in favour of the former by a providential accident. A courtier, who was to watch every voter where the member had any employment under the king, observed one that had a regiment going to vote against the court; and seeing him, put him warmly in mind of his regiment. He made answer, *My brother died last night and left me 700 l. a year;* which single vote gained a majority, and saved the protestant religion.



To the Right Honourable the LORD KEEPER, and my LORD
the JUDGE.

The PETITION of a much abused, yet very innocent person,
humbly sheweth,

THAT your lordships unhappy petitioner, though heretofore caressed and acknowledged the most useful and valuable servant of mankind, is of late, through some unnatural prejudices of education, or corruption of manners, become either shamefully neglected, or notoriously ill-used, and though on all hands his abilities in teaching, and bringing to perfection the greatest and most useful designs, are acknowledged; yet it is astonishing to see in what useless and trifling concerns, he is engaged by some, and what vile and infamous drudgery he goes through for others. Some have employed him many years together in teaching them the art of managing a pack of cards to the best advantage; the consequence of which is ruin if they do not succeed, and infamy if they do: Whereas if they had so pleased, he would with less trouble have taught them to conduct an army or a fleet, by which they might have gained advantages to their country, and glory to themselves. Others drag him at their heels from one place of idle amusement to another, never considering how he exhausts his spirits, and consumes himself in following them; not suffering him to do them any substantial service, though they know him to be so well qualified for it. Nay, it can be proved, that daily attempts are made upon the life of your said petitioner; some being so abandoned as to confess their barbarous and unnatural design to kill him, and openly and without shame, solicit their vile companions to join with them in their wicked design: Inasmuch that your petitioner is obliged to go constantly armed with a very formidable weapon; the terror of which though it serves to keep some in awe, is yet not sufficient to deter these desperate wretches from their determined and constant attempts to kill him. The many cruel wounds your petitioner has received from the hands of these ruffians have brought upon him numberless evils and calamities; which, together with the weight of years he now labours under, render his present state a scene of misfortunes and misery. In the midst

of his distresses, however, it is matter of great consolation to your said petitioner, that the wise and virtuous, some few of whom remain to comfort his old age, take every opportunity of cherishing and making much of him, and agree in commiserating his misfortunes, and lamenting the ill-usage he receives from the aforesaid foolish and abandoned profligates. But notwithstanding these noble examples, such is the force of custom, and the prevalence of fashion, that every possible outrage still continues to be committed with impunity against the person of your abused petitioner, the most antient and most useful servant of mankind.

It is therefore most humbly prayed, that your lordships will take the premisses into your serious consideration, and in your great wisdoms contrive some effectual means or laws to prevent or punish these gross insults, and unpardonable outrages, committed against an old man, past the best of his years, hourly declining, and daily expecting to resign his being to one who will never forget the injuries down to his predecessor.

And your petitioner, as in duty bound, shall pray for the increase of your happiness to the end of

TIME.

LETTER from Lady M-----y W-----y M-----e, to the Lady -----.

Cologne, August 16.

IF my lady ----- could have any notion of the fatigue that I have suffered these two last days, I am sure she would own it a great proof of regard, that I now sit down to write to her. We hired horses from Nimeguen hither, not having the conveniency of the post, and found but very indifferent accommodations at Reinberg, our first stage; but it was nothing to what I suffered yesterday. We were in hopes to reach Cologne: Our horses tired at Stamel, three hours from it, where I was forced to pass the night in my cloaths, in a room not at all better than a hovel; for though I have my Bed with me, I had no mind to undress, where the wind came from a thousand places. We left this wretched lodging at day-break, and about six this morning came safe here, where

where I got immediately into bed. I slept so well for three hours, that I found myself perfectly recovered, and have had spirits enough to go and see all that is curious in the town, *that is to say*, the churches, for here is nothing else worth seeing. This is a very large town, but the most part of it is old built. The Jesuit's church, which is the neatest, was shewed me, in a very complaisant manner, by a handsome young Jesuit; who, not knowing who I was, took a liberty in his compliments and ralleries, which very much diverted me, having never before seen any thing of that nature. I could not enough admire the magnificence of the altars, the rich images of the saints, (all massy silver) and the Enchafures of the relicks; though I could not help murmuring, in my heart, at the profusion of pearls, diamonds, and rubies, bestowed on the adornment of rotten teeth and dirty rags. I own that I had wickedness enough to covet St. Ursula's pearl necklace; though perhaps this was no wickedness at all, an image not being certainly one's neighbour; but I went yet farther, and wished the wench herself converted into dressing plate. I should also gladly see converted a great St. Christopher, which I imagine would look very well in a cistern. These were my pious reflections; though I was very well satisfied to see, piled up to the honour of our nation, the skulls of eleven thousand virgins. I have seen some hundreds of relicks here of no less consequence; but I will not imitate the common stile of travellers so far, as to give you a list of them, being persuaded, that you have no manner of curiosity for the titles given to jaw bones and bits of worm-eaten wood.-----Adieu; I am just going to supper, where I shall drink your health in an admirable sort of Lorraine wine, which I am sure is the same you call Burgundy in London, &c. &c.

An ANECDOTE relative to Thomas lord Cromwell.

THOMAS lord Cromwell was the son of a blacksmith at Putney, and was a soldier under the duke of Bourbon at the sacking of Rome in the year 1527. While he was abroad in a military character, in a very low station, he fell sick, and was unable to follow the army; he was observed one day by an Italian merchant to walk very pensive, and had

all the appearance of penury and wretchedness. The merchant enquired of him the place of his birth, and fortune, and upon conversing with Cromwell, was so well pleased with the account he gave of himself, that he supplied him with money and credit to carry him to England. Cromwell afterwards made the most rapid progress in state-preferments ever known. Honours were multiplied thick upon him, and he came to have the dispensing of his sovereign's bounty. It happened, that this Italian merchant's circumstances decayed, and he came to England to solicit the payment of some debts due to him by his correspondents; who finding him necessitous, were disposed to put him off, and to take the advantage of his want, to avoid payment. This not a little embarrassed the foreigner, who was now in a situation forlorn enough. As providence would have it, lord Cromwell, then earl of Essex, riding to court, saw this merchant walking with a dejected countenance, which put him in mind of his former situation. He immediately ordered one of his attendants to desire the merchant to come to his house. His lordship asked the merchant whether he knew him? He answered, No. Cromwell then related the circumstance of the merchant's relieving a certain Englishman; and asked if he remembered it? The merchant answered, that he had always made it his business to do good, but did not remember that circumstance.---His lordship then enquired the reason of his coming to England; and upon the merchant's telling him his story, he so interested himself, as soon to procure the payment of all his debts.---Cromwell then informed the merchant, that he was himself the person he had thus relieved; and for every ducat which the merchant had given him, he returned to the value of a hundred, telling him, that this was the payment of his debt. He then made him a munificent present, and asked him whether he chose to settle in England, or return to his own country? The foreigner chose the latter, and returned to spend the remainder of his days in competence and quiet, after having experienced in lord Essex as high an instance of generosity and gratitude as perhaps ever was known.

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An ANECDOTE relative to Dr. ADAMSON.

DR. ADAMSON, afterwards archbishop of St. Andrews in Scotland, was one of those clergymen, who when unprovided for, are continually railing against church dignities, pluralities, and so forth: He is said to have been a baker's son at Perth, and to have assisted at the first general assembly of the kirk of Scotland, in 1660. After this, having deserted his ministry, he went over to France to study the laws; but upon his return, he betook himself again to his first profession, and being baulk'd of the archbishoprick of St. Andrews, in the month of February 1572, he preach'd at the old cathedral there, and in his sermon told the people that there were *three sorts of Bishops*; *my Lord Bishop*; *my Lord's Bishop*; and *the Lord's Bishop*. *My Lord Bishop*, was in the time of popery. *My Lord's Bishop*, is now, when my lord getteth the Fat of the benefice, and the bishop sueth for a portion out of the benefice to make my lord's right sure; and the *Lord's Bishop*, is the true minister of the gospel, of whom ye aw ken there's scarce ane to be found throughout the whole laund.

An ANECDOTE relative to Mr. ADDISON.

MR. ADDISON is so considerable a name in the learned world, that every thing relating to his rise in the state, where he likewise made a very important figure, must give pleasure to the Reader. Before the year 1704, his merit had no opportunity of being particularly distinguish'd; but in that year, the lord-treasurer Godolphin happened to complain to the lord Halifax, that the duke of Marlborough's victory, at Blenheim had not been celebrated in verse in the manner it deserved; intimating that he would take it kindly, if his lordship who was the known patron of the poets, would name a gentleman capable of writing upon so elevated a subject. Lord Halifax replied with some quickness, that he was well acquainted with such a person, but that he would not name him; adding, *that he had long seen with indignation, men of no merit maintained in pomp and luxury, at the expence of the public, while persons of modesty, with great abilities,*
languish'd

languish'd in obscurity. The treasurer said very coolly, that he was sorry his lordship had occasion to make such an observation, and that for the future he would take care to render it less just than it might be at present; but that, in the mean time, he would pawn his honour, whoever his lordship should name, might venture upon this Theme without danger of losing his time. Lord Halifax thereupon named Mr. Addison, but insisted that the treasurer himself should send to him, which he promised. Accordingly, he prevailed upon Mr. Boyle, (afterwards lord Carlton) then chancellor of the Exchequer, to go in his name to Mr. Addison, and communicate to him the business, which he did in so obliging a manner, that he readily entered upon the task. The lord treasurer Godolphin saw the poem before it was finished, when the author had written no farther than the famous Simile of the Angel, and was so well pleas'd with it, that he immediately made him a commissioner of appeals, and ever after continued his friend. This poem, entitled the Campaign, was afterwards published, and received with loud and general applause, and was indeed so excellent, that it must continue to be admired as long as the victory is remembered.

An ANECDOTE relative to the late King of PRUSSIA.

THE late king of Prussia, father to the present, was remarkable for a total neglect of dress, so that he was frequently mistaken as he travelled through his dominions, for an ordinary person; which he often did, as well to observe the temper of his subjects, as to make himself acquainted with their grievances. He wore generally a blue coat, little hat, and white worsted stockings; and seldom travelled in any other dress. It happened one day, as he passed thro' Brandenburgh, upon one of his usual excursions, that he cast his eyes upon a young woman of a gigantic stature, being near seven foot high, at a village 40 miles distant from Berlin. Such a sight as this never escaped his majesty unnoticed. He alighted from his horse, and caused her to be brought before him. He examined her as to her age and condition of life; and finding she was a poor shoemaker's daughter of nineteen, single, and unengaged; he immediately sat down and wrote a letter to the colonel of the royal regiment of grenadier-guards, at
Berlin,

Berlin, commanding him to cause the bearer to be instantly married to the tallest man in his corps, and to be sure to see the ceremony performed. This letter he delivered to the young woman, without acquainting her with the contents; but making her a handsome present, enjoined her on pain of the king's displeasure, to carry it as directed, and to deliver it into the general's own hand; this done he proceeded on his journey. The girl having never been at Berlin, and not suspecting the person in the blue coat, who had given her the letter, to be the king, bargained with an old woman in the neighbourhood to carry the letter, at the same time charging her with the very same injunction to deliver it as she herself had just received from the gentleman in blue. The woman was true to her trust, and delivered the letter; but the general on reading the contents, and viewing the person that brought it, was surprised. However, his majesty's orders were peremptory, and must be obeyed: The parties met and were married; and the affair remained a mystery till his majesty's return to his capital; when, the first persons he wanted to see were his handsome, new-married couple. He was astonished at the sight of the bride, and in a violent rage demanded how she came to practise such an abominable deceit? The old woman told him the truth; and lifting up her eyes to heaven, *acknowledged the goodness of Providence in bringing such a wonderful work of charity so unexpectedly about.*

An affecting STORY of Two LOVERS.

ALL ye, whose hearts to tender pity form'd,
Are wont to melt with sympathetic woe,
Attend this mournful tale: Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchless pair,
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:
Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the risen day.
They lov'd. But such their guileless passion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence, and undissembling truth.
'Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish,
Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,

Beam'd

Beam'd from the mutual eye, Devoting all
 To love, each was to each a dearer self;
 Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,
 Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
 Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
 By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
 The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
 Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd,
 While, with each other blest, creative love
 Still bade eternal Eden smile around.

Heavy with instant fate her bosom heav'd
 Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
 Of the big gloom on CELADON her eye
 Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.

In vain assuring love, and confidence

In heaven repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook
 Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd

Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
 On dying faints, his eyes compassion shed,

With love illumin'd high. 'Fear not, he said,

'Sweet Innocence! thou stranger to offence,

'And inward storm! HE who yon skies involves

'In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee,

'With kind regard. O'er the secret shaft

'That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour

'Of noon, flies harmless: And that very voice,

'Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,

'With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.

'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus

'To clasp perfection!' From his void embrace,

(Mysterious heaven!) that moment, to the ground,

A blacken'd corse was struck the beauteous maid.

But who can paint the lover, as he stood,

Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,

Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe!

So, faint resemblance, on the marble-tomb,

The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,

For ever silent, and for ever sad.

The Affectionate WIFE, and heroic DAUGHTER.

NOW a-days, when a Princess enters into the fifth month of her pregnancy, Physicians, Surgeons, and Men-midwives, assume the direction of her health; she is scarce allowed to go out of her apartment; in the easiest carriage, and the smoothest road, the risque is too great for her condition; were she ever so desirous of making an excursion only from Versailles to Fontainebleau, they would with very solemn faces oppose it. Cayet, Sub Preceptor to Henry IV. relates, "That Jean of Albert, having requested to accompany her husband in the Picardy wars, the King, her father, laid his commands on her, should she prove with child, to come away with her big belly to him, to be delivered in his house, and he would take care of the child, boy or girl." This Princess, being pregnant, in her ninth month, set out from Compeigne, crossed all France down to the Pyrenees, and in a fortnight reached Pau in Berne. She was very desirous, adds the Historian, to see her father's will, which was kept in a large gold box, with which also was a gold chain of such a length as to go twenty-five or thirty times about a woman's neck; she asked him for it; 'Thou shalt have it, said he, on thy showing me the child now in thy womb, so that it be no puny, whimpering chit: I give thee my word the whole shall be thine, provided that whilst thou art in labour, thou singest me a Berne song, and I will be at thy delivery.' Between midnight and one o'clock, on the 13th of December, 1553, the Princess's pains came on, her father, on notice, hastened down, and she hearing him come into the room, chanted out the old Berne lay;

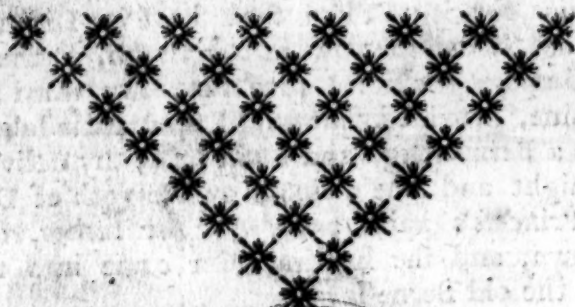
*Notre Dame du bout du pont,
Aidez moi en cette heure, &c.*

Immediately after her delivery, her father put the gold chain about her neck, and gave her the gold box, in which was his will, saying, 'There, girl, that is thine, but this belongs to me,' taking up the babe in his gown without staying till he was dressed, and carried him into his apartment. The little Prince was fed and brought up, so as to inure him to fatigue and hardship, frequently eating nothing but the coarsest common bread; the good King, his grandfather, had given such orders. He used, according to the custom of the country, to run about bare-headed and bare-footed, with the village boys, both in winter and summer. *Who was this Prince?* Henry IV.

If THIS MISCELLANY does not Sell, the following ANECDOTE points out the Reason for it.

A Gentleman once asked Lilly the astrologer, how he thought any man of *good sense* would buy his predictions. Pray, Sir, said Lilly, what proportion do you think the men of good sense bear to the rest of mankind? Oh! says the other, not above one to twenty. *Why, if so,* replied Lilly, *let the nineteen buy my prophecies, and then (snapping his fingers) that! for your one man of good sense.*

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MUSEUM

1740

6

5

Doctor James
Thomas Hinde

2

5

2

Genl. James Dodd
Always did some good

